



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

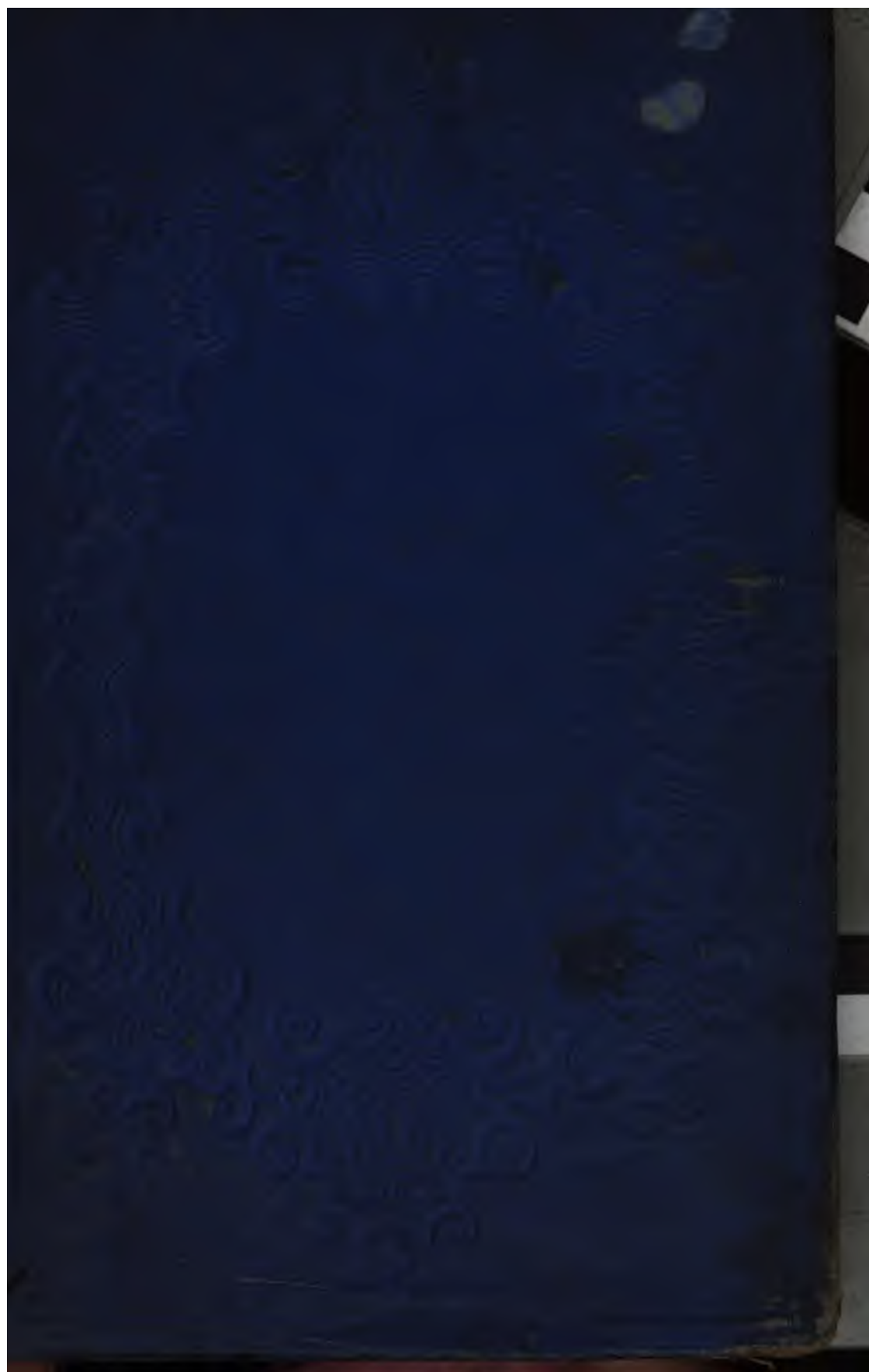
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



FRED LOCKLEY
RARE WESTERN BOOKS
4227 S. E. Stark St.
PORTLAND, ORE.

Harvard Divinity School



ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL
LIBRARY

MDCCCCX

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

CERTIFICATE OF LITHENTHESISHP,
American Holy Land Exploration

This Certifies, That
of Indecor

books of the American Holy Lan

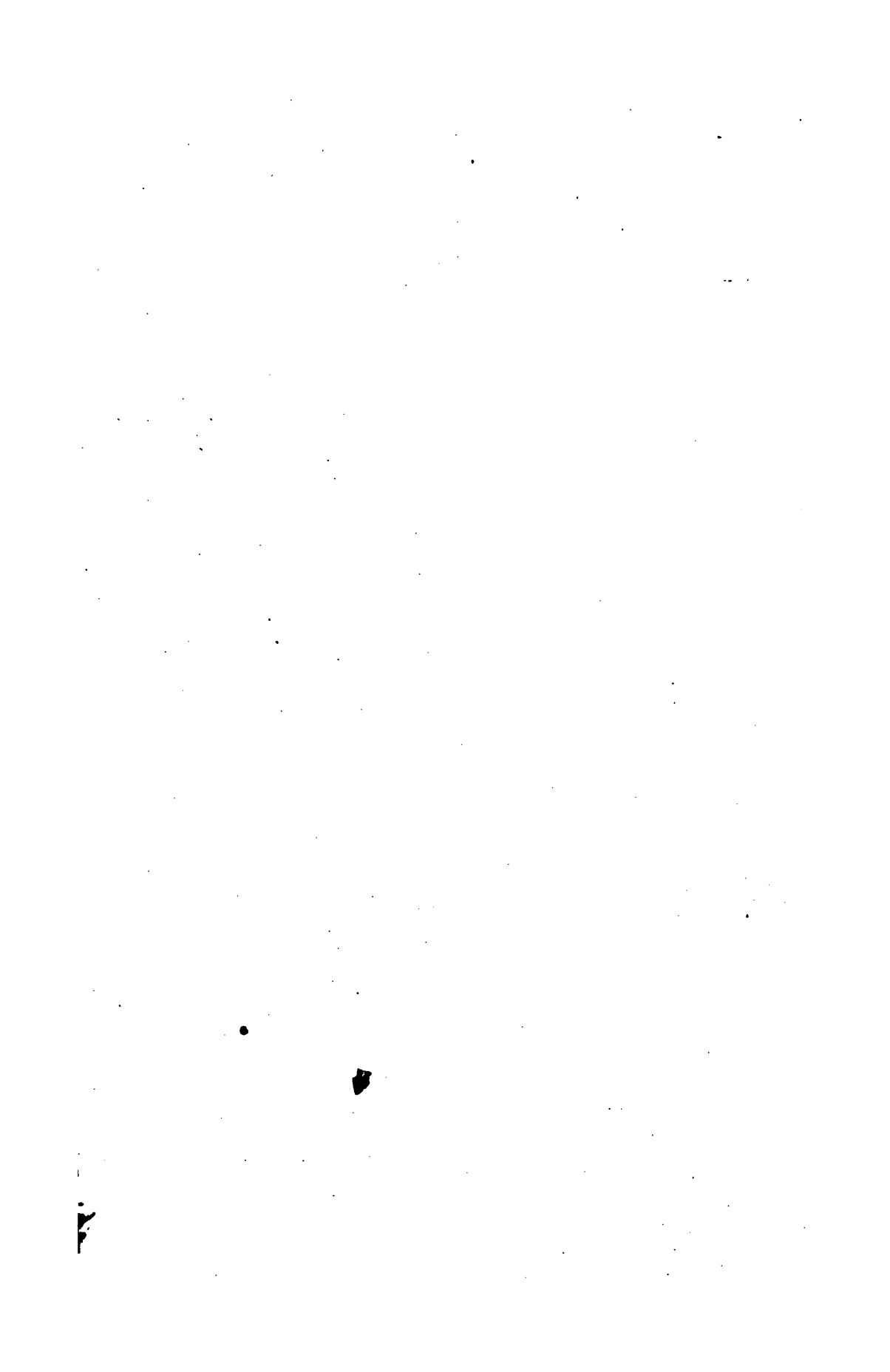
Aug 4. 1877 ATTEST,

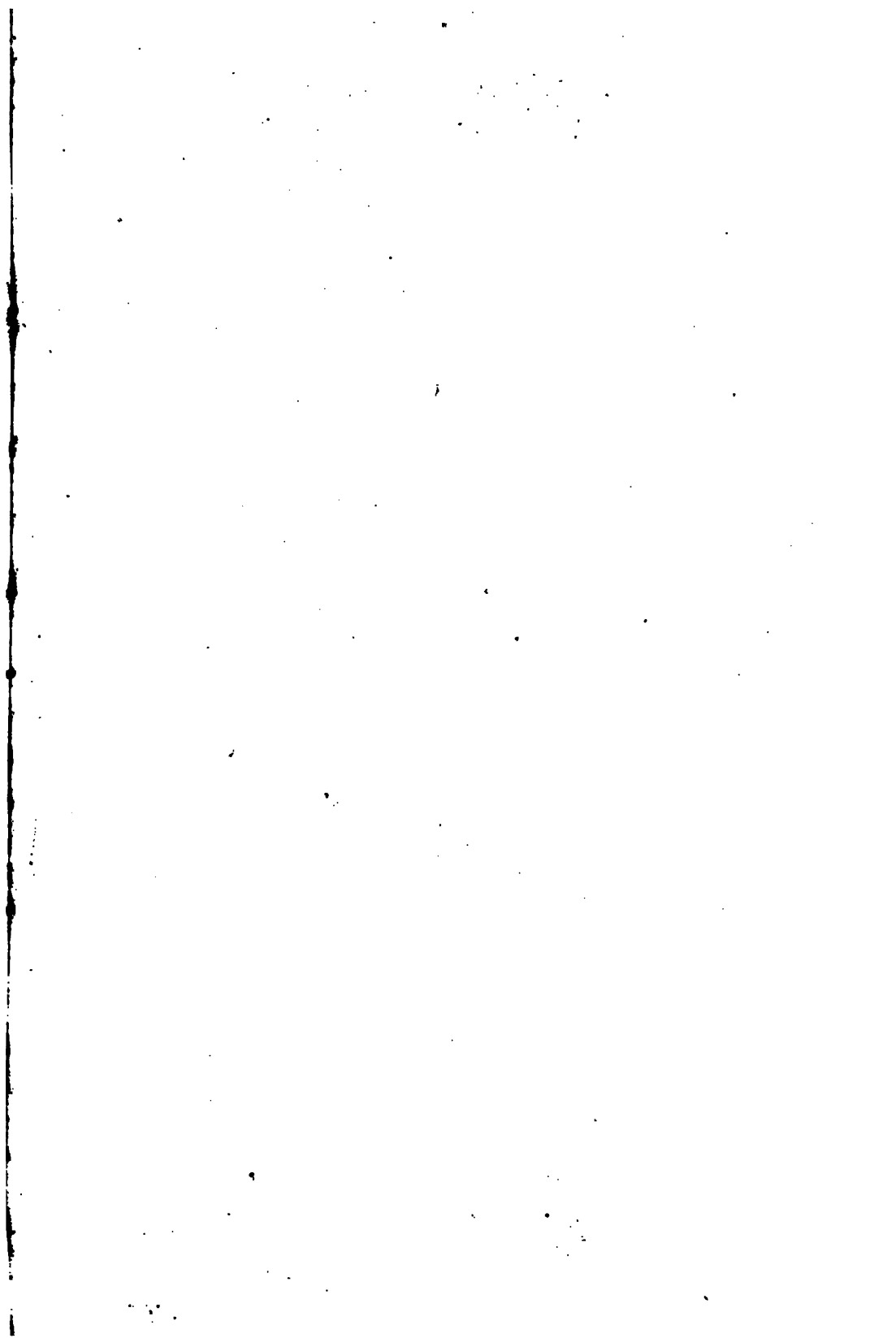
ROLLA FLOYD, Joppa, Syria, President.
COL. H. J. GOODRICH, Chicago, Illinois, Treas
REV. JOHN SHEVILLI
EXEC

In each State, Dominion and Territory, one eminent ger

AIMS OF THE AM
First.—To encourage and promote exploring parties in Egypt and
Second.—To collect, describe and distribute all manner of specin
General Science.
Third.—To promote Public Lecturing in our own country, throu
plan of this society.
Fourth.—To publish original works on the Holy Land.

105







BIBLE WITNESSES

FROM

BIBLE LANDS.

VERIFIED IN THE RESEARCHES OF THE EXPLORERS AND
CORRESPONDENTS OF

THE AMERICAN HOLY-LAND EXPLORATION,

PRESENTING A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE

SCENERY, RUINS, PRODUCTIONS, CUSTOMS, ANTIQUITIES, AND
TRADITIONS OF BIBLE LANDS.

JOPPA AND JERUSALEM.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.,

EXPLORATION OF 1868.

REV. JOHN SHEVILLE, A.M.,

EXPLORATION OF 1873.

ROLLA FLOYD, Esq.,

RESIDENT AT JOPPA SINCE 1866.

SAMUEL HALLOCK, Esq.,

RESIDENT AT BEYROUT SINCE 1867.

"Seeing we are encompassed about with so great a *cloud of witnesses*."

HEBREW XII: 1.

NEW YORK :

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN HOLY-LAND EXPLORATION.

1874.

**ANDOVER-HARVARD
THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

H68.157

Feb. 24, 1944

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by
ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LANE, LITTLE & Co.,
PRINTERS, ELECTROTYPERS AND STEREOTYPERS,
108 TO 114 WOOSTER STREET, N. Y.

DEDICATION.

TO ALL

DILIGENT ENQUIRERS CONCERNING

“THE WAYS OF GOD WITH MEN;”

TO ALL WHO, IN OBEDIENCE TO THE GREAT COMMAND,

“SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES DAILY,”

AND PARTICULARLY TO

BIBLE STUDENTS, TEACHERS AND PUPILS IN SUNDAY
SCHOOLS, AND PIOUS PARENTS,

WHO ARE WISE TO

“TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO,”

BELIEVING THAT

“WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT,”

This Book, with the Series to follow,

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

Oh, *early* " Search the Scriptures ; " 'tis the dew
On morning leaves ; 'tis the young roses' bloom ;
'Tis the bright tint of morning ; 'tis the hue
That doth on cheek of conscious virtue come :
'Tis all that gratifies *the sight*
To see this holy Book aright.

Oh, *fondly* " Search the Scriptures ; " 'tis the voice
Of loved ones long departed ; 'tis the song
That brings to memory childhood's perished joys ;
'Tis the blest accents of the angel-throng :
'Tis all that gratifies *the ear*,
This priceless Book aright to hear.

Oh, *deeply* " Search the Scriptures ; " 'tis the mine
Of purest gold, and *jems* of richest sort ;
'Tis life's full sustenance of corn and wine ;
'Tis raiment clean and white from Heaven brought :
'Tis wealth beyond all we can crave
This blessed Book aright to have.

For here, oh here, the fond departed,
The " Man of Sorrows," slain for us,
Speaks to the worn and broken-hearted,
And tells us " I have borne the curse !
Redeemed thee from the power of death
And sanctified thy parting breath ! "

That in bright worlds, depicted here,
Are " many mansions," ample room,
Where Christ the Saviour waits to cheer,
And bid us welcome from the tomb ;
Where many a friend we counted lost,
Is singing with the Heavenly Host.

This is the one appointed way
In which the Holy Ghost doth speak.
Oh " Search the Scriptures " in life's day
And treasures of Salvation seek,
Assured there is no other Ford
Through Jordan's billows, save THE WORD !

PREFACE.

Two Editions of this work (six thousand copies) were sold in 1870-71, under the title of "Youthful Explorers in Bible Lands," the plates and engravings of which were destroyed in the Chicago calamity, October, 1871. The original series contemplated six volumes, viz.:

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Joppa to Jerusalem. | 4. Northern Palestine and Syria. |
| 2. The Dead Sea and Southern Palestine. | 5. Egypt, the Red Sea, and Sinai. |
| 3. Central Palestine and Galilee. | 6. The Seven Churches of Asia. |

The materials for all these works were mostly in hand in 1870-71, but the disastrous fire referred to, so thoroughly crippled the operations of the Society (the *American Holy Land Exploration*) under whose auspices the works were prepared, as to occasion a total stoppage of our publications.

In resuming, by the gracious providence of God, this pleasing work, we change the name of the series to "Bible Witnesses from Bible Lands," and abandon the rather clumsy fiction that formed the basis of the other volume. But the scope of the work is unchanged, and it is proposed to issue the other five volumes under the favoring smiles of God and of his people, during the year 1874.

The perusal of a few pages of this work cannot fail, we are confident, to convince the reader of its abounding richness in *local facts* equally with *Scriptural applications*. Dr. William M. Thomson, in his "Land and Book," has demonstrated to the joy of millions of readers, how thoroughly the *Country* of God's people illustrates the *Narrative* of God's dealings. God has joined "this twain" together in an indissoluble bond. The CREATOR has used the works of nature as blessed *media* in reaching the mind and soul of His creatures. The HOLY SPIRIT, divinely wise, makes object-lessons of the trees, birds, flowers, mountains and fountains, the habits of the ancient people, everything that attracts the eye and ear of an observer, in pressing immortal truths upon the conscience. The GREAT TEACHER used them as texts in all His sermons. Without a considerable knowledge of Palestine and its geography and archæology, therefore, many of the more striking illustrations of the Bible elude the "search" of the most faithful.

In this series, we bring the practical knowledge of residents in Palestine, coupled with the observations of experienced travelling explorers, to establish the great demonstration, "the *Land* a divine

witness to the Book." Writing in a familiar and easy manner, so that "the little ones of the flock" can follow us day by day, over the sacred hills and plains. We aim to leave upon the reader's mind a vivid impression of the truths we collected and collated. The *exactness* of the resident gives the bass notes to the *warmth and fervor* of the travelling pilgrim, which are, so to speak, soprano and tenor to the sweet trio. We only ask a patient perusal of a few pages to demonstrate this fact.

In the insertion of well-known American names at prominent localities we are actuated by a dutiful sense of gratitude. These, and such as these, are the persons who ~~have~~ built up the Sunday-School System of America to an extraordinary height. They are worthily transplanted into sacred soil. The fig, the olive, and the vine of Palestine will receive no dishonor in their association. The singing waters will be more tuneful, singing their names. In subsequent volumes, the names of many others of these Sunday-School benefactors of the age shall be inserted.

It would be easy to enlarge our preface by quoting, from the very first religious presses of the land, such commendations upon this work (in its first two editions) as have not been given to other publications of the class. But we forbear. Let the reader be his own judge.

We trust the extension of this work into so many thousand families, will have the effect to discourage the *hasty flights* of tourists through Palestine. What is a journey of ten days in a country like that? Yet four-fifths of the American travellers who annually land at Joppa, remain on sacred soil, only during the brief period of *ten days*, as marked by the succession of steamers! No wonder the nonsense (shall we call it worse?) of "Mark Twain" and Ross Browne are relished and received as truth, when Christian travellers are content to give their time and money to *Europe* and only *ten days* to Palestine.

Finally, referring to the concluding pages of this book for a sketch of our operations as a Holy Land Society, and our plans for the future, and commending this earnest effort to Almighty God for His blessing, we respectfully solicit from travellers, Eastern residents, and Bible students, any criticisms upon the present and suggestions for the future volumes of the series that may be available to the purpose in hand.

ROBERT MORRIS,

Secretary American Holy Land Exploration.

LA GRANGE, KENTUCKY, January, 1874.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Setting Foot on Holy Land.....	9
CHAPTER II.	
All Around Joppa.—The Second Day.....	26
CHAPTER III.	
Over the Plain of Sharon.—The Third Day.....	44
CHAPTER IV.	
Mounting the Hills of Dan and Benjamin.—The Fourth Day.....	62
CHAPTER V.	
Down the Turnpike, Westward.—The Fifth Day.....	80
CHAPTER VI.	
Mounting the Hills of Judah.—The Sixth Day.....	95
CHAPTER VII.	
A Sabbath Rest in Sight of Jerusalem.—The Seventh Day.....	111
CHAPTER VIII.	
General Survey of Jerusalem.—The Eighth Day.....	126

CHAPTER IX.

The Pools and Walls of Jerusalem.—The Ninth Day..... 134

CHAPTER X.

A Day on Mount Olivet.—The Tenth Day..... 141

CHAPTER XI.

The Quarry and the Temple.—The Eleventh Day..... 149

CHAPTER XII.

The Mohammedan Sabbath.—The Twelfth Day..... 155

CHAPTER XIII.

The Jewish Sabbath.—The Thirteenth Day..... 161

CHAPTER XIV.

The Christian Sabbath.—The Fourteenth Day..... 166

BIBLE WITNESSES

FROM

BIBLE LANDS.

CHAPTER I.

SETTING FOOT ON HOLY LAND.

ON THE STEAMER AT MIDNIGHT.—MONDAY, MARCH 15.

As I come on deck at this midnight hour, I turn my face towards the south, and say to myself "Open eyes, yonder is Joppa!" My first thought is, *shall I ever reach that shore?* Somehow I feel as if I never *shall* step upon Holy Land. It *seems* all a dream to me; like those dreams in which I reach after something and never reach it.

The city of Joppa sprawls all over a round hill, and the stars shine so bright over it, I can almost count the houses in it. Now I wonder which one belonged to Simon, the tanner, where Peter lived when he had his vision. (Acts x. 9-16). I fancy the cannon of Napoleon roaring through this bay, and how the victorious shouts of his troops sounded when he captured Joppa, March 3d, 1799. It must be the orange trees yonder that smell so deliciously on this midnight air. I see a palm-tree on the top of that hill in the middle of the town. My first sight of Joppa, by midnight, will never be forgotten.* It is sublime. We cast anchor northwest of the city, and as I come through the gangway and look southeast, the great constellation *Scorpio*, with its forty-four stars, hangs right over it, and sparkles with a brilliancy that is startling. Its principal star,

* The reader will at once detect the fact, already avowed in the title-page, that various hands were employed in the preparation of these pages. This leads to a variety of style, and just enough repetition to fix in the memory the important facts embodied in the volume. No confusion can result. Let the reader imagine himself perusing letters from four or five persons of different ages, and both sexes, who view the same subjects under the different lights natural to their respective degrees of experience.

Antares, always exhibiting a remarkably blood-red appearance, seems exactly in the range of the expanded tuft of a palm-tree that crowns the hill in the centre of Joppa. I shall never look on that starry group again without associating it with the tree, the town, and this glorious midnight hour. It is a strange coincidence that the Jewish astrologers, when they divided out the twelve constellations among the twelve tribes of Israel, gave *Scorpio* to Dan, and the town of Joppa yonder *was a part of Dan*.

I wonder whether Jonah, when he fled from the face of the Lord, from Joppa towards Tarshish, saw that crimson star Antares. It must have followed the guilty renegade like an avenging meteor. And yet, had he seen it, he might have turned back and gone to Nineveh, as the Lord commanded him.

When I was awaked by the call, "Yonder is Joppa," I was reveling in a sweet dream of home and friends; and much as I desired to secure the earliest glimpse of the everlasting hills of the Holy Land, yet, for the moment, I was sorry to be roused from the vision. But this feeling was instantly dispelled, for, as I stepped upon the deck, I discovered myself under a concave of celestial imagery, such as American skies can never exhibit. The stars in innumerable hosts and brightest radiance were out, and illumined the long, low line of the Palestine coast. Stephen, at his martyrdom, "looked steadfastly into heaven;" so, for a few minutes, did I, awe-struck, yet delighted, at the view. No wonder the Easterns worshipped these skies before they knew God. What a meaning that promise to Abraham expresses to me now: "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars if thou be able to number them. And He said unto him, so shall thy seed be."

The word *Joppa*, anciently signified "the watch-tower of joy and beauty." It is in such sweet connection I shall ever recall it.

And now, our country's passion for pilgrimage, which has carried the adventurous steps of Americans into every corner of the earth, has brought me here. Old Joppa rests under these older skies. The deep azure of the heavens, studded with the very dust of stars, and most brilliant constellations, is a picture never to be forgotten. These orbs witnessed the events of Bible history from Abraham to Jesus. The journeys of Peter from Lydda to Joppa, and from Joppa to Cæsarea; his vision of tolerance, and the flight of Jonah from this very harbor, are associated with the glitter of these diamond-sparks flashing above me. Oh, transcendently beautiful!

As the great anchor drops at the midnight hour, and I recognize that we are off the port of Joppa, I offer my grateful acknowledgements to Almighty God that He has safely brought us through the first stage of our journey. The city of Jonah and of Peter, of Andromeda and of Noah, shows, at this quiet hour, in its most attractive features. But, like all other Oriental towns, it appears best *at night* and *at a distance*.

DECK OF THE STEAMER, 6 A. M.

After a few hours' sleep, I have taken an early watch upon the deck of the steamer which we are to leave at eight. The noble vessel lies at anchor almost steady, though I perceive, by the motion of the small boats around us, that the sea rolls quite heavily. The foam upon the reef of rocks, between us and the shore, betokens the same agitation; the roar of the surf can easily be heard, although it is nearly two miles off. The captain says he never dares take his vessel nearer than we are now on account of the rocks. I remember in a French copy of the "Travels of Saewulf," an account of a storm in the Sea of Joppa, in the year 1102. The ships were driven from their anchors by the violence of the waves which first threw them aloft and then below, until they were aground or upon the rocks, and there beaten backward and forward and crushed to pieces. The violence of the wind would not allow them to put out to sea, while the character of the coast forbade their putting in to shore. Thirty very large ships were destroyed. More than one thousand lives were lost. As I look over the bay and think of the awful scene, I shudder at the recital.

The captain informs us that in stormy weather his steamer passes this place without stopping. In such cases he carries his passengers on to *Caiffa*, if he is going north, or *Alexandria*, if he is going south. This is very much to their dissatisfaction.

Joppa looks from this distance exceedingly picturesque. It covers a small hill about one hundred and fifty feet high, shaped like a hemisphere—the sea being on three sides of it. The hill is entirely covered with houses as thickly as they can be built, and the fortified wall that encircles it runs close under the base of the hill. Beyond the town I catch tantalizing glimpses of the unparalleled orange groves of Joppa which I so much long to see.

BLATTNER'S HOTEL, 10 A. M.

About 9 o'clock I played my last tune upon the ship's piano, "Home, Sweet Home." Then I said adieu, and we left, perhaps never to see the good ship again. A dreadful squabble was going

on among the boatmen who thronged the waters around us, in their tub-like crafts; and I was distressed to see one poor fellow knocked overboard. But he soon came to the surface, none the worse, but rather the cleaner for his submersion. We entered our boat, a current of sailors, Turks, Arabs, passengers, carpet-bags, dragomans and travellers.

I had bargained with one of the boatmen to land our party, and carry the baggage to the hotel for two dollars and a half. In dealing with these people my invariable rule is to make my contracts in advance, and have the price exactly understood. As I pay them honestly, according to my agreement, I compel them honestly to fulfil theirs. Our baggage was all ready packed on Saturday, and we had no occasion for delay. But before leaving this good steamer, which has brought us so pleasantly from Marseilles, a two weeks' journey, our party gathers together in the state-room, Bibles in hand, to acknowledge the mercies of Him who "hath ruled the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arose He stilled them." (Ps. lxxxix. 9.) We read, alternately, the 107th Psalm, and Matthew, chapters i. to iv. We sing—

"Nearer my God to Thee,"

those sweet lines. We join hands affectionately in that little apartment, and ask the Great Giver to fill the coming months with good things, and to restore us in due time to our own happy land. AMEN.

From the grand, swelling billows, we passed directly between dark, jagged reefs that front the town. Over these the creamy surf dashes in romantic agitation.

We landed safely, crushing the beautiful shells with which the shore is covered, and went directly through streets narrow, dirty and badly paved, to the English Hotel, where we are to remain until Wednesday. And now we join in congratulations and thanksgivings to God that we have reached the desired haven. Five weeks and two days was the length of our journey from New York. Already we inhale the rich aroma from orange groves and other odoriferous trees.

This hotel of Blattner's, three stories high, is built entirely of stone from foundation to roof. The steps, the lintels, the floor, the ceiling, all are of stone or cement. Owing to the scarcity of timber here, the builder is compelled to adopt *the arch* for supporting floors

and roofs. Over each small room one arched dome is raised; over a larger one like this are eight resting on four pillars, a central dome crowning the whole. This style is very graceful to the eye, and it makes a strong and durable building. The housekeeping is horrid. The common hall or passage way is really filthy; three sets of noisy, dirty children are playing there together. In an opposite room, with open door, a woman is dressing. The dinner table is of the cheapest material—a mere frame of rude plank—but the table-cloth is of the costliest damask. Several divans or sofas are ranged round the room covered with the same material. Yet the carpet is a coarse cotton one, full of holes, and dirty. A splendid grand piano in one corner is used as a *side-board* for the breakfast table. There are three large and costly clocks, all out of repair and useless; one a musical clock. Common colored lithographs of the Emperor and Empress of Austria hang on the walls. There is absolutely nothing *English* about the house except the name.

All my superstitious fancy that I shall never set foot on the shore of the Holy Land proves vain. When we left the steamer, more than fifty rowboats were round the ship, greedy for passengers. Such scrambling, such screaming, such howling! The boatmen fight like dogs. One of them was knocked overboard with a valise in his hand. He came up again, valise and all, and crawled back into the boat, and all the others laughed at him. He had a turban on his head and lost it in the water. Then I saw that his head was shaved smooth, all but a top-knot, like a Pawnee Indian's.

Our boatman was a Greek named Caracousi. He wore petticoats, and they tripped him up as he stepped along the seats. He had four other Greeks to row the boat, who all wore petticoats, too. Their oars are made different from ours. In the middle they bulge out large, having the upper end the heaviest, so the weight of the oar lifts itself out of the water. The boatmen stand up while rowing, and push their oars from them. They face the same way they row.

As our boat rushed along, the water looked as blue as indigo. A reef of rocks was lying between us and the shore, having a passage-way through it. This is pointed out by a tall granite column that stands as a guide on the right of the entrance. Our boat went through that opening with a dash. There were a great many small sail vessels inside the reef loading with oranges for Egypt; and an English brig was there, taking in a cargo of bones for England.

When we got near the shore, we saw a perfect jam of people waiting for us. They held out their hands as hackmen do in New York, but they screamed worse than hackmen, and kept their arms going like windmills. I took a heavy carpet-bag, when the boat grounded, and jumped into the crowd without saying a word. I don't know how many of the Arabs I knocked down, but I made a gap like Arnold Winkelried among the Austrians, in the story.

But oh, the racket! One man who had been pushed into the water got so angry that he picked up a stone and hit himself with it on the head. We followed our leaders, first through a gate in the city wall, then up a good many flights of stairways, then along steep, narrow lanes, dreadfully filthy, and so on, until we saw the sign, "English Hotel," in a dirty little street, upon the second story of a stone house. This is our present lodgings. It is kept by some brothers, named Blattner, who used to be guides for travellers, but now keep this hotel. One of the Blattners came out this morning to our steamer, and engaged to board us for ten francs a day apiece; that is two dollars.

Breakfast was ready when we came in. We had a fine large fish, caught this morning in Joppa Bay, in a hand-net. It cost eight piastres; that is, sixteen cents.

The Bible says the Jews must not eat any fish that has not scales or fins, and so they do not eat cat-fish or oysters. (Deut. xiv. 9.) The Egyptians only eat fish that have scales on them. Our bread is made of wheat flour. It is good, but tastes as though it had millstone in it. This is owing to the way the millers let the stones run on one another while grinding their grain. Those millstones are made of basaltic rock that comes from near the Sea of Galilee. I shall see piles of them when I get to Tyre. We had French coffee, and splendid oranges. I never saw such large oranges before.

BLATTNERS' HOTEL, 10 A.M.

We are at our hotel now, and in the Holy Land. At half-past nine we set foot on the shelly beach of Joppa, treading into powder those frail gems of pearl, and lovely brown and rose. The crowd was so great that at first I could not see how we would get on shore. But our leader has been to Joppa before, and understands the people. Coolly taking a piece of baggage in each hand, as soon as the boat's keel grated on the sand, he jumped into the thickest of them, making an opening in their ranks like a stone from a catapult, and we all fol-

lowed him. His idea is that the only way to deal with these people is to show them *you are their master*. As the Arabs stood on the shore in solid phalanx, determined to fleece us handsomely for handling our baggage and showing us the way to the hotel, had we tried to conciliate them at all, the more determined they would have been to prey upon us. But we showed no signs of hesitation and got pleasantly through, while the passengers in the other boats got horribly cheated.

The boatmen who had rowed us ashore took our baggage on their shoulders and followed us into town. At the gate, some fifty steps from the shore, a custom-house officer stopped us, but we quietly handed him a five-franc piece, and he stepped aside. The officer placed his right hand on his left breast and said *Saluam Aleik*, that is, *peace be with you*, and we did the same. This is their manner of expressing good will.

We mounted the steep hill of Joppa, a city of six thousand inhabitants, sometimes by stairways, sometimes by precipitous alleys, over dung-heaps and under arches, till we reached the "English Hotel," and so settled down to our first Oriental lodging-place, glad to be on solid land again. While waiting for breakfast I wrote this "Story of a Shell," that I picked up on the spot where my foot first struck the shore:

STORY OF THE SHELL.

"I was washed up from the bottom of yonder blue sea, in the days when Adam was young. I lay here unnoticed when the warriors of Dan took Joppa at the edge of the sword. I was here four hundred and fifty years afterwards, when the temple-builders came from Tyre with cedars and firs and a freightage of marble and precious metals, on the way to Jerusalem. I was here two hundred years after that, when the foolish Jonah came to Joppa seeking to escape from the all-seeing eye of God. I was here three hundred years after that, when the builders of the second temple brought materials from Mount Lebanon. I was here five hundred years after that, when the apostle Peter had his vision on the house-top. I was here one thousand years after that, when the Crusaders came down the coast and took possession of the country in the name of Jesus. And I am here now, nine hundred years after that, when an American traveller picks me up and makes me tell him this *Story of the Shell!*"

Although this is called the "English Hotel," the owners are not

English people, nor is there anything English about the house except the name. All the books and newspapers that lie around on the table and seats are French, German or Hebrew. We amuse ourselves looking into the Visitors' Book. It is the custom for travellers in this country, when they write their names in the Hotel Register, to add some account of themselves; where they travelled last; what they think of the hotel, etc. Most of the entries are silly enough. Some are good. I copy a few.

"Very comfortable." "Satisfied with the evident desire of the landlord to make us comfortable." "Very fair." "Lord Seymour was highly satisfied." "Existence here will be found supportable by those who are profoundly resigned to their fate, if detained any time waiting for a steamer." "We have, greatly daring, dined." "I am much surprised to find the accommodations so good. The Blattners are both dragomans, and I recommend them, not only as good and obliging, but also intelligent and well-posted in regard to the history of Palestine."

The Governor promises to dine with us at the hotel at six o'clock. This will be quite a treat; for we have long heard of Nouredin Effendi as a pleasant gentleman, very kind to American travellers.

We had breakfast with some English travellers who were fellow-passengers with us on the steamer. They are friendly, but not very sociable. Their conversation consists mostly in abusing Bonaparte for his cruelty while here sixty-nine years ago. This is rather a dry subject for a social party, and I paid little attention to it.

The mode of breakfasting in this country is not at all to our tastes. On the steamer we were allowed a little cup of black coffee, with a crust of bread, on rising. Then breakfast came at ten—always late for our appetites. A passenger remarks that if a man would experiment on the utmost pangs of hunger, without quite reaching starvation, he can do it to perfection on these French steamers.

At breakfast we illustrated our idea of "first fruits" (Numbers xiii. 12), by giving the first orange offered us to a beggar-boy, who was watching and waiting at the door. So the ancient Hebrews gave the first fruits of vintage, harvest, threshing-floor, wine-press, oil-press, fleece and bread-baking of the new crops.

After breakfast we left the city through the heavily-arched and towered gateway, on the land side, the *Jerusalem Gate* of Joppa. We passed hedges of prickly pear (*cactus*) that defy all human

approach with their density and armature, the stems being as thick, as a naval officer remarked to us, "as the mainmast of a man-of-war." We sauntered on to the beach, south of the town. Along its smooth, hard sand, paved with countless millions of shells, we walked for an hour, the boys happy at their release from the confinement of the steamer, gathering, and all of us sketching the various objects discovered :

"While over us the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill with flakes of foam!"

The most common shell is the famous *Pilgrim shell*, with its five spines denoting the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. Another shell, quite plenty, is the *Cypræa*, which the Arabs fasten to the bridles of their horses and camels, and even wear around their own necks. A species of *Conus* is also common. Also more or less of the beautiful purple *Murex*, an elegant violet-tinted *Donax*, and a lovely purple *Halietis*.

We took lunch in a romantic way by setting up our five umbrellas around a telegraph pole, making a queer sort of tent, and there we had our first camping-place in Palestine. The grand old Main, blazing like a sea of sapphire, heaved before us; the Plain of Sharon was at our back. Wild flowers struggled through the sandy soil on every hand. The land-crabs chased each other merrily along the beach, where—

"Wet, glistening shells of every die
Along the margin of the water lie;"

and the great sea-gulls winged fitfully overhead, as though expressing their impatience at our tarrying. Sauntering back we found the skeleton of a monstrous shark, more than six feet long, that had been dragged from the water's edge by the jackals. The tracks of a troop of them had trampled the earth—

"Harder and drier than a fountain-bed
In summer."

We measured the width of his jaws and the length of his teeth, and quietly concluded to confine our sea-bathing inside the reefs. As the shark abounds in the Mediterranean Sea, why may not the theory be correct that it was one of this species which the Lord prepared as the instrument of His designs concerning Jonah?

I am reminded, in examining the many varieties of shells, col-

lected, that we shall find this scallop-shell carved upon the ruins of Baalbec a month hence.

As we walked back to Joppa, a company of Bedouins rode by. They appeared surprised to see a lady with her face uncovered; for their women never appear in public without a veil; at least such is the case with the better class. They rode good horses. Each had a long spear in his hand, a pair of large pistols in his belt, and a gun strung across his shoulders. They were very polite in their way, and answered our greeting courteously. The Arab's *Salaam* is extremely graceful. He puts his right hand on his left breast, with a slight bow; then raises it to his lips and then to his forehead, repeating the words, *Salaam Aleik* (peace be with you), in a deep, guttural tone.

3 P. M.

We had a donkey to carry our baskets for us. His name is *Tyeeb*; that means a *good one*. His ears are heavier than his legs. Every once in a while he throws up his head and tail and brays. Oh, such braying! It sounds like sawing loose boards.

From this side of the town, Joppa looks like a hill so crowded with buildings as almost to push one another off. It has less vacant lots than any town I ever saw.

There is a telegraph line that runs past Joppa to Egypt. It is connected with the line that goes to New York. I shall send a dispatch home to-morrow and get an answer again. The wind whistled through the glass insulators just as it does at home, sounding like musicians playing a flute.

I had rare fun chasing the land-crabs into their holes. I rode Tyeeb on a gallop and he stepped on some loose earth and threw me head first into the sand. Where *his* head struck, there was a hole big enough to bury him in. But I was not hurt, nor he either.

As we came back along the beach, a party of wild Arabs galloped past us from behind some sand-hills. At first it looked as though they would ride us down with their long spears. But there was no danger. A friend spoke to them in Arabic, and they answered very kindly. I hallooed *Owafy* to them as they passed. I had heard somebody say it on board the steamer. They looked back and laughed and answered, *Alla yafik*. *Owafy* means "Good luck to you." *Alla yafik* means, "May God give you good luck." Their chief was a tall, thin, gaunt, time-worn ruffian. He had a gray beard, a bright, flashing eye, and very white teeth. By riding so

much in the sun he was tanned to the color of sole leather. Their horses were poor and bony, but rode swift as the wind.

I dedicate the noble palm-tree in the centre of Joppa to Rev. J. H. Vincent, of New York, whose lectures on the Holy Land are as graceful and sweet as the blossoms I pick from this palm-tree.

Next I got a man to take me to the place where they say Jonah was thrown on shore by the whale. It is near a hole in the city wall. As I came down the coast last week on the steamer, I saw two places where they say Jonah came on shore; one was at Issus, near an old, gray stone tower; the other a few miles north of Sidon. Of course the whale couldn't have landed at all these places. I asked my guide how he knew that Jonah came ashore here, and he answered *backsheesh*.

It is well for travellers to understand that while all the traditions floating through this country have some foundation, there is a tendency to exaggeration among Orientals, which requires the greatest caution in using such information.

In our stroll we hired a man with a donkey to take the basket of provisions and some boxes for specimens. We went out at the east gate, the only gate there is on the land side of Joppa, and turned to the right, taking the caravan road that goes to Egypt. On our left hand we passed gardens and groves of oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, and other trees deliciously fragrant and prolific. Reaching the beach, I was astonished to see the quantities of oranges collected here in baskets, for shipment. They are brought here on donkeys, mules, horses, and camels, from the orchards around the city. A basket is slung on each side of the animal. At the shore these baskets are loaded into rowboats, taken out to the sail vessels that cannot get nearer the beach on account of shoal water, and so emptied into the holds to ship abroad. These are said to be the largest and sweetest oranges in the world. The camels, with that wise gravity and intelligence peculiar to their race, kneel down at the word of command to permit the loaded baskets to be removed from them.

On the beach are found numerous shells of different kinds, but a mile or two down the coast they are far more abundant and in greater varieties. So, turning south, we walked, ran, and skipped along the smooth sand beach, so hard that our donkey's feet scarcely made marks on it. As we went we picked up the rare objects—the cuttlefish, sponges, crab's claws, oyster-shells with *Serpula* attached, etc., etc., until, in a half hour, we had a box full of specimens.

Then we came to shells, indeed. In places the beach was almost a solid layer of white, brown, purple, and red shells. In other places piled two or three feet high, they lay in long wind-rows as wave and wind heap them. The blue, gelatinous sea-nettles were also abundant. We took our choice of shells freely, and soon gathered ten species. No doubt we could collect three times as many by diligent search. As we walked southward, the long lines of telegraph posts stretched out before us as far as the eye can reach, the wires glistening in the sunbeams like bright cobwebs. This telegraph line runs from Constantinople to Alexandria, more than eight hundred miles. It is affecting to think that, by this line, continued through Europe and under the Atlantic to New York, we can, in a few hours, send messages directly to our dear home.

By two o'clock we got all the shells we could carry on the donkey—as many as ten thousand specimens. The view of the Mediterranean Sea, before us, was grand. The heavy strokes of the waves moving inward, steadily as a pendulum, beat along the shore; the water becoming thinner and thinner as it rushed up the beach, until its force was spent; then, pausing a moment and gathering itself for a recoil, roaring seaward it hastened, as though impatient to join the mighty flood from which it had been separated;

“ And rolling far along the gloomy shore,
The voice of days of old, and days to be.”

But King David has described this beautiful phenomenon much better than I can. “He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap; He layeth up the depth in storehouses” (Ps. xxxiii. 7).

Some vessels far out, sailing towards the south, were orange-boats bound for Egypt.

BLATTNER'S HOTEL, 5 P.M.

After a short stay at the hotel, we again sallied forth and rambled through the city. The place is so hilly that you may look directly down from one house upon the top of another. As the people sleep on the house-tops in sultry weather, they make screens by building walls of earthen cylinders resembling jars with the bottoms removed, all around the sides of the roof, and so they enjoy the breeze while concealed from the eyes of their neighbors.

Although the native women rarely or never go into the Turkish mosques (churches), yet I felt safe in doing so and visited all three of them. They are large, empty rooms without carpets, seats or pul-

pits; no paintings or ornaments of any kind are allowed in them. The floors are covered with mats, rusty and ragged. People are very quiet and solemn in the mosques; they do not smoke or even speak above a whisper. That part of the building which is in the direction of Mecca (southeast) has a small niche in the wall just like those made to contain small statues, and it is towards this the people bow when praying. This niche they call *Kiblah*. I was not at all interrupted or even noticed by the people when entering the mosques, yet the Holy Land, that "brought forth fruit through which every one is saved unless it is his own fault," is a wretched place for woman. No provision is made for her religious instruction, for they scarcely believe a woman has a soul to be saved. The old *Mollah*, or Mohammedan priest, whom I talked with in the French language (Abdallah was his name), while he evidently had the Mohammedan views on this subject, assured me that *after all God made women as well as men*. I asked him if God did not make Christians as well as Mohammedans, but he did not answer that. He said, however, that he believed in God or as they call him *Allah*, and that there was only one God.

These people are far from "entering into their closets" when they pray; they rather court publicity in their worship. One of the priests wore a green turban. He has been to Mecca where Mohammed is buried, and is called a *Hadji*. They believe that a man who visits Mecca is sure of Heaven. In former years these Hadjis would sometimes put out their own eyes, because, after seeing the tomb of Mohammed, they thought *nothing else worth looking at in this whole world*.

We started out under the guidance of a native, who could talk some English, and strolled leisurely through the city. It is curious to see the variety of arches used in the doorways of these houses. As there is no wood here for building materials, the houses of course are all of stone; but I was not prepared to see the ingenuity with which the workmen have constructed arches.

We visited several of the mosques, a school-room, the court-room of the Governor, the Saracenic Fountain, and other places; then returned to the hotel to prepare for dinner.

One of the boys went out by himself, to climb a palm-tree, which he saw from the ship's deck last night, and got into a row with some Arab boys, who stole his boots, and undertook to stone him. Near the foot of this palm-tree is located the scene of that ancient fable of

Andromeda and Perseus, which is still represented in the constellation of Taurus. Pliny says that here at Joppa, Andromeda was tied to a rock and exposed to a sea-monster. As she was about to be devoured, she was released by Persens, who undertook the dangerous exploit, under promise from her father, that she should become his wife. He turned the monster into stone by showing it the head of Medusa. Then Perseus unbound the lately-despairing maiden and married her. Pliny, furthermore, says that the bones of this monster were brought to Rome during the government of Pompey, by Scaurus (about B.C. 63), and were there carefully preserved. But I am more skeptical than Sir John Maunderville, who was here five hundred years ago, and stated that the bones were still here at Joppa. There are bones enough lying round the streets, but none of them of such gigantic dimensions.

Around the coffee houses and mosques we saw numbers of Turkish soldiers and officers. To an officer who opened a door for me and brought me a stool, I offered *backsheesh*, that is a piece of money, but he declined it with a gesture that showed my offer ill-timed. I asked his pardon in French. All the Turkish officers, I am told, talk French, some of them fluently. I observe a native dignity in the dress and deportment even of the poorest of these Orientals, that we do not find among our own countrymen. I notice also that the military salute here is very different from the American. A Turkish soldier brings his hand first to the lips and then to the forehead with a quick, graceful motion.

We visited several native-schools during the afternoon stroll. One was a *kuttab*, or child's school. The teacher told me that his wages for each child are only two piastres (four cents) a week and an annual present of a turban cloth and a pair of slippers for each child. This would hardly satisfy one of our American teachers. His only business, however, is to teach the boys to say their prayers (*suras*) in unison with the Moslem worshippers. In another school, the teacher, who aspires to something better, is a sort of under-priest among the Mohammedans, and he engages to turn out *good scholars* for one hundred and fifty piastres each, but this only means to teach them to read the Koran and write Arabic. His employers board him from house to house as people board their teachers in our Western settlements. Stephen A. Douglas once related, in his inimitable way, his teaching school in Illinois, some forty years ago, and "boarding round." The Joppa Academy is nothing but a room twelve feet

by twenty and five feet high, made by hanging mats around and with a mat roof. There his seventeen students squatted on the ground and read at the top of their voices from manuscript Korans. The boys had for their raiment nothing but blue cotton shirts.

I was much interested in the old fountain near the east gate of Joppa. It is highly ornamented in the arabesque Saracenic style, with an Arabic inscription. This sort of ornamentation looks like honeycombs or stalactites. It cannot be durable, even in this climate. In ours it would not stand ten winters.

I was warmly interested in calling at the house of Mr. Meitzler, missionary of "The Pilgrim Mission" at St. Chriscona, near Basle, in Prussia. This is one of the zealous but humble movements, prompted by God's spirit, that is to evangelize the world. I had never heard of it until Mr. Meitzler described it to me. It was called into life in 1840. Its purpose is "to prepare and send forth youths who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and desire to serve him in the building up of His church throughout the earth." They have now more than sixty young men receiving a three years' course, including the German, English, Arabic and French languages, and a simple practical knowledge of the Bible which is carefully taught in the College. The students exercise their gifts and acquire facility and experience of utterance in the sixty villages and towns around the Seminary. Manual labor is combined with study. A considerable farm of meadows and field is cultivated by the students. All the shoes and clothes for the students are made by their own hands. They also manage their own kitchens, gardens and stables. They pursue the callings of carpenter, blacksmith, wagon-maker, etc., thus qualifying themselves in all respects for usefulness in heathen lands. A good printing establishment and book-bindery are attached, and a periodical is published by them.

The whole institution is animated by the free spirit of the Gospel. Neither teachers nor students receive compensation. Already one hundred and twenty pastors have been furnished by this Seminary; nineteen are engaged in missionary labors; many are colporteurs; one is a Bible peddler through Egypt and Arabia Petræa; six or seven are at work in Palestine, under the superintendence of Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem. The plan in this country is this: a mercantile business is conducted by C. F. Spittler & Co., with a branch at Joppa. These entirely support themselves by their own earnings and promote the Mission free of charge. In Jerusalem they have an

Asylum for fifty-five Syrian orphan boys, who, after their studies are completed, are to be taught trades.

Passing the Roman Catholic Convent, we stepped in a moment to hear the music. It was the *Stabat Mater*. Never before was I so impressed with the inimitable words of the old Latin hymn.

BLATTNER'S HOTEL, 8 P. M.

We have had dinner, and the Governor of Joppa dined with us. Also, Mr. Rolla Floyd, an American gentleman, who has lived here for several years. The Governor is a good looking man, about fifty years old, very pleasant. He kissed me; as men kiss one another in this country. He talked in French. Mr. Floyd has been collecting bones for the English brig in the harbor. All around Joppa, he says, the ground is white with bones of cattle, camels, horses and dead men, and sometimes he can hardly tell them apart. Mr. Floyd has a wagon and team, and is the first man who has taken a wagon to Jerusalem for many hundred years.

Our dinner, with Noureddin Effendi, Governor of Joppa, was very agreeable to us all. Of all the things we had brought from home for him, I think he prized the photographs of the Presidents most. The Governor told me many things in answer to my questions, which surprised me. Amongst others, he said he had never known a regular *Bedouin*, or desert Arab, who could read or write. Indeed, they are taught to believe it is a disgrace to have *any* book learning. He tells me that every tribe in the desert has a peculiar mark with which they designate their camels. When he asked me our plans of travel, in this country, I answered we had resolved to shape our own course as independent Americans, little heeding advice; to go where we will, and to undertake whatever we think expedient. He laughed heartily at this, but says it is the right way to travel in the East. He thinks we shall make a successful tour, and offers us any advice or assistance we may need. This is the right time of year for our journey, and there is not the least danger in visiting any place west of the Jordan. I knew it was improper to ask any Turkish gentleman any questions about his family, but I did venture to inquire of the Effendi how many children he had. He sighed, smiled, made a queer grimace, in French style, and said, *none*, for he had never been married!

The Governor told me that the yearly taxes in this part of the Holy Land are one piastre (four cents) for every she-goat; ten for a donkey; twenty for a horse or mule, and thirty for a camel.

I showed him a piece of fossil salt I had bought of an Arab, and he says, when I go to the Dead Sea, I shall find a mountain of it, seven miles long, and that Lot's wife is *still standing there*.

In my intercourse with the natives, he advises me never to joke with them, and never to seem afraid of them. I must always pay them a just price for what I purchase, and no more, and should never appear very rich or very poor, while dealing with them. He is full of frankness and good will to us. Governor Nouredin is a good man. When the "Adams' Colony" came here in 1865, the Governor so ordered matters at the Custom House as to save them five hundred dollars in duties. He says that an American who travels much with Arabs, must sleep on the ground, drink only water, sit cross-legged and use the short stirrup to the saddle, which at first is very hard to learn. He seemed pleased when I told him I had seen his name, Nouredin, in the Arabian Nights Entertainment. It is an established custom in the Holy Land, from the days of Abraham, never to appear before a superior without a gift, and I had read the story of Nouredin, who was Turkish Sultan in 1163. The name is pronounced *Nou-red-deen* — drawing out the last syllable.

BLATTNERS' HOTEL, 11 P. M.

A few minutes upon the flat house-top before I retire to bed. The stars are scintillating in the calm brilliancy of an Eastern night. The deep silence of this Oriental town is broken only by the sea, which comes booming in low, hollow sounds, from the shore "Along the many-sounding ocean tide." And now with heartfelt thanksgiving to God and a prayer for dear friends many thousand miles away, I go to rest. Should I live upon this anniversary day, how affecting it will be to remember that at such an hour, I (like Peter, in Acts xi. 5) was "in Joppa praying."

CHAPTER II.

ALL AROUND JOPPA.—THE SECOND DAY.

JOPPA, TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 10 P. M.

WHEN I woke up this morning, I heard a baby crying, a rooster crowing, a dog barking, and a lamb bleating; all in *plain American*. So, if ever I get tired of hearing Arabic talked, I shall always have these old-fashioned noises to fall back upon.

I have learned these ten words of Arabic already: *bate* means a house; *bint* means a girl; *kitarb*, a book; *libbarn*, milk; *tyeeb*, good; *narm*, yes; *lar*, no; *hassarn*, a horse; *yad*, a hand; *barood*, powder; *sin*, a tooth.* This is a beginning.

As soon as I got up I went out to the *bazaars* or markets, and bought me a *tarboush*. They called it a *fez* in Smyrna. The Orientals generally are laying aside the old-fashioned *turbans*, and wearing the *tarboush* in place of it. I gave five francs (\$1) for the *tarboush*, and two francs more for the silk tassels, which they weighed and sold me by weight. The *tarboush* is made of felt. It is thick and heavy, and lasts a great while. It is the same red cap the New York Zouaves wear. I asked the merchant if he knew the name of the Turkish Sultan, that is the President of this country. He said he didn't. I told him the name was Abd-el Asiz. He looked surprised, but said it made no difference to him. He seemed not to care enough to talk about it.

After buying the *tarboush*, I went to see Mr. Rolla Floyd. The atmosphere was delicious, the sky cloudless. As I passed the Jerusalem gate, as it is called, I noticed its huge old valves and mighty hinges.

Mr. Floyd lives at the American settlement, half a mile north of Joppa. Here is where G. J. Adams built his town a few years ago. But it all fell through. The village has eight frame houses and a church, all built of timber brought from the State of Maine. One hundred and eighty-five people came with Adams, but nobody has stayed except Mr. Floyd. He owns a reaper and two horses. In

* It is only the pronunciation that is given here. The appearance of the words would often suggest very different sounds.

harvest time he cuts wheat and barley for the people at a *megidia* (90 cts.) an hour. He can cut more grain in a day with his reaper than fifty native men. The people here, when they harvest wheat, *sit down* in the field and smoke all the time. They reap with a sickle not bigger than a case-knife. The fences here are all hedges of prickly pear from three to ten inches thick and fifteen feet high. It is called by the botanists *opuntia*. When Mr. Floyd first brought his wagon to Joppa, he was afraid he couldn't get it through these narrow lanes. Then the Governor told him that the soldiers should cut down the hedges for him on one side of the lanes and let the wagon pass. That is the way Turkish officers deal with these Arabs. The prickly pear has great soft, fibrous stems, fringed with leaves that look like thick, green cakes. Neither man nor beast can break through it. The ground all around Mr. Floyd's house is white with sea-shells like those we saw yesterday.

As I went back to town, I saw a man going out to plow. His team was two little cows not bigger than yearling calves in our country. I have read that in the fourteenth century they plowed here with cows, just as they do now. The yoke is six feet long and so heavy that the cows' necks bend under it. It is so rough, too, that it chafes deep creases in their hide. If Titus plowed up the foundations of Jerusalem he must have had a stronger implement than this. The man had a goad on his shoulders as heavy as the plow itself. It was a pole eight feet long and two inches in diameter at the butt-end where I measured it. It was pointed with iron, to poke the legs of the cows with. At the large end this goad has a sort of a chisel to clean the plow with. The fellow jabbed one of his cows while I was looking on, and she kicked back at him. Then I understood the words that Christ spoke to St. Paul, "it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks" (Acts ix. 5). I could see, too, how Shamgar could slay of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad (Judges iii. 31).

Next I met a lazy fellow jogging along, smoking a pipe with a cocoa-nut bowl, while behind him walked his wife carrying a heavy load of thorn bushes on her back. This reminded me of our Saviour's charge against the Scribes and Pharisees, who loaded men with burdens grievous to be borne, while they themselves touched not the burdens with one of their fingers (Matt. xxiii. 4). I shall never forget the richness and orchard-beauty of my morning's walk.

At one point north of town I could see clear around the water-

side of Joppa. "Although Joppa has always been a sea gate of Jerusalem it has no docks, no quays, no jetties, no landing stairs, and no lights," so says a man that was here some time ago, and he says truly. Josephus wrote long ago that Joppa was not fit to be a harbor. As I got near the city, I wrote down the different noises that I could hear in the crowd around me. The snarl and yelps of a mob of cur dogs; the wild, sweet notes of birds; the cries of men (*muez-zins*) high up the church steeples; the chatter of the Arabs, who gabble like parrots; the shrieks of the camels and the tinkle of their bells; the snort and tramp of horses; the swearing of a party of sailors, quarrelling over a bottle; the awful bray of donkeys; the laughter of some sportive boys—all these, and I don't know how many more sounds, were heard at once. Hundreds of dogs were lying asleep in the deep military ditch that is dug round the town. A judge (called the *kadi*) was sitting in the gateway of the city holding court. I stopped to see a man flogged who had been caught stealing a knife. From the time the soldier brought him to the *kadi*, to the time he was kicked out the gate, was less than five minutes, including a bastinado of thirteen strokes well laid on. The *kadi* only listened for a minute or two to the evidence, and then gave sentence. How the miserable wretch howled! but everybody else laughed. They enjoyed it. The *kadi* didn't laugh, but he didn't look sorry either.

My room is one of those high chambers so agreeable in the East, especially in sea-ports like this. It is such an "upper chamber" as "the certain disciple named Tabitha" was laid in, in this very city, after the preparations for her burial had been completed (Acts ix. 36). Would that I could believe this the same chamber. But that is impossible. The numberless destructions and re-edifications of Joppa, since her day, forbid it. But if it were so, here, too, might St. Peter have stood, "kneeled down and prayed." And in yonder corner the precious form of Dorcas (Tabitha) might have lain, to which he said, in imitation of Jesus at Bethany, "Tabitha, arise!"

I am surprised and delighted to find that one of these girls has a photograph likeness of Mrs. Emma Willard, of Troy, New York. She doesn't remember *where* she got it, or *when*. On the back of it is written, "Born February 23d, 1787." I told the girl what a good woman Mrs. Willard is. Oh, if she could educate a generation *here*, how she would revolutionise this miserable woman-degrading race. Then I showed the girl my own album of the noble American ladies

among our acquaintances: Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Wilbur, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Livermore, Miss Hosmer, Miss Cheesebro, Alice Cary, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Bradwell, Mrs. Stowe, and others.

I have risen early and climbed to the housetop; *flat* as all the housetops in Joppa are, and surrounded by a parapet of earthen jars, so arranged that I can see everything around me without any one seeing me. This serves in place of the battlements ordered by Moses in Deuteronomy xxii. 8. The morning star has burst, radiant with brightness, over the mountains of Judah. Be patient, bright glory! in a few days I shall see you from Bethlehem! Below me, on a housetop, is a man performing his prayers according to the seven ceremonies of the Moslem code. May his *Allah* hear his supplications and give him that best of gifts—a *new heart*. In another direction I hear three native Christians singing a morning hymn. It sounds dissonant and coarse to me, accustomed to the sweet cadences of our choirs, but if the hearts of the singers are musical before God, their notes sound as melodiously in the Father's ears as the low crooning of a little child in the ears of its delighted mother. The twittering of sparrows, on the housetops, is all around me.

To the east, I look over the beautiful Plain of Sharon, which tomorrow, if it please God, I shall cross. Its myrtles, oleanders, cyclamens, crocus, maiden's hair, tulips, hollyhocks, and marigold, even now allure me thither, and I long to be botanizing among their glories. How much dear mother would enjoy it, with her exquisite taste in the culture and arrangement of flowers! The location of Joppa for a town is a fine one. In the days when the tribe of Dan was strong, and Sharon a cultivated field, Joppa must have been a pleasant habitation. It is well built, and the bay before it a charming one.

As I go down to my room, the girls of the family, who seem attached to me already, come with refreshments. One brings a porringer of milk; one a cup of honey and some bread; the third a branch loaded with ripe oranges.

11 A. M.

Our English party have said good-bye, and gone to Jerusalem, where we shall meet them next week. They seem almost too closely wedded to "Murray's Hand-Book," for pleasant company. They follow too literally the directions of their "Murray's Guide-Book,"

which seems to be written expressly for English people. When I told them of the splendid array of shells on the sea shore, they looked in Murray, and rather doubted my statements, because he makes no mention of it. When I spoke of the new turnpike to Jerusalem, and other things to which Murray has not alluded, they appeared quite indifferent.

We are picking up Arab words rapidly. We stop everybody we meet and ask the name of places and things with freedom.

5 P. M.

This has been a day among the groves. Such flowers! such orange-bordered roads! such fruits! such bird-songs! such gushing fountains! and, alas, such objects of poverty, and victims of loathsome disease! The oranges of Joppa are of such great size, that one of our company declares they look more like *pumpkins* upon the trees than *fruit*. The trees themselves are so large and spreading, and all of so fine growth, both stem and head, that I cannot imagine anything more perfect. The branches are gilded with fruit as thick as the apples on apple-trees in an orchard, several hundreds being borne on a single tree. Watered as they are, from the abundant wells upon this plain, they recall the passage from Ezekiel xix. 10: "Fruitful and full of branches by reason of many waters." An Orange Grove gives me a more vivid idea of rich, luxuriant fruitfulness, than any other object in nature.

How appropriate already I find Scriptural language to this country! To-day we have begun to read the Old and New Testament through, by topics, so as to complete it while we are in the country where it was written. The Elijahs, Ezechiels, and Malachis, of the Old Dispensation, in their deep-furrowed garments of trembling, their metaphorical speech and the hurrying movement of their thought and style, reminded me of an impatient eagle, I saw, to-day, chained in a courtyard. I can imagine him in his native home of Lebanon, flinging himself from side to side, from cliff to cliff.

I found to-day how useful it is to have a guide with us who has visited this country before. He knows just *what* to look for; *where* to look, and *how* to find it. Mere *curiosity* in him being satiated, he is only anxious to give us the best views of Holy Land objects in the shortest possible space of time.

At our dinner, we had minced meat, wrapped in grape leaves and

fried. Very good it is, cooked in that way. I remember reading that, in the Minnesota massacres of 1862, a poor woman lived several days on *grape leaves alone*.

Among the rarer trees examined to-day are the *tamarind* and *almond*. The latter resembles a peach tree, but larger. The word means a *watcher*, in allusion to its early white blossom. Also, the *citron*, which is probably the apple of Canticles ii. 3 and viii. 5, and Joel i. 12. It is a fruit of rich color, fragrant odor and elegant appearance. But, in fact, there are endless groves of orange and lemons, apricots, pomegranates, figs and olives, with mulberry and acacia trees, and the stately palm towering above them all. The number of gardens around Joppa is nearly four hundred, varying in size from three to twelve acres. One-third of these gardens have two wells each, the rest have one well. Each well employs three animals, working day and night to keep the ground irrigated, and each draws about one thousand cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours. Many of the oranges are four inches in diameter, not a few are six inches. Even the apricots are sometimes five inches in diameter (or fifteen inches round). To appreciate an orange, it must be eaten fresh from the tree. Thus we enjoy the full aroma, treasured from sun and air.

Among the traditional places visited to-day, one is the house of "one Simon, a tanner," with whom Peter "tarried many days in Joppa." (Acts ix. 43.) It is by the sea-side, and may possibly be the same building or stand upon the same spot. As the business of tanning was held in contempt by the Jews, this shows how little the apostle cared for their national prejudices. I imagine the water they gave me from the well in the yard tasted of tan bark and leather. It was while boarding in Simon's house that Peter enjoyed the celestial vision which finally broke his shackles of Jewish exclusivism, and sent him out a missionary to the world. (Acts x.) I read a large part of the book of Acts while resting here. It is easy now to understand how he could have been in "retirement and prayer on the house-top."

I also visited the traditional tomb of Dorcas, the resting-place of that noble creature, after death had finally claimed her for its own. The story believed here is that, upon her first resurrection, she suffered great physical pain. Upon her second, however, all will be joy and gladness. Her tomb is a cave in a rock, descended by steps, twelve feet deep, a chamber eighteen feet long, having nine crypts, or burying-places.

I also saw the place where some believe that the Jews put Lazarus and his sisters Martha and Mary, into an open boat and forced them to go out upon the stormy sea. As there is not a particle of credibility in the tale, I didn't ask for the rest of it.

We visited the three Christian convents, but were very little interested in them. The Armenian convent, I noticed, was deliciously cool and clean. This building was used as a hospital by the French army in 1799. The Roman Catholic convent belongs to the Franciscan denomination, whose beautiful emblem, cut over the doorway, is the two crossed and pierced hands of Jesus. This convent is small. The priests attend chiefly to Catholic pilgrims. The Greek convent is the smallest of the three. Here they gave us boiled eggs for our refreshment, but oh, how stony hard they do boil eggs in in this country!

I asked the Greek priest how many Jews there are in Joppa? He made a wry face, as if the subject was unpleasant to speak of, but answered about one hundred and twenty. He says they are of the Sephardim sect, and have but one humble synagogue here. They are mostly merchants, carpenters and silk weavers.

The vegetables grown in this vicinity are numerous. They have squashes, watermelons (very large), musk melons, peas, okra, egg-plant, artichokes, which, like the French, they eat raw and without vinegar, Irish potatoes and many others. In a package of garden seeds I bought at the bazaar, I find the following varieties: cress, onions, beans, three sorts of peas, leaks, vegetable marrows, cucumbers, watermelons, Indian corn, parsley, *ruzbra*, radish, cauliflowers, cabbage, spinach, gourds, turnips, lettuce two kinds, endives, maach, mustard, carrots, peppergrass, etc., etc.

We have just returned from a visit to our tents, which Mr. Fountain set up to-day, that we might see the arrangements and be sure that nothing of importance has been omitted. The tents, three in number, are pitched on a piece of high ground just above the Greek convent, overlooking the sea. The largest is the one to be occupied by the gentlemen. It has the American flag floating over it. A smaller one is for the ladies. The smallest is the kitchen tent or *cuisine*. They seem comfortable and home-like after so much travel and confinement on ship-board, and I have no doubt we shall enjoy many happy hours in them.

From the doorway of my tent, the stony hillock of the town rises before me; behind me the grand towering chain of rocks, dark-

swelling, ridge-like, flushing into pink and amber, is the mountain range which we are soon to penetrate, and in the heart of which lies *Jerusalem!*

As we return to the city we enjoy the rare privilege of witnessing a game of *Djereed*, of which we have read so much. Two companies of horsemen formed lines facing each other, about five hundred feet apart. One cavalier would ride swiftly across the interval, turn to the left, pass along the line, and selecting his opponent, throw a short, blunt spear directly at him. The object was rarely hit. The challenger would then turn and gallop back, pursued at a furious pace by his opponent, who was almost certain to hit him as he fled. The horsemanship was magnificent. The riders would throw themselves almost to the ground, hanging by one stirrup, and dodging the blows, while the splendid horses seemed to devour the wind. I am told that many accidents happen at this manly and beautiful game, while

"The coursers' trampling feet
Rouse the thick dust to shadow all the plain."

Oh the groves and fountains of this delicious territory! Its flowers are such as Mohammed called "the tears of Eve." The pastures are covered with flocks, the valleys also are covered with corn; they shout for joy, they also ring. So wrote King David, long ago, of this very landscape. Samuel also described the tender grass, springing out of the earth, by clear shining after rain, as it does to-day.

I had but little time to observe or inquire into the condition of women while in Joppa, but it is plain to see that, to the tenants of the harem, not a ray of light, religious or intellectual, can penetrate. The Prince of Darkness sits undisturbed in its dark chambers here, pouring his poisonous precepts into the tender minds of the rising race. If ever his cruel empire over Palestine is to be broken, he must be assailed in the harem and driven thence. The richest women here, covered as they are with gold and embroidery, are as ignorant and foolish as children in everything except the simplest arts of life. Oh, what a field of female benevolence is here! But it would demand the first order of self-denial.

We see hundreds of pilgrims going to the celebration of Easter week at Jerusalem. Palm Sunday, this year, the Sunday before Easter, occurs next Sabbath, March 21st. EASTER SUNDAY being the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar-moon which happens on or next after March 21st, will occur this year March

28th. Good Friday is the Friday of Passion week and Passion week is the week preceding the Easter festival. These pilgrims are closely followed by hundreds of others who are hastening "to keep the feast in Jerusalem." Many on foot, some on horseback, others on mules and donkeys, whilst whole families nestled in cribs constructed like crates for merchandise and slung upon both sides the camel's tall back, pursue their journey altogether, or, as the Arabs say, *sava sava*. I saw the husband on one side, the wife on the other, and a brace of babies snugly cribbed with each, while the patient beast, with noiseless steps bore them onward and will carry them safely up the rugged ascent.

We have had a glorious time among the orange groves this morning. I never supposed there were such oranges in the world. They cost almost nothing. For one piastre I got twelve oranges, and had to leave most of them behind me, for they made so heavy a bundle. The lemons are as large as the oranges, and what is queer they are *sweet* instead of *sour*! How deliciously an orange grove does smell. Curious that the word "orange" is not found in the Bible; neither is the word "shell" nor "prickly pear." Eight millions of oranges were grown last year around Joppa. Wearing my *tarboush* this morning almost blinded me and I have packed it away. I shall wear it no more.

A Jewish rabbi at our hotel asked me a thousand questions about the United States, which he says is "the Canaan of his people," whatever that means. His name is Jonah, which I thought curious, but he tells me that Jonah in Hebrew means a *dove*. (Tor-Jonah, turtle-dove.) He says "the Turks abhor Israel;" but if they abhor Israel worse than Israel abhors the Turks, it is hard on the Turks. In looking at this venerable old man, I thought of King Solomon's expression, "the beauty of old men is the gray head." (Prov. xx. 29.)

All the well-dressed women that you meet, keep a veil on, so you can't see their faces. They call this veil a *yashmak*. But I met one coming from the Saracenic Fountain, to-day, with a jar of water on her head, and she stumbled and dropped her veil, so that I saw her face. It was so homely that I couldn't help telling her that if I had such a face as that I would keep mine covered too. As she couldn't understand English, she thought I was complimenting her, so she smiled and said, *tyeeb*, which means *that's so*. Then she walked away giggling.

We saw a lot of lepers sitting under the orange trees by the road-

side. One of them had a tin cup fastened to the end of his arm; his arm was nothing but a black bone, the hand having rotted off. I never saw anything so dreadful in all my life. One of them was white as a sheet of paper.

In a house where we called I was surprised to see a kerosene lamp, just like ours at home. The better classes of people here use kerosene now. There were three ship-loads of kerosene sent to this country from the United States last year. One kerosene lamp gives more light than ten olive oil lamps, such as they always used before. This kerosene comes from the United States and the lamps from Austria.

We called on the Governor at his Court room. He was sitting on some cushions, cross-legged, smoking. Everybody in the court room was smoking. He was very kind to us, and made us sit by him. A prisoner was standing before him, handcuffed, and he was smoking too. While we were talking with the Governor, there came in a ragged, dirty fellow who walked right up to the Governor and showed a dreadful sore he had on his left arm. The Governor said *ruak*, that means get out; but he gave the fellow a present of a clean ~~shirt~~ which was the thing most needed. Everybody has the right to approach a Turkish ruler in this way, even the Sultan himself, who is the head governor of them all. The Governor doesn't use any law book. He told me the Koran was law book enough for him. He seemed surprised when I told him I had read the Koran through. No lawyers practise in the Courts here. Everybody talks up his own case—and oh, how loud they do talk! It seems to me the man who yells the loudest wins the suit. I think our New York lawyers would have gay times over the Koran for their law book, for it proves anything you want to.

To-day I have put on the dress and rigging made for me in New York expressly for our trip. A white hat, shaped like a fireman's helmet; a coat, vest and pantaloons all white; white shoes and a white umbrella. This is because the *color white* is cooler than any other color.

Proper rules for a Christian travelling party here, are these:

First.—We must begin every day with singing a hymn, Bible-reading and prayer. We are to read the whole Bible through while in Bible countries.

Second.—We are never to speak unfriendly to each other.

Third.—Our diary *must* be made up *every day*, unless we are sick.

Fourth.—We are *never* to travel Sunday.

Fifth.—If any hard thoughts towards each other arise in our minds, they are *always* to be forgiven and forgotten before we go to sleep.

As I was passing by the orange bazaar to-day, I stumbled over a rope, and fell. All the men near me bawled out *Allah, Allah*, as loud as they could. When I asked why they did this, they said it was a part of their religious faith. They believe when a horse stumbles, or a man is in any danger, if you say *Allah, Allah*, pretty loud, you will be saved from harm. The word *Allah* means *God*. They use it very often. This is a yelling people. They say *yellah* to a horse to make him move, and they are always yelling when they talk. They think we Americans are not in earnest, because we don't talk loud, and swing our hands about, and stamp and keep everything in motion.

A great man landed here in 1844. This was Constantine Tischendorf, the great Bible scholar. He came to this far-off land looking for *old Bibles*. Infidels had told him that the Bible is a modern book. Tischendorf has spent his life proving the contrary. Tischendorf came here with the Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia, and visited the ancient libraries in Jerusalem, at San Saba, Beyrout, Ladikia, and other places, and found a great many old manuscript Bibles. I thought of him just now when I read this passage; "Righteousness shall go before him: and shall set us in the way of his steps" (Ps. lxxxv. 13).

I noticed in court to-day that, when Governor Nouredin writes an order of any kind, he doesn't sign his name to it, as officers do in our country, but he takes some ink upon a pen, rubs a little of it on a seal which he carries in his pocket, and then presses the seal down upon the paper. Then he sprinkles colored sand on the paper to keep the ink from blotting.

The town of Joppa is wretchedly dirty. We visited a school this afternoon. Such a school! A sort of alley with matting over it for shade. No floor but the ground; thirty-four boys, but no girls. The Mohammedan girls never go to school. A man told me a girl has got no more soul than a cat. All the boys were sitting cross-legged on the ground. There was a sort of blackboard on a frame. The teacher would write something on it with chalk, and tell them the name. Then they would all halloo out the word a hundred times over at the top of their voices. It was the *loudest* school I ever saw.

The schoolmaster lashed one of them with a rattan on the sole of his bare feet, about twenty times, and the rest of the scholars laughed so you could hardly hear him scream. Out of the thirty-four boys I counted ten who had only one eye apiece. Nearly all of them had sore eyes. This is the case with the children in this country, generally.

We sent a telegram home to-day, to New York, and expect an answer to-morrow.

We say so much in our diaries about oranges, that I will only make two or three more notes. The orange farmers graft orange slips on lemon stalks, because they think the lemon is a hardier tree than the orange. The Joppa orange has a skin nearly half an inch thick. They produce few or no seeds. The merchants sell them by *weight*, as they do everything else here. Every other day the farmers dig the dirt away from around the trees, and let water in upon them, quite a puddle. These oranges and lemons are the largest in the known world. The groves have no equal upon earth. The farming here is rude and wasteful. They draw water from the gardens by wheels that scream awfully for want of grease. More than half the mechanical power is lost in friction. I told one fellow he ought to build a windmill. He answered, *bishmillah*, and then asked me for *backsheesh*. He gave me a stalk of sugar-cane to eat. It was insipid but refreshing. The Christian soldiers, during the Crusades, when they were short of provisions, used to chew sugar-cane and live on the sweet juice. We shall see some ruins of their sugar mills near Jericho.

Mixed in with the orange groves were tall waving cypresses. The cypress is the most enduring wood they have here. Formerly they made *idols* of it. Now they plant it at the head of graves. The *cactus* is what they make their fences of, and it is impenetrable. It is now nearly in fruit. A sort of fig grows on it, which they say is palatable, but not delicious. The birds were singing very sweetly in the groves as we passed. At every garden I came to they would say, *tesherbetoo moyar*. That is, "Will you drink water?" Then I would take large and refreshing draughts. They also raise bananas in these gardens.

This has been indeed a busy day with us all. It was 9 A. M. here when this despatch was sent, which was about one hour after midnight in New York; for the difference in time between Joppa and New York is about eight hours. So if the despatch went right

through, our friends got it some time before it was sent! The cost of this despatch was three hundred francs in gold, which is about eighty dollars in American currency.

To reach New York this telegram will have to go up the coast, between Mount Lebanon and the Sea; through Asia Minor; through Constantinople; through Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London; under the Irish Channel; through Newfoundland and the New England States, and so on to New York; as much as six thousand miles. What a wonderful discovery was the telegraph! Governor Nouredin told me, at dinner, yesterday, that the name of Sydney F. Morse would be remembered when that of Alexander the Great is forgotten! I noticed in the telegraph office that none of the operators read *by sound*; all use paper machines, which make noises like small grist mills. Our American operators would laugh at such.

To-day I was particularly struck with the almond tree in the hedges around Joppa. It is now in fullest bloom, recalling Moore's lines—

"The silvery almond flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough,"

for the almond tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches. The almond ripens here in the month of April. In the Hebrew the name is *luz* and *shared*. This tree, conspicuous for its early flowering, showy appearance, and useful fruit, is found all through the East. Our pastor once preached a beautiful discourse from "the almond tree shall flourish" (Eccl. xii. 5), and alluded to the hoary hairs of age. The four bowls of Moses' candlesticks were made in the shape of this beautiful flower. (Ex. xxv. 33.)

I have been around the city, to-day, and across it in various directions. The best point of view of this landing-place of pilgrims for more than ten centuries, is from the reef, an eighth of a mile out in the bay. So I got on a polacre, one of the squabby boats they use here, and went out there and wrote my notes, leaning against the granite column that stands there. The water in the bay is only about three feet deep. I dedicated that stray granite column to our dear friend, the enthusiastic Sunday-school worker, Mr. E. C. Wilder, of New York. May he live to point erring souls safely into the port of truth, even as this stone pillar has guided weary pilgrims to the landing-place of Joppa.

I took a delightful bath in the cool brine, on the inside of the reef.

Joppa stands on a little romantic hill of oblong shape. It has about six thousand inhabitants. Its houses and streets rise regularly above each other in tiers. If the tradition could possibly be true that Noah's ark was built and launched here, as the natives say it was, what a view the unbelieving heathen had of the process from that fine slope! One writer correctly describes Joppa as rising in the form of an amphitheatre, surmounted on the top by a round castle. It used to be claimed that from the top of that hill Jerusalem could be seen, but this is nonsense. Its latitude is 32 degrees 2 minutes north; longitude 34 degrees 47 minutes east of Greenwich.

It is plain to me that the old harbor of Joppa, into which the small shipping of ancient times could run and be secure from storms and pirates, lay in a swampy place in the rear of the present city. There is a kind of circular plain there considerably lower than the sea level. When Lieutenant Lynch was here in 1848, he made a calculation that for one hundred thousand dollars this morass could be dug out and a canal made to connect it with the sea.

The building stone of Joppa is very poor, being nothing more than coral rock, or a scaly, friable limestone. We have boxed up some pretty large pieces of it to send home for specimens. As it is nearly twelve miles to the stone quarries in the hills, these indolent people prefer to use this poor stone rather than go so far for a much better article.

Every one says that the sea sand is encroaching upon the shore, year by year, along this coast, and already much of the beautiful Plain of Sharon has been turned into swamps by the sand damming up the water-courses, and so preventing the outlet of water.

At the arched entrance of some of the larger houses may be noticed fragments of granite columns, marble bases, carved capitals and cornices, used now as steps to the buildings and lying along the sea-wall of Joppa, showing that, in olden times, in this only port of the Hebrews, splendid architecture was practised.

The best buildings and stores of the merchants are on the west side of the city, under protection of the cannon, of which there are two batteries.

We visited two or three houses occupied by the native Christians. Their rooms are high, pierced with numerous windows, very fresh and well aired. They have attempted to ornament them with paintings of landscapes and animals, but these are only detestable daubs. The Mohammedans are not allowed, by their religious creed, to do

this, and I admire their taste. The Joppa mechanics certainly have special skill in the construction of arches.

The country Arabs we met to-day remind me forcibly of the description given of them in the fourteenth century, "they wrap their heads and necks with a great quantity of linen cloth, and they are right ferocious and foul, and of a cursed nature!"

The most characteristic place around Joppa is the open space outside the east gate. It is crowded through the day with the venders of oranges, vegetables, meats, and all the varieties of eatables used here. The space within the walls of Joppa is so circumscribed that the markets are necessarily held outside. Every tradesman has a little booth shaded with matting, and there he sits from daylight till dark, patiently waiting for customers. When I purchased a blank book of one of them he sold it to me *by weight*. It is useless for a foreigner like me to ask one of them the price of anything; his answer invariably is, *as much as you please*. Yet, he by no means intends to let me have the goods at my own price. The Orientals deal so largely in hyperbole, that they scatter numbers and values with reckless profusion. He only means that I must make him a bid, and *he is sure to refuse it and demand more*. So I have already learned to offer *considerably less* than I expect to give them.

In the open space around the market-place stood all the idle and unemployed men of Joppa, waiting for work, as in the parable. (Matt. xx. 7.) In many of these booths that vile and poisonous stuff called *arrack* is sold, but this only to Christians. The Mohammedans won't drink it. The Turkish merchants don't look as if they cared whether they sell anything to you or not. In their lazy manner they seem to say: "Good people, I am willing to disturb myself to render you a service; but I beg of you to annoy me as little as possible." They use *stones* for weights, but whether they observe the injunction of Leviticus xix., I had no means of ascertaining. Some of the stones seem as if they might have been brought from Egypt by Moses 3,200 years ago, they were worn so smooth by age and long handling. In the vicinity of the town, the roads are numerous but narrow. They are shaded by the splendid fig—sycamore or sycamine—tree of Scripture. I feel like calling it the *Zaccheus* tree, as it always calls *his climb* to my remembrance. (Luke xix.)

A traveller says of Joppa that the houses of grayish stone rise one above another, with the castle like a crown at the top; huddled together in strange confusion without regard to comeliness or comfort.

These descriptions, like the other one I copied, are good. Another says that Joppa is picturesquely placed on a slight promontory which has grown somewhat by the wreck of ages. That, too, is very likely.

I had quite a romantic vision while standing by that granite column on the reef. I tried to imagine the Knights Templars arrayed on yonder plain. They were terrors to evil-doers, a defence to women and orphans, the poor and distressed, and the monks, the servants of God.

I also recalled the beautiful description of old Sandys, who was here in 1610. He is describing the stormy character of this port, and says: "The fury of the north wind driving the waves against the rugged cliffs, do make them more turbulent and the place less safe than the open sea incensed with tempests." This is true to the present hour. And yonder city has been three times sacked—first, by Arabs in 1722; then by the Mamelukes in 1775; finally by Bonaparte in 1799. The Maccabees took it and burned it up in punishment for the gross barbarity of its people. (2 Macc. xii. 6.) King Richard of England long lay sick here in 1192. King Louis of France took it in 1253, and fortified it with twenty-four towers and three gates; and Dr. J. T. Barclay thinks the town used to extend a good ways to the northeast of its present location, and so it seems to me.

I was sorry to find that the "Palestine Model Farm and Industrial Institute for Jewish Converts," of which we used to read hopeful reports, is almost abandoned and deserted. The house is a large stone edifice finely built upon a healthy and commanding situation about two miles northeast of Joppa, and it is hard to comprehend why the enterprise failed so miserably.

There is but one family left of the "American Colony," or "Adams' Colony," as it is generally called. The school-house is standing in which Bishop Adams used to preach and act dramas. Its upper story was partially fitted up but never used. Adams' dwelling house is still standing, but occupied now by a native family. They permitted me to go up to the house-top, from which a fine view is had of the plain, Joppa, and the marsh that I think was the ancient port of Joppa. No doubt the wrecks of Phœnician, Grecian and Roman triremes might be found in that swampy, deep black mud. The flagstaff is still standing on which Adams used to raise the American flag every Sabbath morning, also whenever one of his countrymen called on him. This colony, that originally consisted of nearly two hundred persons, came out here in 1865, full of hope

that they should elevate old Canaan religiously, politically and agriculturally. Mr. Adams baptized his assistant bishop, Mr. Toombs, in the Jordan, built an altar at Bethel, and set up his banner here with brilliant prospects. But it all failed. He has gone to England now, and the rest of his colonists, except Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, have died or returned to the United States.

The chief manufacture of Joppa is *soap*. It is shipped from here to Egypt. Large ash-heaps are found outside the town. Out of the six thousand population more than three thousand are Christians.

Mr. Fountain is engaging servants to accompany us on our journey, which we commence to-morrow. The applicants are very numerous, ten times as many as we can employ. Most of them have written certificates from their former employers. As these are usually in French or English, and the natives cannot read them, we have considerable amusement examining them. One fellow shows this *certificate*, signed by five jolly officers of a British party, which reads: "The bearer of this has a name nobody can pronounce. Whoever hires him had best call him *Jewsharp*." That is all there is, yet the poor fellow supposes the paper to be a *high recommendation*. Another one exhibits this frank certificate: "I have changed my servant four times in three weeks, and the bearer is unquestionably the biggest scoundrel in the lot."

The *Outfit* upon which we commence our journey to-morrow, comprises a small but well-selected medicine chest, with an assortment of drugs, instruments and appliances. Each of us has a thick, white umbrella, extra large; a gum poncho, or cloak, that covers a person; a field glass; a pocket compass; a sort of helmet hat that protects both eyes and neck, and a satchel to hang at the saddle-bow. For clothing, each has four pairs of thick socks; six pairs of cotton socks; one pair heavy boots; one pair heavy shoes; two dark woollen blankets; woollen gloves; cotton gloves; a mosquito net; a ten-bladed, multiple knife; a pocket Bible, and memorandum book. We brought our saddles from London.

We have also an apparatus for examining minerals, etc., a file, magnets, a small series of crystallized minerals, vials of acids, muriatic, nitric, and sulphurous, a blowpipe, the common fluxes (borax, salt of phosphorus and carbonate of soda), charcoal strips of mica, and lamp for blowpipe, platinum foil, wire and forceps; glass tubes; a goniometer; models of crystals; balances; hammers; small anvil; chisels; microscopes; magnetic needle, and other obvious matters.

They are all neatly packed in a strong chest, the whole weighing about fifty pounds. As a means of "astonishing the natives," we have a beautiful Swiss music box which plays twelve tunes of every variety, from gay to severe. In the way of books and maps we have not brought many. We have Thomson's "Land and Book," a set of "Smith's Bible Dictionary," and the works of Robinson, Tristram, Reland, Josephus, Rollin and a few others.

The Syrian sparrows are extremely numerous in this neighborhood, not only in the groves, but also on the house-tops. (Pa. cii. 7.) Their twitterings contrasted strangely to me, this morning, with the brawling sound of the Mediterranean waves. I observed in the bazaars long strings of little birds for sale, such as sparrows, larks and wagtails, a dozen for a piastre. They recalled the words of our Lord: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" (Matt. x. 29.) "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" (Luke xii. 6.) In some of the cook shops they have the little creatures ready cooked for sale, about a mouthful each.

To-morrow we set our face toward Jerusalem. (Ezekiel xxi. 2.)

We have collected here and prepared for shipment to the United States, by way of Beyrout, the following objects illustrative of Bible story, viz: Of shells, five bushels; a trunk of each of the following trees, viz: palm, almond, citron, orange, lemon, olive, fig, sycamore, carob; more than fifty sorts of flower seeds and vegetable seeds; large pieces of rock peculiar to this locality; some curious carved fragments of marble, and other things of more or less interest in elucidation of Bible passages.

9 P. M.

And so closes our second exhausting but most agreeable day of explorations in the Holy Land. This experience alone amply repays us the long journey from America. It has shown us traces of the footsteps of King Solomon, Hiram, Jonah, Zerubbabel, the Maccabees, Peter, Dorcas, Richard of England, Saladin and Bonaparte. What a galaxy of names. How I wish we could add that the feet of Jesus have trodden here. But at no point in this week's journey shall we touch the footsteps of Christ. The only hope we can have on that subject is based upon apocryphal tradition that, when Joseph "took the young child and his mother and fled into Egypt," he came or returned by way of Ramleh.

CHAPTER III.

OVER THE PLAIN OF SHARON.—THE THIRD DAY.

AT THE GATE OF JOPPA, Wednesday, March 17th, 1 P.M.

I SAW a wedding ceremony this morning; a bride taken home to her husband. First came the happy fellow with a lot of his friends, walking two and two. Then came his spouse under a sort of tent held over her by other women. You couldn't see the bride at all. On each side of the tent was a man with a drawn sword. Then a row of women—filthy, haggard creatures, dressed "in unwomanly rags" of blue cotton. A great many musical instruments were in the crowd, and all played together. There was no tune. The noise was dreadful.

I bought a *narghileh* this morning, to send home to a friend who smokes. It is the water-pipe of the Orientals. There is first a large glass decanter. Then a long brass tube that reaches nearly to the bottom of the decanter and fits tight in its mouth. The tobacco is first moistened with water, then placed in an earthen bowl at the top of this tube and a coal of fire laid on it. The decanter is filled with water, and a long snaky stem fitted in the side of the tube. So the smoke goes down through the brass tube, through the cold water and through the stem to the lips. The stem of my pipe is eight feet long. The *narghileh*, pipe and all, cost three dollars, but you have to use their kind of tobacco to smoke in it, and it is very different from ours. No more like American tobacco than cabbage leaves.

We are through now at Joppa, and ready to cross the sweet plain of Sharon, of which we have talked ever since we left home. Governor Nouredin is going to ride a few miles with us. Such a beautiful horse as he has got. I asked him the cost. He said about twenty thousand piastres. That is about seven hundred and fifty dollars. What a ridiculous sort of money it is that makes such big figures in counting a small sum. There are no bushes on the plain of Sharon any more than on the Iowa prairies. You can gallop your horse here as much as you want to.

I have just had a good laugh over a caravan of horses brought to this place that travelers may see them. They are of all colors, nations and tongues. White, brown, bay, gray and black; one-eyed, sore-eyed, no-eyed; halt and lame; some of them wheezy with asthma; some of them snap at everything that goes by, like dogs with hydrophobia; but generally they are tame enough. These pilgrims don't seem to know one horse from another.

And here is a lot of natives just in from the country, wanting to hire out. Such dresses! They don't seem to care how naked they go, so they keep their heads covered. Such big, dirty bundles of turbans.

I saw a lot of them cooking. First they kindled a wood fire on the ground. When the ground is hot enough, they scoop away the ashes and dirt six or eight inches deep, and make a hole two feet square. The dough is fitted into that as a cook fits her pie-crust into the plate. Then the coals are raked over the whole and presently the bread is baked. A pot of rice was boiled into which melted butter was poured. All being ready, they used pieces of bread for spoons, and scooped the rice out. The bread looked like a very smutty blacksmith's apron, and nearly as tough. Lots of coal and ashes stick to it, but the people don't care. May be 'tis all the healthier for that. They ate the rice scalding hot. Such mouthfuls! Our Newfoundland dog at home never gobbled such mouthfuls as they do. As soon as they got through eating they went to sleep. I asked one of them if he knew the name of the Sultan of Turkey. He said *Lar, lar*. That means No, no. I asked him if he didn't want to know, and he said *Backsheesh*.

We got our telegram from New York this morning, and a rich treat it was. It made us all happy. How wonderful, that we could send a message home and get an answer back within twenty-four hours! It is dated one hour earlier than the one we sent! This is for the reason that nine o'clock yesterday morning, at Joppa, was only *one* o'clock in the morning in New York. They got our telegram in about six hours; that made it seven o'clock in the morning in New York, and he started his answer back at eight.

As there is a telegraph-office now at Jerusalem, it is no exaggeration to say that if our Lord Jesus should appear in that city to-morrow, as he did there nineteen hundred centuries ago, the whole Christian world would hear of it before the day is out—as it is connected by telegraph-wires.

I have just made me a cross in imitation of the one on which our Saviour suffered, at Golgotha, thirty miles from here. As I am wearing a cockle-shell on my hat, emblematic of pilgrimage, I suspend the cross upon my breast to denote that I fight under the banners of Prince Emmanuel. It is composed of four kinds of wood glued together. The bottom piece, or socket, is cedar of Lebanon; the upright post, cypress; the cross-beam, palm; the tablet, on which the inscription was nailed, olive. The native Christians in this country believe that the cross on which Jesus suffered was composed of these four kinds of wood arranged in that order, and such was the Christian belief as early as the day of Chrysostom (A. D. 397.) They used this Latin verse to express the idea:

Quatuor ex lignis Domini crux dicitur esse;
 Pes crucis est cedrus; corpus tenet alta cypressus;
 Palma manus retinet; titula letatur oliva.

They also taught, from traditions, that this cross was eight cubits high; the beam three and a half cubits long; the olive tablet one cubit long. A cubit, according to this reckoning, is eighteen inches.

And now we start up to Jerusalem, the common centre to which Christians come from all parts of the earth, partly to behold the accomplishment of prophecy in the conquest and destruction of that city, and partly to pay their adoration at the sacred places. We are going right *eastward*. According to the Jewish notion, this is *forwards*; or, as we Americans say, *right ahead*. I was reminded of this by an Arab who was lying by the roadside, his hand shading his face, watching us keenly with one bright eye open. A asked him the way to Ramleh. He answered, as they always do, *Doagry*; that is "Right ahead." This is the sort of indefiniteness and want of precision interwoven with the very genius of Eastern character and language. The fellow would have said the same thing if we had been going directly the *other way*.

ABRAHAM'S FOUNTAIN, 2 P. M.

We came out here this morning through the beautiful and excellent gardens of Joppa, with their abundant supply of fruit, and are waiting here for some of our lagging servants.

Noureddin Effendi, Governor of Joppa, rode out several miles with us, and at parting, said *Salaam aleik*, with that peculiar grace native to a Turkish gentleman. He is a good and a friendly man. He rides a splendid Arab horse, the finest I ever saw. When he observed how much I admired the horse, he informed me that there is a strain of horses in possession of the great Sheikhs of the desert,

of which a written genealogy has been preserved for two thousand years. It is called *Kockland*, and the race is believed to have sprung from the celebrated horse of Solomon, of which so many extravagant stories are credited by the Orientals. But everything extraordinary in this country is attributed in some way to King Solomon, or, as they call him, *Melek Suleyman*. The most celebrated horses of this country, the *Khamseen* stock, are descended from the five mares of Mohammed. The word *kamsa*, means five; wahid, ithnine, thalathah, arbah, khamsah—one, two, three, four, five.

This old Arabesque fountain, with its reservoir, is called "Abraham's Fountain," or, as they speak the name here, *Ibraheem*. It has no inscription on it now visible. I was in hopes to find one; for I have read of an Arabic fountain over which are these beautiful thoughts: "Many like me have viewed this fount. But they are gone. And their eyes are forever closed." I believe it is not known who was the builder of this structure. There is a *Nahr Ibraheem*, or River Abraham, twenty miles north of Beyrout, and there may be a connection between the two names. But Saladin was the great builder of khans and fountains in the middle ages.

We dedicate this fountain to the Rev. John Wheeler, D.D., of Mount Pleasant, Iowa. May the good man live to pour out many a refreshing draught for the comfort of generations yet to come.

A fine grove of olive-trees, close by, has attracted my attention. The olive looks very much like the old apple-trees of our country, and I couldn't help feeling around in the hollow places of these trees for blue-bird's eggs, just as I used to among the apple-trees when I was a boy. The foliage of the olive-tree, with its dull grayish hue, scarcely deserves the name of *verdure*. The leaf is about the size and shape of the willow leaf. They say that some of these old trees will produce a hundred gallons of olive oil year by year. The older the tree the more productive. The trunk is always hollow, and the limbs of the older trees are hollow. The natives fill the old trees full of stones, packed closely together, to keep them from falling, and build stone walls to hold up the limbs. One of these trees, under which I am sitting, has three stone walls holding up its principal branches. The fruit of the olive ripens in the month of June; it is a berry about as large as a wild plum.

AT ABRAHAM'S FOUNTAIN, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 2 P. M.

We have stopped here for half an hour to wait for some of our baggage.

All the way from Joppa, we have seen native picnic parties enjoying themselves at short distances from the road. They get far enough from the highway that the women can remove their veils without being seen by strangers. From their screams of laughter and the tossing of their arms, they appear the gayest of the gay. Their bearded, phlegmatic old Mormon of a husband reclines nonchalantly, smoking his *narghileh* in the centre of the merry group. What a beastly thing is polygamy! These natives seem particularly to admire trees, flowers, fine horses and young children; but even the better sort appear to have no refined delights and but few pleasures, save those common to the lowest classes.

Oh, what it must have cost the Jews to part from these homes of their ancestors, when Jehovah brought upon them the king of the Chaldees, who carried away to Babylon "them that had escaped the sword!" (2 Chron. xxxvi.) And again, when Titus once more destroyed the cities of their land, and removed the few whom the wars had spared to distant colonies. To part from the homes they had created and beautified, who can tell what it cost them in tears and sighings? How powerfully Jeremiah has depicted their feelings! The lovely plain of Sharon is dotted with villages. Acacias are abundant there. The light wind bows the heads of the green barley fields, like a lake with clouds drifting over it! When the wind lulls the heat is oppressive.

Solomon, alluding to the matchless pastures, said: "Go thy way forth to the footsteps of the flock and feed thy flock beside the shepherds' tents." But I might note a hundred such expressions of Bible readings. None, however, affects my mind so much as the words of Jesus, referring, perhaps, to the very flower I have just plucked at the Fountain of Abraham: "Consider the lilies how they grow! I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" How these simple, happy illustrations of Christ cling to the memory like ivy to the wall! The name of Abraham is very common here, for they look upon Abraham as the father of their nation, and call him *el-Khaleel*, the Faithful. We have no account that Abraham, the patriarch, ever visited this portion of Canaan.

The Fountain of Abraham is a large square structure of limestone and marble. A stone trough before it lies by the side of a delightful open chamber. Immense sycamore trees shade its foot. Two roads meet, and the trampled appearance of the earth proves how much the place is frequented.

Not far from me there is sitting an Arab minstrel, with a strangely-shaped violin with one broad string. He rasps it and chants his mysterious Arab poetry with great energy. But I am sure he will never

"Make a swan-like end,
Fading in music ;"

for, to my ear, the intervals in the Arabic scale are harsh and unnatural in the extreme. Now he comes up, bowing and salaaming, and when I give him a small piece of money, goes away to try some other customer. The melancholy tone of Arab music suggests (Proverbs xxv. 20): "As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart."

Here for the first time we come within the swing of the awful, monstrous "Pendulum of history," that swung from Assyria to Egypt and back, for centuries. I am reminded of it by a bronze spear head which has just been sold us. Along this plain of Sharon first swept Sesostris, going *northward*, and deluging the fat plains of Assyria with blood and carnage. Then, many centuries afterwards, the retaliation comes, first under Sennacherib, afterwards Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyzes and others, each of whom brought fire and destruction from the East. Near Beyrout, I shall see the inscriptions, side by side, of five of the world's tyrants: Sesostris, the Egyptian; Sennacherib, the Assyrian; Aurelian, the Roman; then the Saracen, and finally the French despot, Napoleon III. Well may the Scriptures term these human monsters by such beastly names as *lion*, *bear*, *leopard*, and the like, sent to destroy men. Daniel styled Alexander the Great a *leopard with four horns*, and a *one-horned goat*, referring to his power and the rapidity of his conquests.

NEAR RAMLEH, 5 P. M.

We have stopped in the suburbs for an hour. But my first nine miles of horseback, pleasant as it is, has tired me, and I will rest in this pleasant shade. Ramleh was, probably, formerly *Arimathæa*, the home of good Joseph. It is where the old caravan road between Egypt and Damascus crosses our road to Jerusalem. Perhaps it is also the same place as Ramathaim Zophim, where Samuel was born. (1 Samuel i.). In view of that, I have just read that affecting incident of the birth and surrender of the son of prayer by the good Hannah.

Tradition makes Joseph of Arimathæa the owner of "the large room" in which the Last Supper was held. It was his tomb that

received the Divine body—scourged with rods, lacerated with thorns, pierced with nails, opened with the spear—of our Redeemer. After the Lord's Supper was over, and the party had gone to Gethsemane, Joseph, it is said, went into the room and took the cup in which Jesus had consecrated the wine of the new covenant. This Joseph used the next day in collecting the blood that flowed from our Saviour's wounds. The Roman Catholic pictures mostly represent Joseph of Arimathea with this cup in his hand, called "The Holy Grail" (*Sainte Greale*, or the "Blessed Cup"). It is made of glass, olive-green, fifteen inches high, four wide. "The Quest of the Holy Grail" forms part of the old romance of King Arthur, written by Thomas Mallory, in the reign of Henry VII.

RAMLEH, 5 P. M. On top of the Tower.

The rest of the party have gone on to Lydda, three miles to the northeast, while I spend an hour here making observations. There is a convent at Ramleh of Roman Catholic priests. I had always supposed that *convent* meant a place for women, and *monastery* for men, but such is not the way they use the words in the Holy Land. Strictly speaking, the word *convent* may be applied to a house for either sex. There are also five mosks here, one of which has a fine white marble tomb, with gilt inscriptions, of Ayoub Bey, an Egyptian Mameluke officer, who died at Ramleh.

The priests of these convents are bound by their rules to accommodate all travelers, poor or rich, who are on their way to holy places, and entertain them for a certain length of time. At Ramleh the time is one day; at Bethlehem, three days (the time in which Jesus remained under the power of death); at Jerusalem, thirty days.

Ramleh is surrounded by noble groves of olive-trees. When Baldwin III. besieged a city of the Saracens, A.D. 1144, he began to cut down the olive trees, which were the principal support of the country. No sooner did the people see this, than they surrendered at discretion; for to destroy the olive-trees is to destroy the land.

There is a noble old tower here that once belonged to a Christian church. An ornamental arch, near the top, is beautiful. There are five things to me most sad to contemplate—a stranded ship, a broken-winged eagle, a garden choked with weeds, a harp with broken strings, and a ruined church. This one affected me strangely. As I

climb to the top of the tower, one hundred and twenty feet high, and standing on the highest ridge of the plain, it seems—

“ That all the old echoes hidden in the wall
Rang out, like hollow woods, at huntingtide.”

The tower is ascended by steps from the inside, like American light-houses. A balustrade runs around it on the outside. The view from the top is truly extensive and interesting. Dr. Robinson describes this tower as unique for loftiness and elegance. It has an inscription over the doorway with the date of erection A.H. 710—that is, A. D. 1310.

At the top I found a party of travelers, some of them drinking pale ale, the others examining “Murray’s Hand-Book,” and identifying such of its statements as had truth enough to hold them together.

A poor, starved village, embowered in olive-trees, was lying off to the eastward, which didn’t happen to be mentioned in the “Hand-Book,” and they appeared to take the omission as a personal offense. Formerly, all pilgrims got their stories of Holy Land from the *priests*; but now, from “Murray’s Hand-Book,” written by Mr. Porter.

I have already said there is a commanding view from the top of this tower. A very ancient well lies on the south, called after St. Helena. Great fields of wheat and barley extend over the plain in all directions. The gardens are fenced in like those of Joppa, with the giant cactus, now in bloom here. The dark foliage of the pomegranate-trees blazes with heavy scarlet flowers. The broad-armed sycamores strike my fancy. I can see Joppa very distinctly in the west, nine miles distant. In the south, my view extends nearly to Ascalon. The Plain of Sharon is a vast expanse of grain and grazing land. The long, white lines, yonder, are flocks of sheep following their shepherd. Sometimes a black line appears—that is the goats. On the north there are no villages in sight; Lydda is a little east of north from me. All the villages on this plain stand on elevated places. In coming here from Joppa, we passed the villages of Yazur, Kabab, Beit-Dejar, Safaryah, and Sarafand, all small hamlets and none of them very near the road.

Everything around me blossoms as the rose. The country is dotted with dark, luxuriant olives. A company of Arabs is seated below by a hedge of clustering roses, waiting for us, and singing a rude chorus in which I distinguish the word *yokalay* repeated over

and over again, with many a shake. The new road from Joppa to Jerusalem goes winding up the hills yonder, crowded with travelers passing to and fro.

"Never yet
Has heaven appeared so blue, nor earth so green,"

as they do from the summit of this tall tower.

Ramleh is supposed to be the ancient *Arimathæa* of the good Joseph who, by giving his Lord a death-home, has made himself to live forever. Perhaps, but for Joseph, the body of Jesus would have been thrown out to the dogs and wild beasts, as I see them in every graveyard here. Noble man! how all Christians love the memory of him who "went in boldly unto Pilate and craved the body of Jesus" (Mark xv. 43).

The streets of Ramleh are crooked, narrow, and filthy. The houses have low domes and flat roofs. Many of them are substantial and commanding like those of Joppa. Hyssop grows abundantly in the crevices of the walls. Orchards of ancient olive-trees are in the suburbs. At a distance it appears a stately village, but not so on close inspection. The tobacco raised around here is considered very fine.

As I came down from the tower, I glanced over the ruined mosk which lies around it. It was once a large and splendid edifice. The cisterns underneath are twenty-four feet deep, and covered with twenty-four vaulted ceilings, each twelve feet square, supported by massive pillars. As no Mohammedan can go into his church (mosk) without washing his feet, hands, arms, head, and neck, a cistern of water is always found close by. But what a dirty set these must have been to need so much water, especially here, where it is so easy to dig wells. But I believe they would rather drink rain water in this country than any other kind. They collect it from the roofs of their houses, and horrid stuff it is.

When I came out of Ramleh, I felt like quoting the words of David, "Dogs encompassed me." So many and such dogs! I counted *four* whole ears and a tail on *three* dogs. Such mangy, scurvy creatures, and such shameful attempts to imitate the true sound of dogs. Very much such barks as these Arabs talk like civilized Americans. When David wrote that sentence he had been, perhaps, flying from his pursuers by night, and camping near some Philistine village where the dogs got after him.

Just outside the town, I saw a fellow lying asleep, with his back

to me. As he heard me coming, he rolled over to look through his sore eyes. I said to him, in the words of Micah, "In the house of Aphrah roll thyself in the dust." He only answered, *Backsheesh*.

The fine carob trees out here remind me that the long, sweet pods of the carob are supposed to be the *husks* that the swine in the parable did eat (Luke xv. 16). But now there are no swine on all the Plain of Sharon to eat them. A friend says, in his last year's travels in this country, he only saw one small group of pigs, and that was a litter of wild swine near Gebal. He thinks if a person were to attempt to raise hogs here, the people would kill the *hogs*, and perhaps *him* also—they abhor pork so earnestly.

The carob (pronounced *karooob*) is the *ceratonia siliqua* of botanists. The pods are often called "St John's bread," from a tradition that the Baptist lived upon its fruit in the wilderness. I often see them for sale in New York. This sweet pod tastes much like the pod of the honey locust. The people here often grind it and make a syrup out of the juice, which they call *dhibs*. We have purchased some of it to send home.

An American writer says, "It is a leguminous tree, an evergreen growing in hedges, a native of Spain, Italy, and the Levant. It produces long, flat, brown, colored pods filled with a mealy, succulent pulp, of a sweetish taste, which, in time of scarcity, have been used for food, and are called *St. John's bread*."

Dr. W. M. Thomson says, that the leaves of the carob are of a deep, rich, green color, and united to the stems in the same manner as the leaves of the locust. The fruit is a large, dark, red-colored pod, the seeds are red and very hard. The tree, seen at a distance, resembles, in size and shape, the apple-tree.

The history of Ramleh is curious. The name means *sandy*, and alludes, probably, to the sandy soil of the plain around the town. The latitude is thirty-one degrees fifty-nine minutes; longitude thirty-five degrees twenty-eight minutes east of Greenwich. The population is three thousand; one-third of which are Christians. Formerly, it was no doubt much larger. The crusaders took it, on their way to Jerusalem, A. D. 1099, and probably got the timbers here of which they formed their military engines for the siege.

CAMP HAZEEN TAMAR, at Lydda, 9 P. M.

We have launched out into the Holy Land and pitched our tents in the Plain of Sharon, ten miles south of Joppa. I have hired

a camel and a donkey. I insisted on having the camel, particularly. We crossed a fruitful plain, abounding in corn, olives, and vines. My camel has a long, slow, rollicking gait, just like a rocking-horse. The motion is very tiresome at first, but I shall get used to it. My camel is named *Jinn*, that means a *hobgoblin*. I shall call her *Jenny*. Her noise is so curious that no two of us are agreed what it sounds like. I say the hoarse squeal of a pig. One thinks the hollow bleating of a sheep; another declares the lowing of a cow; another says *all three mixed together*. I have got an Arab servant all to myself, named *Hassan*, a tall, homely, one-eyed fellow. *Hassan* has been a great traveler. He has been to Bagdad and Egypt, Damascus, Petra, Cyprus and Jerusalem. He says he means to go with me to New York. He is a kind-hearted fellow. He can read Arabic. He has read the "Arabian Nights," and the poem of "Antar" in Arabic. He says he don't believe much in Mohammed; but he shaves his head, and I noticed before he left Joppa that he went to the mosk and performed his prayers. He wears a *cypræa* shell around his neck, and something sewed up in a little bag that he won't let me see.

My saddle is a lot of cross-sticks like a double saw-horse, or, as a funny friend says, "a XX dollar greenback, with old General Spinner's name on it." It is made so that I can take any position, while riding, that I want to. I can face to the right, face to the left, and face to the rear. Or I can sit cross-legged like a tailor. This rests me. I hang a carpet-bag on one horn of the saddle, a bottle of water on the other. I fasten my gun and umbrella to some straps behind, whenever I choose. My water-bottle is the English military bottle, made of glass, covered with felt and black leather.

It is strange that the Romans never used the camel. Porus did when he fought Alexander, and the Parthenians did against Croesus, but the Romans, never. May be it was owing to the hatred their horses had to camels. It is curious to see my camel eating prickly pear leaves. I should think they would be as bad as pincushions stuck full of needles.

I call my donkey *Bob*. He looks like a great bundle of black coarse wool set upon four spindles. His ears are broad, unnatural flaps that stick out of the sides of his granite head as big as those that the elephant Hannibal used to wear.

Hassan talks to the camel just as you would to a man. When he wants *Jenny* to stop he clucks like a biddy with chickens. If he

wants her to kneel, he makes a sort of snore and down she comes. She has got great warts as big as my head where her legs and body touch the ground when kneeling. I practised on that *cluck* and that *snore* half the way from Joppa, but Jenny did not understand me. Hassan laughed at me. Now they have made Jenny kneel and tied a rope around her bent knees, so that she can't get up again. She is cross to me, though I think she will get over that in a few days. She snarls when I go near her, and screams when I mount her back. I handed her an orange and she spit at me, actually spit at me like a tobacco chewer. Then she blew something out of her mouth that looks like a dried bladder skin, and I concluded to leave her awhile to herself.

Jenny has a young one about three months old. It is funny to observe the staid and sober demeanor of this baby camel. No frisky playfulness and grace like other young things, but cold gravity and awkwardness. They call the little fellow *Jereed*, but I shall call him Jerry. Hassan says camels' milk is as much better than goats' milk as goats' milk is better than cows' milk.

As we left Joppa our Arab servants broke out full of song and glee at the idea of being abroad on the free plains amidst the breezes, birds and flowers; but their music was no music to my ear.

These camels carry about three hundred pounds. The heavy camel of Egypt carries six hundred *ruttels*, that is four hundred and fifty pounds.

We bought a large bronze spear head near *Abraham's Fountain*, as we stopped there at noon. Bronze is a mixed metal, two-thirds copper and one-third zinc; but in old times they used tin instead of zinc. The ancient Phœnicians carried on a very lucrative trade with Spain and Cornwall, for tin. My spear head is about three inches long and an inch wide. It reminded me that such a rude, sharp point as this was fastened to a pole and thrust into the Divine Heart upon the cross. (John xix. 34.) But the spear the Romans used was called a *pilum*. It was six and one-half to seven feet long, with a staff large enough to fill the hand. The head of that spear was steel. The famous lance of King Arthur was named "Ron." It was a hand broad and fit for slaughter.

I saw a man drawing water from a deep well, near Ramleh. He fastened an ox to the rope, and the ox walked off with it like a sailor on a ship's deck, till he got fifty steps, then stopped. The bucket was a goat's skin open at the neck. It held about six pailsfull. The

well must be nearly one hundred and sixty feet deep. Jacob's well, at Shechem, is one hundred. This place is called in the Bible *Lydda*, but the lazy people here pronounce it *Lidd*. I don't see why they do; for in pronouncing their own words they draw out the last syllable so long and accent it so strongly, that you can hardly hear anything else. They say *Kor-arn* for their Bible; *leb-arn* for milk; *kitt-arb* for a book; *Sult-arn* for the Emperor of Turkey; *firm-arn* for his passport, and the like. But, for all that, they pronounce *Lydda Lidd*, Gibeon, *Tib*, and many other of the old Bible words in the same short way. The name of Jerusalem in Arabic is *El-Koods*.

9 P.M.

We have had our first supper in a tent. Oh, how nice it is! I ate and ate, and when they told me I was eating too much, I reminded them that the natives of this country make their principal meal *at night*, and I must begin to conform rigidly to their habits. I have just been peeping into some of the Arab houses. Such miserable places for human beings to live in. Everybody was asleep and their doors wide open. But there was nothing to steal. The only furniture I could see in the houses was a few water jars and some wooden vessels to hold milk. In some of them the sheep were lying down among the people. And oh, the bugs! the houses swarmed with them. Every house has a small lamp burning olive oil, which makes a very poor light. I remembered the Bible verse: "Oil in the dwelling of the wise."

The early Christians believed that every Mohammedan had a bad smell about him till he was baptized in the Christian faith. I don't know whether baptizing them would make them smell better; but these lower classes do smell dreadfully, that's a fact. I read, once, the description of a place in these words: "Shoggle is a pretty large but exceedingly filthy place." So I should say of *Lydda*, "it is a pretty *small* but exceedingly filthy place."

To-day I have learned twenty more Arabic words—*Bordokarn*, means orange; *harmid*, sour; *jarie*, brave; *cobs*, bread; *wasick*, dirty; *battach*, a duck; *sharib*, to drink; *othen*, the ear; *farrig*, empty; *aksam*, to swear; *lyien*, soft; *saboon*, soap; *sin*, tooth; *sharb*, young; *shararb*, wine; *moyyah*, water; *mamarr*, path; *kalam*, pen; *dawar*, medicine; *cathrah*, plenty.

CAMP, near Lydda, 10 P.M.

We found our tents pitched and dinner ready for us when we

arrived here about six o'clock. It was romantic to eat under canvas. I have now taken my camp-stool outside the tent and lit my wax-candle to finish my diary. How thankful ought every woman to be who is born in *our* happy country. To-day I saw a woman plowing, and, at the same time carrying a heavy child astride of her left shoulder. The bright-eyed little fellow looked at me so proudly as I rode by; but oh, the poor mother! *She* never once looked up. I read, just before leaving home, of a young lady in Wisconsin who cultivated twenty acres in corn, last year, but, then, that was a matter of independent choice with her. How different from these women!

Lydda, now called *Lydd*, is a busy and prosperous little place of one thousand inhabitants, embowered in fine orchards of olives, pomegranates, figs, sycamores and other trees. There is an air of thrift and prosperity around it which is not often seen in Palestine. A very famous Jewish College was here during the time of Christ, and no doubt much of the scepticism and bigotry that opposed His blessed teachings originated here. The Mohammedans believe that Jesus will descend here sometime before the resurrection and conquer Antichrist, whom he will destroy. (Koran, chap. xliii. note.) The town is buried in palms, and has a large well near the gate. Here, as Peter "came down to the saints that dwell at Lydda," he cured *Æneas*, who "had kept his bed eight years of the palsy." (Acts ix.) It was at Lydda, too, that Peter was abiding when word came of the death of Dorcas at Joppa, ten miles west. How promptly he answered the summons! How powerfully Jesus Christ wrought in him to restore that dead sister to life. Lydda is the first town we reached after turning to the left three miles back. Within four miles of it are the old villages of Ono, (1 Chron. viii. 12;) Hadid, (Neh. vii. 37;) and Neballat, (Neh. xiii. 34.) The Pagan Emperor, Hadrian, called it Diospolis, or the *City of Zeus*, but it soon regained its old name. The remains of St. George were buried here, and the ruins of his church are still grand. A beautiful creek runs by the place, along which the oleanders grow "as willows by the water courses." (Isaiah xlv. 4.) Other luxuriant bushes fringe its banks, in whose branches the blackbird, lark and other songsters pour out their lays. But I have not yet heard the *bulbul*, or Syrian nightingale, of which Oriental poets sing so much. This lovely songster (*Ixos xanthopygius*), whose notes, for volume and variety, surpass those of the nightingale, wanting only the final cadence, and which

abounds in all the wooded districts of Palestine, and especially by the banks of the Jordan, where in the early morning it fills the air with its music.

I have particularly remarked to-day the number of *blind people* in this vicinity. I think one-third the natives are either blind or one-eyed or have extremely bad eyes. I knew it was a distressing malady very prevalent in the East, but was not prepared to see so much of it. The climate is very hot for half the year, and a very fine dirt enters and frets the eye. The disease of blindness must always have been common along the coast. The perpetual glare of light; the contrast of the heat with the cold; sea air; small-pox, and the uncleanliness of the people, all combine to produce eye-diseases. It is a proverb that in Lydda every man is blind or one-eyed. In Joppa there are five hundred blind persons; in Cairo, one in every five is blind. The ancient Jews were enjoined by humane laws to show all kindness to the blind. (Lev. xix. 14; xxvii. 18.) To see the sore-eyed children here is the most disgusting thing that has yet fallen under my observation. Rev. W. M. Thomson thinks that the cause of this sore calamity is owing to the locality. Situated in the course of a vast plain or valley of Sharon, the climate is excessively hot, and the reflection of the sun from the white sand very painful to the eyes.

But the sight that horrifies the very soul and overwhelms it with pity and sympathy is that of the *lepers*, as I saw them, coming out of Joppa. Under the beautiful and luxuriant orange trees they group together, loathsome, maimed and wretched. Some lie upon the ground, some lean upon crutches. Many are blind, their faces black and bloated—all that you see of them, a mass of putrid sores. They recall the memory of the unhappy beggar Lazarus. (Luke xvi.) In some, the fingers had rotted off. The voices of many hissed through tongueless throats. When I had withdrawn from these dreadful images of horror, after giving them as much *back-sheesh* as I could spare, I felt as never before what a perfect emblem of spiritual corruption, or sin in the heart, is leprosy in the body. As such I have no doubt Moses employed it. And I also felt that when Jesus healed the leper (Matt. viii.), he performed one of the most fitting acts in proof of His divinity. Dr. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book," describes the wretched objects in these words: "The scab comes on by degrees in different parts of the body; the hair falls; the nails drop off; joint after joint of the fingers fall

away; the gums are absorbed; the teeth disappear; the nose, eyes, tongue and palate are consumed; finally the wretched victim sinks into the earth." How sad to think that the good Dr. Goddard, who came here on purpose from Europe to study this awful disease, died at Jerusalem before accomplishing his work.

My dear father once told me, a little girl on his knee, an affecting story of a woman martyred here at Lydda in the last days of St. John. She was an elderly lady before she ever heard the name of Jesus as the Saviour of mankind. But she at once embraced the faith and soon won all her household, husband, children, and grandchildren to the same belief. It was in the times of which Jesus had prophesied. Persecutions soon followed. The contempt of neighbors, the desertion of friends; the pointing of the finger; the sarcastic speech, these were the *annoyances*. Imprisonment, the forfeiture of property, the breaking of the household were the *great trials*. Then came the last trial at which poor humanity shudders, the cross. This punishment, most cruel of all, because the first stage, that of excruciating suffering, is so greatly prolonged, was held up before her as a terror to stimulate her to recant. The family was detained in a dungeon a whole year to give them time to do so. But they had decided upon their course, and one cruel winter's morning the whole household was taken to one of the low hills that I see yonder in the east, and the scourge, the nail, the wood, did their work as they had done it sixty years before upon the person of Christ. All died cheerfully. The aged mother and grandmother gave her last breath to prayer for her murderers.

I spent half an hour, after my arrival, reading what Renan says about St. Paul's journey from Jerusalem to Cæsarea. What a charming and elegant writer he is; but so unfair. Such a miserable idea of historical truth as he has! A man like Renan snubbing St. Paul; a frog criticizing a nightingale! As to Christ, he strips the Lord of Glory of all His supernatural majesty; shrivels Him into a mere rabbi, entangled by the prejudices of his time, performing no real miracle, neither rising from the dead nor ascending into Heaven. The history of the Holy Church, as well as the Sacred Text, contains abundant argument against him. Yet I cannot help recalling the beautiful words he addressed to his dead sister, who had travelled with him, in 1860, through this famous land, and died near Beyrout.

As a pleasant contrast to our visit here, I note in my diary what Sir John Maundeville said in his, when he came here A.D. 1322. He

says: "Those who are willing to go a long time on the sea and come nearer to Jerusalem, may proceed from Cypress and by sea to the port of Joppa, for that is the nearest point to Jerusalem, the distance being only one and one-half days. The town is called Joppa, because one of the sons of Noah, named Japhet, founded it, and now it is called Joppa. It is one of the oldest towns in the world, because founded before Noah's flood. There is still seen in the rock, the place where the iron chains were fastened whereby Andromeda was imprisoned. A great rib, forty feet long, is still shown there."

Omitting the history, geography and biography of the Bible, and teaching only *doctrines*, is not doing justice to God's Book; the *whole Bible* must be taught as far as man's heart and mind can grasp the glorious theme. The days of shallowness have fallen into disrepute, the demand for thoroughness is rising fast.

Coming into this place at the close of the day, the beautiful description of a traveller of 1834 recurs to me: "The whole valley of Sharon from the mountains of Jerusalem to the sea, and from the foot of Carmel to the hills of Gaza, is spread before me like a map, and is extremely beautiful, especially at evening, when the last rays of the setting sun gild the mountain tops. Then the weary husbandman returns from his labor, and the bleating flocks come frisking and joyful to their fold. At such a time I saw it, and lingered long in pensive meditation, until the stars looked out from the sky and the cool breezes of evening began to shed soft dews on the feverish land. What a paradise was here when Solomon reigned in Jerusalem and sang of the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. And what a little heaven upon earth will be here again, when He that is greater than Solomon, shall sit on the throne of David, His Father. For in His days shall the righteous flourish and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth."

MIDNIGHT.

Just now a noise broke from near the base of the hills east of Lydda, that I knew from the description was a pack of jackals prowling among the graves. It is a mournful howl, mixed with barking, and sounds like the voice of a person in distress. Oh, may I not die and be buried among this evil people. I have heard of a dear lady who expired last spring among the hills east of the Jordan, who begged in her last words that her husband would inter her remains at Jerusalem, not in an Arabic burying-ground. Every graveyard I have yet seen in this country is a Calvary, a Golgotha, a

place of skulls. Oh, horrible, to imagine hyenas howling over one's poor remains at midnight!

The celestial canopy stretches above me like a curtain studded with spangles of stars. I can see the base of the hill near by, girdled with groves of fruit trees. There is a quiet pastoral air about the landscape; a soft serenity in its forms and colors. The air is fragrant with wild thyme and camomile.

Late as the hour is, our Arab servants are sitting in a circle, smoking and disturbing sleep by their loud story-telling and singing. I can catch the chorus of one of their songs, *yah gazelle, yah gazelle*, that is, *oh, gazelle*, of which I shall try to get the remainder. But now I am reminded that we have a hard day's work before us to-morrow, climbing the pass to Beth-horon, and I will endeavor to secure some sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

MOUNTING THE HILLS OF DAN AND BENJAMIN.—THE FOURTH DAY.

ENTRANCE OF THE HILLS, Thursday, March 18, 8 A. M.

WE left Lydda at seven, first giving an hour to the old church of St. George, which we inspected with very great interest. What noble arches! What a grip those Crusaders took upon the Holy Land during the eighty years (1099 to 1187) that they held it. They stamped upon it their style of architecture and their indefatigable building energy in a stony *alphabet* that the land can never cast off. The only portion of the church of St. George that has been preserved is the *eastern part*. Mr. Fountain says this is the case with all ruined Christian churches here. Either the Christians, when conquered, bought over their altars from spoliation, or the conquerors voluntarily spared them through veneration and fear; or they are more solidly built than other parts. Whatever may be the cause, the eastern portions are often entire when the rest of the building has completely disappeared.

By joint consent, I marked the initials "H. C. T." upon the corner of a stone, and dedicated this noble ruin to Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, Missionary Secretary of the American Sunday-School Union for New England. Mr. Trumbull is the author of the work "Children in the Temple," from which we read, last Sunday, several chapters. He has given us great delight in his elucidations of Scripture.

Elliot wonders where all the stone has gone to that was once used in the construction of this enormous church. But this is no problem to me. The destruction of old buildings and using their remains for building materials, have been going on in Asia for three thousand years. A stone once squared is useful, and the people turn every such scrap to account. A stone of a Persian palace, for instance, has been stuck into the enclosure of a Greek temple, then into a Roman fort, then into a Christian church, then to repair the walls of Gothic, Saracenic or Genoese builders, then used by the Turks in an aqueduct; finally, set up for a grave-stone, a land terminus, or a

cabin window-sill. The worst fate of such a stone is to be burned into lime.

We passed over a turf, blazing with yellow daisies, crimson poppies, and hosts of floral glories. The wheat spread out around us in a sea glistening with dew. Birds sang among the trees. The voice of the turtle-dove murmured from the olives. A cool breeze came down from the hollows of the hills, eastward, and brought memories of Jerusalem over which it had passed. We were on the border of Sharon, "that broad, rich tract of land that lies between the Mediterranean Sea, the northern continuation of Shefalen." I shall always remember this Plain for the variety, fragrance, and beauty of its innumerable plants and flowers. Lovely, however, as all things around us are, I cannot note them so deliberately as I should like to do; for to-day, before we sleep, *we are to sight Jerusalem*.

We travel from two and a half to three miles an hour, and this I find is the usual speed in this country.

In talking with one of our Arabs, he told me that he had a sister named Lalla Rookh (that means *tulip cheek*) others named Leila Shrine, and Dewilde. These reminded me of the names in the poem of Lalla Rookh.

The last palm-tree that we shall see this side of Jerusalem, was near Lydda. The expression, *date-tree*, is only poetical, for the dates grow on *palm-trees*. All the dates that are shaken from trees by the wind, belong to the travellers and to the poor. This recalls the old Jewish law in Dent. xxiv. 19 to 22, that where a sheaf of the harvest, and the gleanings of grapes and olives, have been left in the field, the owner must not go again to fetch them, but "it shall be for the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow." What a beautiful provision of divine charity.

The horses in this country do not *trot*, they only *walk* and *gallop*. They are fed at night with a little barley mixed with oat-straw—that is all. Horses in our country are bloated gluttons compared with these poor skeletons. Their owners hardly ever let them drink. They are slow, plodding beasts, with considerable endurance, but no spirit.

In some old book, a writer has described the sheep here as being of an extra kind, with short legs, long back, large, upright horns, and all of one color. That was what I expected to see; but none of the sheep, thus far, answer to the picture, and the Arabs say the description is false.

I cannot see much to admire in a camel. Its motion is fearfully rough; a man who can endure the camel's trot is booked for any other conveyance. Jenny has a most fretful disposition, and moans reproachfully whenever a person approaches her. The proverbial patience of the camel appears to me mere stupidity.

Taking a last view of the Plain of Sharon from the edge of the hills, I note that here Shitrai, the Sharonite, fed the flocks of King David (1 Chronicles xxvii. 29). Here, also, the royal herds of Solomon grazed, and so long as the monarchs of Judah or Israel held this rich plain, the meat supply of the royal household must have been largely drawn from this quarter.

Of all the hundreds of pilgrims that lined the road yesterday from Joppa to Ramleh, almost every one has gone by the shorter way of Koloniah, and up the new turnpike to Jerusalem. One barefoot friar is behind us, with his rope girdle and hempen gown, who seems disposed to try the old Crusaders' road by the way of Beth-horon and Mount Joy.

As we pass into the hills, I regret that we must leave the old city of Antipatris, some fifteen miles to the left, on the road to Cæsarea. That place, now called Kefr Saba, is where they brought Paul, by night, on his way from Jerusalem to Cæsarea. From here the four hundred infantry that served as a guard against the Jewish assassins, returned to Jerusalem, only the seventy horsemen going on to Cæsarea. Formerly it was thought that this night march was by way of Lydda, but the best writers now agree that the soldiers turned off at Gophna, near Bethel, fourteen miles north of Jerusalem.

And now I particularly notice the style of plowing practised here. The native plow is the simplest and crudest of instruments. It has hard work to move this stiff, stony soil. In the United States more than a thousand patents have been issued for improvements in plows. Father used to say, "Show me a farmer's plow and I can describe the man." It is so here; the absurd plow is the emblem of the miserable farmer. The beam and the handle (it has but one handle) are only two sticks crossed and fastened together at the crossing point. One stick goes to the yoke, one to the hand. As it takes but one hand to guide this plow, the plowman can hold his big, heavy goad in the other. The point of the plow is sometimes shod with iron, but such a plow as this only makes a scratch, not a furrow.

The Romans plowed only with cattle, never with horses. Usually

a single pair was used. A plowman, not skilled enough to cut a straight furrow, was termed by them *delirare*; under this head I should class most of the plowmen of Sharon.

HONEYUCKLE GLEN, 11 A. M.

Near this place was Beth-car, where the Israelites "went out and pursued the Philistines and smote them. (1 Samuel vii. 11.) Here Samuel set up a stone, which he named Ebenezer, or, "the stone of help," and to this the beautiful hymn alludes:

"Here I raise my Ebenezer."

Resting here for an hour, our party sung the whole piece through to Rousseau's music, "Days of Absence." Then we selected a long, square stone that lay by the roadside, and chiselled on it, "Ebenezer, 1869." This stone, we told our Arabs to lift up and set against the cliff. There were five of them. The stone didn't weigh five hundred pounds, but they were unable to move it.

They began upon it with the demonstrative imbecility of judgment, clatter of tongues and swinging of limbs which always accompany their movements, but they had to acknowledge their inability at last. Then three of us took it up and raised it with ease, at which they expressed unbounded astonishment.

Somewhere in this narrow pass Judas Maccabæus defeated and slew Nicanor, B.C. 161. Here, too, Cestius, who came up at the head of the Roman army to destroy Jerusalem, was disgracefully beaten by the Jews, A.D. 67. No doubt many another sore fight not recorded has occurred along this world's highway. Yonder ravine may often have been heaped high with the victims of war.

We are getting pretty well towards the tops of the mountains. The hill-tops around us seem all crowded with villages, many of which are in ruins. By the route we have come, the ancient Phœnicians brought the heavy cedars and other materials that they furnished towards the erection of that magnificent and incomparable work, the Temple of Solomon. But the route must then have been in a much better condition than now. Occasionally we see traces of the old Roman road that came up this pass, connecting Joppa with Jerusalem. What road-makers those wonderful people were. And all their roads began and terminated at Rome. The broken edges of the rocks continue to rise like terraces to the tops of the hills. By some strange geological arrangement, they appear as if formed by

the art of man. Perhaps the Creator arranged them in this manner to suggest to the Hebrew farmers, for whom he had designed this "chosen land," the way to build terraces and vineyards, and so to cultivate these hillsides most profitably. As every foot of these mountain slopes was afterwards prepared artificially for cultivation, it is reasonable to believe that the idea was borrowed from the Divine mind.

To the north, when I get a good view, the mountains appear gray, desolate and awful. We have passed the region of grain fields, and, in fact, for several miles the land shows but little cultivation of any sort.

At the village of Jimzu the road forks; we took the left hand. The map shows that they come together again ten miles further on. A fine well is near a place called *Um Roosh*. Three trees stand together there, a fig, a carob and an oak. We dedicated them to our three Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson and U. S. Grant.

From the roof of the sheikh's house, at Upper Beth-horon (called here *Beit-oor el-foka*) we had a fine view of the country passed over since yesterday morning. Joppa, Ramleh and Lydda were in plain sight. The road to the east continues to ascend among rocky and desolate hills.

HONEYSUCKLE GLEN, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 11 A. M.

When we left Lydda this morning, a young dog followed us out of town, anxious to make one of our party. I fed him, and tied a piece of ribbon round his neck, and named him *Sweet-Home*. The dogs here are mangy and poor when they get to any age. They don't belong to anybody. They have to fight for a living, and are welched with scars. Their tails and ears look miserable. *Sweet-Home* is not old enough yet for a warrior. If he behaves well, I will take him to America and make a *freedman* of him. The puppies here are sleek and beautiful; but the dogs horrid. The ancient Jews used to make dogs useful in watching houses and guarding flocks, but I don't see them at it now. Hungry and half wild, they seem to be all the time wanting to eat. No wonder the Mohammedans call them unclean. They *are* unclean if ever there was anything unclean. I noticed yesterday, in Joppa, a big mangy dog, sleeping right across the sidewalk. Every native, man and woman, walked around him, so as not to let their dresses touch him. If their clothes had touched him, I suppose it would have been necessary to

wash them. But I made the fellow hop with my almond cane. I don't walk around a dog, if I know myself.

You can't insult anybody in this country so much as to call him *kelb*; that is, dog. So it was in Bible times. In 1 Samuel xxiv. 14, and many other places this is seen. The Mohammedans call all us Christians, dogs, when they dare do it. Some dogs go to Mecca every year with the pilgrims, and then they call them *hadjis*. *Sweet-Home* has the ears and head of a prairie wolf. He is small, sharp-nosed, red-colored, with a short tail. I will try what civilization can do for him.

The native horses don't bear the reins at all. They don't understand horse-English either. If you want them to go ahead, you must press your knees into their ribs. If you want them to stop, hiss, and they stop so quick you will go over their heads. If you want to turn them, pull the bridle on their necks, on the opposite side.

We saw a *wely*, or tomb of a sheikh, near the town of Lydda. A sheikh is the mayor of the village. Some of these sheikhs are religious, and when they die they are worshipped as the Catholics worship saints. This *wely* is a stone building eight by twelve feet; has a cupola for a roof. There are more *dead* saints among the Mohammedans, now-a-days, than *living* ones. This *wely* is on an eminent and commanding spot, like most of the *welies*. Rags are tied in the windows, but I don't know what for. This *wely* is whitewashed, bright and clean. It puts me in mind of the passage, "Whited sepulchres, which, indeed, appear beautiful outward" (Matt. xxiii. 27). All the rock of this country is limestone, and it makes beautiful white lime, out of which this whitewash is made.

It is as easy to climb a palm-tree as a ladder. The Arabs say there are three hundred and sixty uses for the palm-tree, one for every day in the year. I suppose it was such a palm-tree as this that Deborah lived under (Judges iv. 5).

I name this palm-tree Judas Maccabæus, for we are coming now into the district where that great warrior and patriot won his immortal fame. He is one of the world's heroes, and I know his history by heart. In one of his grandest fights he gave his soldiers for a watch-word, "The help of God." And, by God's help, they did conquer (2 Maccabees viii. 23). Another time, when his soldiers were almost disheartened, he said in his speech to them: "If our time be come, let us die manfully for brethren, and let us not stain

our honor" (1 Maccabees ix. 10). Yes, I named this palm-tree, at Lydda, Judas Maccabæus, and carved his initials, "J. M." on it, with my knife.

We dedicate the tree to that noble Sunday-school laborer, Rev. Dr. McKee, of Louisville, Kentucky, who, for many years, has preached a sermon every Sunday afternoon to the *children of his church*. He is nearly blind. If ever his eye-sight shall be restored so that he may come here and see this palm-tree, he will find it a tree "good for food, and pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired" (Genesis iii. 6).

I noticed this morning that when our Arabs ate their poor, scanty rations, which were nothing but black bread made of barley, and some raw onions, they returned thanks aloud to *Allah*, as they call God.

I saw a jackal sneaking out of a vineyard, and thought of the verse—"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes" (Cant. ii. 15). Hassan says that jackals are very fond of grapes, and they pull down and gnaw down the vine, reaching after them. The jackal is the dog of the hills and the battle-fields.

Our baggage this morning was so badly strapped upon the pack-mules, that the first sharp cliffs they rounded, it caught on the rocks. This pulled the load off on one side, and pushed the mule down the cliff on the other. The poor fellow fell twenty feet. But he lit on his legs, and came scrambling up the cliff as unconcerned as possible. I thought it would kill him. Then another load slipped clear over backwards, fell to the ground and rolled down the slope till somebody stopped it. We told our servants plainly, that if this thing happened again we would discharge the whole lot of them.

A wagon could not now pass through these hills any more than a ship could pass through the rocky reefs now to yonder port of Joppa, that I can see, some twenty miles off.

I used to wonder why Bonaparte did not go to Jerusalem when he was here in the Holy Land, sixty-nine years ago. But I do not wonder now. To take an army through these hills would have been as bad a job as crossing the Alps. So when he had captured the cities of the Plain of Sharon, he wrote to the sheikhs of Jerusalem and Nablous, that "the hilly country did not lie within the base of his operations." No wonder. There he showed his good sense. I never before imagined such roads. Horses must be educated to them to understand them. The only change in these roads for a thousand

years is that they got worse and worse. But these cannot get much worse.

To-day I was riding donkey Bob, and wanted him to go down a hill. He stopped, smelt of the stone slabs one by one, made his calculations mathematically, then put his fore feet together, drew his hind feet under him, and *slid down* as neatly as any New York boy could slide down hill. His intelligence and sure-footedness are wonderful.

I have learned twenty more Arabic words to-day. This makes fifty in all which I know. This is my day's lesson—*kariff*, means afraid; *mogidd*, lively; *hawah*, air; *kadeem*, old; *jadeed*, new; *ath-karl*, baggage; *shaheer*, barley; *zanbeel*, basket; *leeyah*, beard; *jaweel*, beautiful; *tire*, bird; *noor*, flower; *kinneenah*, bottle; *leejarm*, bridle; *jamel*, camel; *shamar*, candle; *farroj*, chicken; *walad*, child; *bard*, cold; *darfee*, warm.

I discovered this morning how to get rid of the Arab Beggars. One of them, a stout, strapping fellow, asked me for *backsheesh*, that is, money. I gave him a *para*, ten for a cent. He looked at it scornfully, and again roared *backsheesh*. Then I said to him, *Allah delek*; which means, "may God give it to you." Then he stopped; for, after you say that, they have no right to ask any more of you. He threw the money on the ground and went off, mad as you please. But pretty soon he came back and picked it up. I shall often try *Allah delek* upon them. If you give to all these beggars, it takes you all your time, and all your loose change, too. Besides that, you can never satisfy them any way.

I have just found the skull of some man who was probably murdered here. It was lying under a shelving rock, with other bones around it. It has a tremendous bruise on one side of it. The beautiful maiden's-hair fern was growing all around it, and a scarlet anemone had worked its way through the lower jaw bone.

We have read for us this passage from an old book: "We went up from Joppa to the city of Jerusalem, A.D. 1102, a journey of two days, by a mountainous road. This was very rough and dangerous on account of the Saracens, who lie in wait in the caves of the mountains to surprise Christians; to surprise those less capable of resisting by the smallness of the company, or the weary who may chance to lag behind their company. At one moment you see them on every side; at another, they are altogether invisible. Numbers of human bodies lie scattered by the wayside, torn by wild beasts. There is not much

earth to dig graves. A man leaving his company for that purpose would dig his own.

"Not only the poor and weak, but the rich and strong are surrounded with perils. Many are cut off by the Saracens, but more by heat and thirst. Many perish for want of drink, and more from over-drinking." This is a dreadful story. The Knights Templar Society was instituted A.D. 1118, to protect pilgrims along the road. Who knows but what this skull belonged to one of those poor pilgrims? He says, too, that if the passion for pilgrimage, in the eleventh century, sent so many travelers here, the influence of American Sunday-schools and Bible-classes promises to send more, and much better ones.

I got me a staff, in Joppa, of almond tree—just like the one that Jacob crossed the Jordan with. (Gen. xxxii. 10.) I am going to carry it all through the Holy Land with me, and then, when I go home, give it to our minister, in New York.

At a little village I saw something that reminded me of 2 Samuel xii. 3. An Arab was raising a lamb "to eat of his own meat; to drink of his own cup, and lie in his own bosom." Hassan says that this is a very common thing among the Arabs. He says when a lamb or kid is born, on the hillsides, the shepherd brings it home in the evening, in the folds of his shirt-bosom, while the mother runs bleating by his side, wild with anxiety.

I asked a boy the names of the wild trees that I was passing. He pointed to one and called it *baloot*, and to another and called it *baloor*.

Right over yonder is where the Israelites demanded of Samuel a king. What an unfortunate demand. Yet, they would have it, although Samuel told them exactly what sort of a tyrant their king would be. If Samuel had lived A.D. 1895, he could not have described kings and queens better than he did B.C. 1095. Of all the blessings we inherit, that of a free government is one of the greatest.

To-day, I kept an account of the number of persons to whom I gave *backsheesh*. I began early, at Lydda, with a blind man, who made so much noise around the tent, that I sent him a piastre to silence him so I could sleep awhile longer. Within seventy minutes I gave money to eleven other persons, all blind, and up to this time I have helped thirty-four since I got up. More than one hundred have asked me. As a general rule, I only give a few paras to each one. Ten paras make a cent.

NEAR POOL OF GIBBON, 7 P.M.

When we first left the Plain this morning, to climb the stony pass of Beth-horon, my camel, Jenny, began to make loud cries and growls of anger and impatience. These paths are especially difficult for camels. The stones cut her feet, which are like four big sponges. At the village of Beit-ur she met another camel, and they had a fight, in which they bit one another around the head till the blood streamed. I never heard such noises. The roarings were frightful. Jenny finally threw the other one down and then stamped and pounded him almost to death. They reared up and twisted round one another like four-legged boa constrictors. All day long my camel driver (camelier, I call him) entertains Jenny with music, song and fairy tales, and with the plaintive tones of his voice. She likes it; and when he stops, she looks around into his face. Her neck is so long that she can twist it like a snake's, and look backwards. When she travels, she keeps her head perfectly level. In chewing her cud she throws her lower jaw so far around the upper one, that it seems as if it might fly out of joint.

On, on you go; now stumbling over great rocks which have rolled down from the steep cliffs over your head; now winding round the base of some high, conical mountain, and now climbing up its rugged face; now by a zigzag path, toiling up to its airy summit, from which, with scarce time enough to cast one glance upon the wild scenery round, by a path as narrow and as rough, you slip and scramble down the other side to repeat the same process.

ENTRANCE OF THE HILLS, Thursday, March 18, 8 A.M.

We took quite a survey of the ancient ruined church at Lydda before we started. These ruined buildings, however, are sad places for ladies' dresses and shoes.

We struck our tents and rode out of Lydda this morning in good season. Passed through a Mohammedan graveyard. Very many little mounds were there, deep enough to cast a shadow in which mourning mothers will walk all the days of their pilgrimage below. What dreary, comfortless places are these Mohammedan graveyards. No wonder all the allusions to them in the native language are gloomy.

I noticed last evening, with admiration, the ingenuity of our native cook, who gets up wonderful soups, fries, fricassees, roasts, breads and puddings, with a scarcity of kitchen furniture that would drive

one of our New York biddies distracted. He requires no stove, no range, no fire-place. He has nothing but a long, shallow box about a foot wide and four feet long, made of sheet iron and supported by six legs that fold up under it when packed with the baggage. It has a perforated grate at the bottom. His fuel is charcoal, which we purchase at the villages from day to day as needed. There is scarcely wood enough growing between Joppa and Jerusalem to heat his coffee-pot. In this really primitive arrangement all our culinary work is done rapidly and with excellent results. Through the day our cook rides calmly along, picking his fowls and preparing his viands with perfect *sang froid*.

I cannot name the tithe of the wild flowers that met my eye as I came delightedly along. The myrtle was there. The broom, lavender, hyssop, sage, wild thyme and rue are abundant. Lieut. W. F. Lynch, when here in May, 1848, described the violet-purple of the plum-bago, but I do not recognize that. Perhaps it is too early in the season. He also described the hop-trefoil, a small clover with yellow flowers and hop-like heads.

The winding valley rolled in waves of wheat and barley, while the hillsides were mantled with groves of olives. It was a vast mosaic of green and brown, of *jasper* and *verd-antique*. In the crystal of the morning air the very hills laugh with plenty. The whole landscape gleams with signs of gladness upon its countenance. How beautiful must have been this Plain of Sharon in the days when God was worshipped here by His own people. As near Joppa, we have passed through delightful gardens of figs, citrons, olives, pomegranates, and palms.

As we approached the hills, the soil became light-brown from the decomposition of the limestone. The sea-shells, which we have found scattered through the soil all the way from the sea, now disappeared. We were approaching the mountains of the tribe of Dan.

Passing a low cabin in the outskirts of the village, I noticed a woman baking her daily supply of bread. In this country the prayer of our Lord is literally applicable, "Give us *each day* our daily bread;" for they *do* make their bread *every day*. The poor woman had collected a pile of thorn-bushes, which burned with a fierce crackling sound, and made, for a few moments, a great heat. A round stone was then laid in the flames, and soon became hot. Her dough, already prepared in thin, flat cakes, was then wrapped around the stone, and so the bread was baked. When removed from the

stone another cake was laid upon it, and then another to the number of three or four, before the stone cooled. The bread, scarcely thicker than pasteboard, was made of dark-colored, gritty meal; smutted with soot, it resembles a blacksmith's apron.

I had seen bread-making done by the Arabs the day before, at Joppa. The flour was of mixed wheat and barley, very chaffy. Made into dough, the round, flat cakes were thrown into the ashes. This coarse, unleavened bread, with *leban* or curdled milk, is the usual fare of the Arabs, improved sometimes by a handful of figs, olives or raisins. One writer described an Arab party that travelled five hours a day on a pound and a half of such dry, black bread and water. We entered the hills about an hour's ride east of Lydda, winding slowly up the flowery valleys. At the entrance of the hills I was delighted with the sight of a wild gazelle, engaged literally, as the Song of Songs describes it, "leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills" (Cant. ii. 8). At the distance of a half mile, the fleet little creature seemed to have no legs, it sprung so high into the air, and went like a bird out of my sight.

My favorite Dorcas, whom I mentioned in my diary two days ago, had for her Hebrew name *Tabitha*, which means *'gazelle*. Perhaps, in her maiden days, she was noted for swiftness of foot and native gracefulness, like yonder pretty creature. Perhaps I may secure a little one to take home with us, for I long to see the brilliancy in its eyes, of which I have read so much. The gentle nature of the gazelle is as proverbial as its grace and swiftness, and is well expressed in the large, soft, liquid eye which has formed from time immemorial the stock comparison of Oriental poets when describing the eyes of beauty.

How many objects we are hourly observing that illustrate Biblical passages. How marvellously the facts and the texts fit each other already. But, then, to visit the Holy Land without a good stock of Bible knowledge, is to go to sea without chart or needle, and we can never sufficiently thank our dear parents who encouraged us to commit to memory so many hundreds of scriptural texts. Already we begin to appreciate that the Biblical history is real, accurate, thoroughly veritable. No reflecting person can pass through the lands of the Bible and believe it to be a fiction. The history involves the localities; the localities illustrate the history. Finding the one to be real, we irresistibly admit the truth of the other.

Helena, the mother of Constantine, came a pilgrim to this country,

A. D. 326, when she was eighty years of age, more than four times my age. Probably the queenly form of that aged mother of the Roman Emperor often passed this very road from Jerusalem to Joppa. What a woman she was. At fourscore years her spirits were as youthful as a girl's. After staying here a year she returned to Constantinople, died A. D. 328, and is buried at Venice. But her influence upon the mind of her son covered this country with churches.

HONEYSUCKLE GLEN, 11 A. M.

We have now entered the hills of Dan, by the same narrow pass down which the discomfited Canaanites scurried after the battle of Gibeon. I want to note the incidents of that remarkable fight when I get farther up the pass. These hills are stony indeed, and begin to present specimens of ilex, myrtle and dwarf oak trees. The wild purple rose appears on all sides. Some might suppose it to be the *rose of Sharon* spoken of in *Solomon's Song*, but it is not elegant enough for that. Solomon, probably, referred in that allusion to the *pink Oleander* which, he says, is splendid along the brooks. A fragrant, white honeysuckle, alive with honey bees, hangs over the rocks. The path here is very rough, and two persons can hardly go abreast.

We have stopped for an hour at this little dell in the hills, which rises around us in an endless succession of immense regular cones, embossing the whole country, terraced to the top by natural stratification. A small, ruined mosk is close by, its broken cistern plainly to be traced. The distant whine of the jackal may still be heard, even at this hour of the day.

Passing a village, I stopped to see a woman employed in the primitive style of butter-making. An American dairy-maid would hoot at it. Yet I should be sorry to see any of the old methods changed in this Bible country. The milk was put into a goat-skin bag, the hairy part inwards. This bag was then hung by a string to a tripod of sticks, and shaken severely backwards and forwards by a woman seated on each side. Sometimes they would strike it sharply with their fists. It takes about two hours of this churning to make butter "come." It is pleasant to think that Sarah and Rebecca and Rachel used to churn in this way. Rather too much hair remains in it for American tastes. To preserve this butter, as they put no salt in it, they melt and simmer it for several hours, skim out the hair and other impurities and lay it down in jars. It then has the color and

consistency of lard. Like the French, these people put no salt in their butter, and it is insipid to us. We have purchased a jar of butter and a jar of honey to send home.

In the little graveyard of this poor village, I noticed several women flitting around, ghost-like, enveloped in white sheets.

I went a little ways off the road to see the remains of a great reservoir in which the copious winter rains of these hills were once collected for summer use. The amount of rain that falls annually in Palestine is very great. Dr. Barclay kept a rain gauge at Jerusalem for seven years, and found the average for that period sixty-one and one-half inches. The greatest quantity of rain-fall in a single year was eighty-five inches. In the single month of December, 1850, there fell nearly thirty-four inches of rain. Compared with London, England, where the whole annual rain-fall is only twenty-five inches, or Devonshire, England, where it is only sixty inches, this is a wet country. But this rain all falls from October to April, scarcely a drop from March to November. As I suppose this was always so, the ruined reservoirs that abound through these hills were once of the greatest importance. They are very large, though I have not heard of one so large as that at Calcutta, that covers seven square miles, and is sixty feet deep. I suppose the people occupying the sides of adjacent hills used to unite in closing the lower part of a ravine, cleaning out and deepening its bed, cementing its sides, and then sharing the water for irrigation and domestic and religious use in the rainless seasons. So around the margin of this now dry pool, once grew water lilies and oleanders. Here the flocks and herds gathered to the watering. Here the sounds of armed men were heard calling to each other. Perhaps the water was heaped up with the bodies of men slain in battle and stained with their blood. Maidens here filled their jars morning and evening for household use, and chatted gaily of home things and interchanged the village news.

These naked rocks, these mountains and precipices, were those at which the ancient pilgrims used to be discouraged. Coming from the flowery Plain of Sharon, they were grieved to find so inhospitable a region where formerly such pleasantness and plenty abounded.

Some of the descriptions of these hills, copied long ago in my *Index Rerum*, are wonderfully vivid, now, that I can verify on the spot. "Rounded, swelling masses like huge bubbles." "Each one uglier than its neighbor." "A wilderness of mountain tops, in some places tossed up like waves of mud, in others, wrinkled over with ravines,

like models made of crumpled, brown paper, the nearest ones whitish, strewed with rocks and bushes." "Chaotic jumble of stony hills separated by deep chasms."

IN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM, 8 P. M.

And yonder is the city to which more eyes and more steps are now directed than ever before. Where is the scholar in all the five thousand Sunday Schools of our country who does not long to stand where I am now standing and take this view of the Holy City? Hereafter I can say, as in Rev. xxi. 2, "I saw the Holy City." Near this place is *Mount Joy*, said by the old chroniclers to be a very fair and delicious place, where Samuel, the prophet, lies in a fair tomb. It was called *Mount Joy* because it gives joy to religious hearts, as from here *men first get view of Jerusalem*.

We noticed at *Mount Joy* great numbers of little mounds or piles of small round stones, made by putting together three, five, seven, nine and other odd numbers of stones into diminutive pyramids. This is done by certain classes of travelers upon first coming in sight of Jerusalem; it has a superstitious charm connected with it, I do not know what. Our missionaries in Ceylon observe the same thing there by the sides of the roads leading to principal places, and they charge it upon the horrid superstition of devil worship.

The long line of battlemented wall around Jerusalem reminds me that Arculf when here, A.D. 700, counted eighty-four towers and six gates to Jerusalem. The city must then have extended much farther in this direction than it does now.

Coming up from the Lower to the Upper Beth-horon, called *Beit-ur el-foka* and *Beit-ur el-tahta*, we had a broken ascent that recalled most forcibly the story of the dreadful day of Gibeon, "like which was no day before it or after it." Down this same steep *wady*, the five kings and their routed hosts then plunged, stumbling, falling, throwing away their armor, praying only for the darkness of night. The spear of Joshua behind them, "great stones from heaven" before them, a sun that refused to sink beneath yonder sea until their destruction was accomplished, I let my imagination run upon these facts until my blood tingled within my veins. What an awful day. The distance from our present camping-place at Gibeon to Upper Beth-horon is about four miles. I observed, as I passed that place, that its chalky limestone presents a great number of caves and fissures, many of which have been artificially enlarged for shelter and defence. The dead are buried in caves in this part of Palestine for

want of a sufficient depth of earth for graves. They recalled in my Bible readings many passages such as these: "Enter into the rock." (Isaiah ii. 10.) "Go into the clefts of the rocks and into the tops of the ragged rocks." (Isaiah ii. 21.)

UPPER PATH OF BETH-HORON, 4 P. M.

There are two Beth-horons, as the Bible says, the Upper and the Lower. The Lower is a small village on top of a low ridge separated by a narrow valley from the Upper one. It is about twelve miles northwest of Jerusalem, and directly in the corner of the tribe of Benjamin. Here Judas Maccabæus defeated Nicanor (1 Mac. vii. 39).

The great road for transportation of materials, and travel between Joppa and Jerusalem, used to come this way.

The Upper Beth-horon is also a small village, a little larger than the other. Here I witnessed a sad thing. A man of this place was conscripted last week into the Turkish army, a most cruel act, and his mother, a widow, is as one distracted. She declared with fearful shrieks that he was the staff of her age, and she should never see him again. Probably she never will.

David described her condition in Ps. xxxviii., "She is bowed down greatly, and goes mourning all day long." Poor woman, may the God of the widow give her consolation. She begged us to intercede for her with the Pasha at Jerusalem; but, of course, we could have no influence there. We gave her some money and left her, while her screams were ringing in our ears.

The great battle of Gibeon may all be traced from this Upper Beth-horon.

MIZPEH, 5 P. M.

By a very bad road we have come from the battle-ground of Beth-horon to the top of this commanding point, styled by the natives the Tomb of Samuel (Nebi Samuel), six hundred feet above the general level of the surrounding country. This is the great landmark of this portion of Palestine.

The old Crusaders' Church, now desecrated as a Mohammedan mosk, stands so as to afford a noble view from its minaret. It was here that the story of King Richard originated. He came as far in the direction of Jerusalem as this, leaving his soldiers encamped at Ajalon; but, when the ramparts of the Holy City were pointed out to him, he covered his face and refused to look, saying: "Ah, my God, unless I may capture that city, let me not see it." Poor man,

he never did capture it; but, after a most unfortunate campaign, was glad to get back to Europe—a fugitive.

POOL OF GIBEON, 7 P. M.

Father wants a particular description of Gibeon. The natives call it *El-Jib*. Arabs always turn the Hebrew G into J. It stands on the northernmost of two small round hills, where the road from Jerusalem to Joppa parts into two branches, one going by the lower level of wady-Suleiman; the other being the one we followed. The distance from Jerusalem is five miles in a straight line, or six and a half by the main road.

Many great events in history have occurred near the pool. Such were the celebrated duel between twelve of David's men and twelve of Ishbosheth's, in which the whole twenty-four fell down dead (2 Samuel ii,) the murder of Amasa by Joab, at this place (2 Samuel xx,) and Joab's own death punishment near this place (1 Kings ii. 34).

IN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

Oh, sacred hour! Oh, moment never to be forgotten! Oh, blessed memorial day, this 18th of March! We all stood silent, wistfully gazing on the wondrous scene where the Redeemer died. If we interchanged our feelings at all, it was by single words. Our eyes overflowed. One rushing wave of thought swept over our souls. The associations of the place were absolutely overpowering.

"Of earth's dark circlet, 'tis the precious gem
Of living light,—oh, fallen Jerusalem!"

How many gems of reading that glorious sight recalls. This, from Milton, is among the most sparkling:—

"The Holy City lifted high her tower:
And higher yet the glorious temple reared,
The pile, far off, appearing like a mount
Of alabaster topped with golden spires."

POOL GIBEON, 7 P. M.

The town stands on top of a hill, difficult of access. It is surrounded by orchards of pears, figs, apricots, and apples. Vineyards abound, for here is one of the most fertile valleys in Palestine. Being nearly two thousand five hundred feet above the plain at Joppa, oranges, lemons and citrons are not found.

El-jib is but a little town, lying upon a succession of ledges. It is about five miles northwest of Jerusalem. In the time of Joshua it was a royal city—no doubt both large and strong. The houses are

mostly in ruins, but look as though once they were handsome edifices; the tower or castle is still standing. We are sitting by the Pool, a little way east of the village, into which runs the water from a fine spring, west of us. All around this Pool is a dense grove of olives. The Pool is one hundred by one hundred and twenty feet, and is no doubt the scene of that singular duel between the men of Joab and Abner, described in 2 Samuel, 2d chapter.

At Gibeon, Solomon had that vision which left him the wisest of men. The Tabernacle was here for many years, under David and Solomon, though the Ark itself was at Jerusalem.

We have named our resting-place to-night, *Camp Judas Maccabæus*, for here we may

‘Sing his heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle.’

There is no hero of romance I admire so much as this Judas, whose very name, a *Hammer*, exemplifies the man. In this vicinity his greatest exploits were done. His father died B. C. 166, and was buried at Modin, near Latron, where we shall pitch our tents to-morrow night. He named Judas, his third son, to be his successor. This indomitable warrior defeated Apollonius and Seron at Beth-horon, four miles west of this, and then Lysias and Emmaus (now called Ammas) ten miles south of Lydda. B. C. 161 he defeated and slew the great Nicanor at Beth-horon, and was himself shortly afterwards slain at Adassa, thirty stadia from this place. It was here he said to his troops, “It is better for us to die in battle than to behold the calamities of our people and our sanctuary” (1 Maccabees iii. 59).

CHAPTER V.

DOWN THE TURNPIKE, WESTWARD.—THE FIFTH DAY.

THREE MILES WEST OF JERUSALEM, 8 A. M.

THE road from the Pool of Gibeon to this place was, unexpectedly, bad. The country, too, has changed suddenly into an arid, solitary, and desert range of hills, strangely contrasted with the charming place of our encampment last night.

A host of pilgrims is filling the road that connects Joppa with Jerusalem, as we come into it here. One young Frenchman, dressed from head to foot in ruby-colored velvet, with brilliant feathers in a Tyrolese hat, attracts every eye. The most of these pilgrims, however, are ragged, and look forlorn, hungry and foot-sore, as they well may be. I imagine Paul went always in this way on foot, living, probably, as they do, on bread, vegetables, and milk—a *wandering pedestrian*. And yet he was not like them in anything else. I like what Renan says of his style: "It was so original, so peculiarly his own, that any addition would stand out upon the ground of the text by its very lack of color." I have just read the opening of Paul's letter to the Ephesians while waiting for this motley and noisy crowd to pass, and it was this that suggested the comparison.

One of the pilgrims, a Greek, after giving me its designation, asked who we were? I told him *Chlamydates*, and he went off puzzled. If he had known a very little more Greek he would have got the definition from *Chlamys*, a traveler's cloak, and understood that I simply meant *travelers*.

From a boy I have read the history of the Maccabees as I read Robinson Crusoe, and Ruth and the Life of Washington. Over my bed-head, at home, are the portraits of Washington, Abd-el-Kader, Garibaldi and Judus Maccabæus. How well I recall the "rising" of Mattathias, the father of the five boys, as recorded in 1 Maccabees ii.; and his "Woe is me! wherefore was I born!" and how the family "rent their clothes and put on sackcloth and mourned very sore;" and how, at his home in Modin (now *Latroon*,

where we shall camp to-night), he slew the King's commissioner and pulled down the altar he had built, and how then they "fled into the mountains (B.C. 168) and left all that ever they had;" and how, when "the time had drawn near that Mattathias should die" (B. C. 166), he exhorted his five sons "to be valiant, and show themselves men, and obtain glory." Well did the sons obey that father, even to the death. *Simon*, after a life of usefulness, was assassinated, as Lincoln was. *Jonathan*, after a noble career, was also murdered B.C. 144. *Eleazar* was killed in battle by an elephant, in an unsuccessful attempt to slay King Antiochus Eupator. *Joannan-Cadis* was treacherously slain by "the children of Jambri." *Judas*, the greatest of the five, and the one selected by his father to be his successor, first defeated Apollonius, and slew him in battle. Then he defeated Seron. Next, he gained two victories over Lysias, B.C. 166. In B.C. 163, he defeated Lysias the *third* time. In B.C. 161, he defeated and slew Nicanor, and secured the independence of his nation. Then he himself experienced the versatility of fortune, for he was killed in battle the same year at Eleasa. Of him it was said, as of Judah, the son of Jacob: "In his acts he was like a lion, and like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey." (1 Maccabees iii. 4.) When he recovered Jerusalem from the hands of the heathen, he found the sanctuary desolate and the altar profaned, and the gates burnt up, and shrubs growing in the courts as in the forest, or in one of the mountains. "Yea, and the priests' chambers pulled down." 1 Maccabees iv. 38.

As we come around into the Joppa turnpike, three miles west of Jerusalem, the hills present the appearance of barren bleakness and ruggedness. Here we meet a great company of pilgrims of all nations, tongues and peoples, passing, with their faces eastward. Among them, the swarthy, turbulent Arab, the sensual fair-skinned Turk, the barbarous, ebony-skinned African, and the Christian of every hue and dye. Here is the down-trodden Israelite, "stranger in a strange land," and welcomed nowhere. The first caravan of Christian pilgrims consisted of Paul and the deputies of the Church of Cenchrea, who brought contributions to the faithful of the poor Christians at Jerusalem. (Acts xxi. 15.) This, indeed, was the first voyage of a band of pious, Christian converts, ever made to the cradle of Christian faith.

Although this country is literally torn to pieces by religious feuds, and its civilization delayed for centuries, by the hatreds, jealousies

and acrimony of Greek and Latin Christians, Sephardim and Askenazim Jews, of Maronite and Druse, of orthodox and heretical Mohammedan; yet, as the centre of pilgrimage, Jew, Christian and Mohammedan unite in making it their *holy* land.

Among the crowd, I remarked with most interest the *monk*, with his coarse brown cloth hood and cassock, his rope-girdle tied in curious, elegant symbolical knots, and his well-dusted sandals, the true type of those swarms of priests who came hither in the earlier days of Christendom. One of these monks, from the south of Italy, seemed glad to converse with us when he learned that we were Americans. He thinks America will become the strongest foothold of the papal church. His idea of a pilgrimage to Palestine is to visit Ramleh, where St. George was martyred; then Jerusalem, where our Lord Jesus suffered; also, the holy places in its vicinity; then, the mountain where he fasted forty days; then, Jordan, where he was baptized; and the ruins of the church of St. John, near the baptistery; then Bethlehem, where Christ was born, and the birthplace of John the Baptist; and finally, to the Convent of the Holy Cross, where the tree grows out of which the real cross was made. This last locality he seemed to respect most of all.

With the crowd, although not exactly mingled in its ranks, were several very holy dervishes, distinguished chiefly by their rags and filth. These were bare-headed, and went up the road prancing fantastically as they ran.

My informant, the Italian monk, dwelt with much interest upon the case of the Bishop Mastajo, of Central Africa, who had *walked* a ten months' journey, from his diocese, that in his extreme old age, he might see the spots hallowed by the steps of our divine Lord. This recalled the story of another Abyssinian ruler, a pious lady, who came here three thousand years ago, upon an errand even more praiseworthy. (1 Kings x.)

Good arrangements are made by the different Christian communities to supply the wants of poor pilgrims. Every indigent pilgrim is allowed to stay *one day*, free of cost, at the Franciscan Convent, at Ramleh; *three days* at Bethlehem, and *thirty days* at Jerusalem. Two good meals a day are furnished them gratis. The expenses of this are of course provided for by charitable offerings from all parts of the Christian world. The same provision is made by the Jewish communities, only not quite so bountiful—as they are not so numerous or wealthy as the others. I do not know whether the Mohammedans look after the temporal wants of their pilgrims.

It is remarkable how many events in the Holy Scriptures are connected with *caverns*. And this is one strong proof of the verity of the sacred narration. Since we entered the hills above Ramleh, we have scarcely ever been out of sight of caverns, natural or artificial; and were they not thus frequently named in the Bible, their absence would be suspicious. But common as these references are on the sacred page—the legends and traditions referring to caves are far more numerous. According to local tradition, the Annunciation to Mary was made in a cave. She was born in a cave; the salutation to Elizabeth; the birth of John the Baptist; the birth of Christ; the agony in Gethsemane; the repentance of Peter; the convention to form the Apostles' Creed; the Transfiguration; these, and very many other important events in Biblical history, are traditionally associated with grottoes or caves.

VALLEY OF ELAH, 9 A. M.

The village of Kulonieh, at the entrance of this famous valley, might, by cleanliness and industry, be made a pleasant place. It is by nature a delicious vale, spacious and fertile. The ground yields good returns for the little labor bestowed on it. The olive, vine and fig thrive wonderfully here, and nothing is more picturesque than the olive, when in groups, although standing by itself I am not struck with its gracefulness, as some travellers profess to be. No doubt ancient Kulonieh was famous for the fatness of the olive and the sprightly juice of the vine. In the poor little gardens around the village, I observe great varieties of vegetables, among which I can distinguish cauliflowers, radishes, onions, beets and carrots. Beans and peas are now ripe here. How little labor would make the folks comfortable.

If there was a large town here formerly, as is most likely, such scriptural passages as these apply to it, as to so many of the older cities of Palestine: "Thou hast broken down all his hedges, thou hast brought his strongholds to ruin." (Ps. lxxxix. 40.) "Thou hast profaned his crown by casting it to the ground."

We were conducted to some ancient tombs in the hill-sides, near Kulonieh. But the odor of the bats, that hang in them by thousands, is so inconceivably noisome that I cannot remain long enough to make observations. I say nothing of the exceeding unpleasant creatures that are parasitic to the bats, for they are too common an annoyance in this country to merit special notice. The tombs are excavated in solid rock, often, no doubt, by taking advantage of a

natural cavern, and are rooms usually about fifteen feet square. Out of the common room, a number of small crypts are cut on every side, each one being just large enough to contain a single corpse. There were no sarcophagi or stone coffins here. The Arabs steal them from the tombs for watering troughs for their flocks.

Viewing these ancient tombs, I could not help inquiring in Scriptural words: "What hast thou here? and whom hast thou here that thou hast hewed thee out a sepulchre here, as he that heweth him out a sepulchre on high and that graveth an habitation for himself *in a rock*?" (Isaiah xlii. 10.)

They brought me a small Roman coin of bronze, found in one of these tombs. It was, no doubt, placed there with the body as his ferry money to pass him over the river Styx, to satisfy the ferryman Charon. What absurdities those wise Romans credited! Wanting Christ they lacked everything of religious knowledge.

The bat that is so common in these tombs is named in Lev. xi. 19, as an unclean animal. It is really so. The fox-headed bat is also found here (*Xantharpya Egyptiacu*) measuring twenty inches from wing to wing; this species lives on fruit.

We have journeyed for the last hour by the new turnpike built last year by orders of the Pasha of Jerusalem, to connect that city with Joppa, the only wagon-road in Palestine. It is about thirty-five miles in length following the windings. Lieut. Charles Warren, who is carrying on the excavations at Jerusalem, thus described the manner in which the road was built: "Each village within a certain radius, at least thirty miles, had to furnish a contingent of men for so many days. It was estimated at five days for each man, or a forfeit of thirty piastres; but some of my men have already paid fifty piastres and worked on Sundays as well, so that in one village, at least, the pressure must have been heavy. Portions of the road are told off to each village and the men are marched off there by the soldiers as if they were prisoners, and required to bring their own food and water. Some of them come all the way from Hebron twenty-five miles. Seeing how energetic the Turkish Government is in the construction of this road, it would be more satisfactory did we know it is being made on sound principles. But as such is not the case, it seems hard indeed that the poor peasants should be forced to spend their time and money in a work which must certainly come to grief during the first heavy rains. There is no doubt but that the road has got on in the most astonishing manner and is fair to view

on the outside. But a system of flat stones thrown about with earth patted over them with the hands, and then pressed down by rollers drawn by little children, can have little power of resisting the efforts of the winter's rain."

It was just in this way, that by forced labor and cruel compulsion, the Mahmoudieh canal was built in Egypt some years ago. So all the great structures of that country were made, even the Pyramids themselves.

As we came down into the Valley of Elah (or *Wady Beit Haninah*, as the Arabs call it), by the snake-like windings of the turnpike, I was much interested in observing the religious exercises of a Mohammedan gentleman, well dressed and intelligent, who had stopped for prayer near the stone bridge, under a carob tree. Although the Moslem ideas of religion seem to consist entirely in forms, and their hopes are those of a paradise altogether sensual, yet there is something, after all, quite impressive in their forms. This man, after washing his feet, hands and face, began his devotions by standing erect with his thumbs under his ears and his hands opened out. He repeated the words, "God is greatest" (*Allah hu akbar.*) Then he clasped his hands over his girdle; then bent forward double, hands on knees; then stood erect, hands by his sides; then knelt and laid his forehead on the ground; then leaned back on his knees and heels, at each movement repeating a series of prayers. He evidently belongs to

" The many
Who deem in outward rites and specious forms,
Religion satisfied."

Then he manipulated his rosary of one hundred beads, repeating, to each bead, as he slipped it from his left hand into his right, some one of the attributes of God!

The whole took about ten minutes. It recalled to me the lines:

" Down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the earth—
Lisp'ring the eternal name of God."

Seeing that I was looking at him in respectful silence, he came up to me and saluted me kindly. As he talked French, like all the Turkish gentlemen whom we meet, we had a pleasant chat together.

This is the people "whose God is the *Lord*; whose faith is *Islam*; whose temple of *Mecca*; whose brethren are the *Moslems*; whose prophet is *Mohammed*." An old writer, in 1697, describes their

priests as "men who, by their long beards, prayers of the same standard, and a kind of Pharisaical superciliousness, which are the great virtues of the Mohammedan religion, purchase to themselves the reputation of sanctity and learning."

I am reminded, too, that this is the Mohammedan Sabbath, *Friday*. It is said that Mohammed, to show his contempt for Christ, adopted the day of the Crucifixion for the Sabbath of the Moslem. To-morrow is the Jewish Sunday, so here are three Sundays in rotation.

From this place we sent a servant to Jerusalem with a telegraph message to Mr. Blattner, at Joppa, to meet us to-morrow about ten miles this side of that town. The telegraph wire runs all along near this road, cutting across the curves, and so gaining a good deal on the road in distance. To get good supports for the telegraph poles they have to set them up in the crevices of the rocks and pile stones high around them.

In this valley I have seen the first *bevelled stones* that have come under my observation. They form part of a massive wall, a little ways west of the bridge. As I have understood that I can always recognize the old Phœnician blocks by this bevel mark, I take particular notice of it here. It is a kind of ribbon chiselled from the face of the block, next the edges, about four inches wide and two inches deep. All the great stones in the wall around Mount Moriah are said to be figured in this way.

By agreement, we placed upon this great wall the initials of that good Christian gentleman, Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Austin, of Illinois, and dedicated the place to him.

In this beautiful valley are fine orchards of quince and apple-trees, covered with grape vines. Also, many hawthorn bushes. Some flourishing vineyards are here. The vines are simply stiff stalks, about four feet high, standing erect, without any support. I never saw any like them before. The fruit is used by the Mohammedans in the form of raisins and molasses; (*dhibs*) but Mohammedans are not allowed to drink wine. In explaining this curious fact they say that Mohammed once got drunk and killed a man; so, when he became sober, his headache and remorse together caused him to write that chapter of the Koran which forbids the use of wine. If ever a man deserved the title of "Past Most Worthy Grand Patriarch of all the Temperance Orders in the world," Mohammed does, for the Mohammedan Church, of one hundred and fifty millions, is one

great, teetotal temperance society. Their total abstinence from strong drink exempts them from the application of Solomon's "woe, sorrow, contention, babbling, words without cause, and redness of eyes." They do not "tarry at the wine, nor seek mixed wine." Perhaps it would injure them less, as a race, to get drunk occasionally, upon *spirits*, than to be perpetually narcotized on *tobacco*, as they are. They are never without pipe or cigarette in their mouth. To their credit I will say they do not chew tobacco, or take snuff.

Although I have called this the valley of Elah, because that is the common opinion of travelers, yet the best writers locate the exploit of David several miles southwest of here.

This valley rises near our last night's encampment. All the wild flowers of the Plain of Sharon seem to flourish here, and the ground is like a Turkey carpet with its gay flowers. I collect the *cistus*, *lavatera*, *oleander*, and wild pink, whose combined fragrance is diffused in delightful profusion. The hills on each side of this great valley are high; the ravine is narrow, and if David fought here with Goliath, according to one opinion, nothing is easier than to imagine the two armies in these opposing heights, challenging and insulting each other. Their voices could be distinctly heard across the valley. Close by me, under a picturesque, ruined arch, a party of Arabs is encamped, and I am confident their harsh, Shemitic gabble could be distinctly heard half a mile. In fact, I wish we could *not* hear it so plainly. They have just begun a repast upon a whole sheep, cooked in rice. They carve with their fingers, and spoon with the hollow of their hands.

So far as I see, the natives eat but little flesh, vegetable food being the prime dependence, and bread the chief article of diet. Grain of many kinds is used by them in making bread. Much use is made of onions, beans, lentils, grapes, olives, honey, olive oil, milk, butter and cheese. A very common dish is mutton, cooked to rags, and made to flavor a large pot of rice, vegetables and butter.

KIRJATH-JEARIM, 11 A. M.

It is a pleasant recollection, now, that I spent several days on the Atlantic Ocean, translating De Vogue's "*Les Eglises de la Terra Sainte*" (the Churches of the Holy Land). Amongst his descriptions, I remember that of the ruined church in this village, now used as a stable, but more filthy than any stable in civilized lands. I am writing now upon one of the fragments of that old church.

A blind man has squatted by my side, and gives his mind and voice entirely to clamoring *Backsheesh, backsheesh*. All the children of the place (their name is legion) are looking over my shoulder, criticising my drawing and screaming *Backsheesh*. This is seeking knowledge under difficulties. Their multitude and insolence are almost intolerable. One man in the genuine style of Oriental hospitality, has brought me a bunch of figs; he holds them out in his dirty right hand, while he extends his left for *Backsheesh*.

And yet this is one of the neatest villages we have seen since we left Joppa. It stands on the declivity of a high hill. The houses are solidly built of stone. The village itself is embowered in groves of very large fig-trees, olives, pomegranates, peaches and quinces. There is at least one palm-tree, perhaps more. The present name is Kuryet el-enab, or the city of grapes, and there are many vineyards here. The hills around display those singular terraces of nature even more than those of yesterday. I counted the number of banks on the side of the hill, more than sixty. Mr. Pliny Fisk said, when he was here, nearly fifty years ago: "These mountains are of a peculiar formation. They seem almost as if built by the hand of man, and rise gradually, step by step, like pyramids. Each step, however, is so fastened into the everlasting hills, as to show you that it was placed there by the hand of Him who existed before the mountains were brought forth." The place is, outwardly, a picture of peace and happiness. The clear brook flowing down the valley gives freshness and beauty to every green thing. One tradition has made this place the *Anathoth* of Jeremiah, but this is doubtful; yet it may be so. At any rate there are two circumstances connected with Kuryet that make it interesting. It was the people of Kirjath-jearim who went to Beth-shemesh, ten miles southwest of here, across the deep valleys, and "fetched up the ark of the Lord." Here it remained twenty years (1 Sam. vii.), when David finally took it to Jerusalem. (1 Chron. xiii.) I wish I could identify "the house of Aminidab in the hill," where the sacred object so long abode; but this is impossible. Here, too, dwelt for a long time the celebrated robber, Abou Ghosh, the Rob Roy of the hills, who exacted a toll of fifteen piastres (sixty-three cents) from every traveller. He was an hereditary freebooter, and only did what his fathers had done before him. After he had played the big rogue for a good many years, the Turkish government seized him and brought him to Constantinople, a prisoner. I do not know what finally became of him. The Amer-

ican explorer, Lieut. Lynch, came levelling his line along here, May 24, 1848. Abou Ghosh was absent at the time; but his brother was here, and peremptorily ordered the brave sailor to stop. The only answer he got was that, "the government of the United States had given him his orders, and the orders should be obeyed." So the glorious "stars and stripes" went down this valley with due honor and respect.

The Ark rested here twenty years! How much there is in the fact that suggests religious thought. The Ark embodied all that was most beautiful, rare and perfect in the materials of construction; the finest linen; the most elaborate embroidery; the rarest woods; the purest gold; the costliest gems—nothing common or inferior was used in making it.

In joint council we agree to dedicate this fine old ruin of a Crusader's Church to Mr. Ralph Wells, of New York. How much we are benefited in our researches here by the instructions we have had from his lectures for several years past, it is impossible to tell. His happy way of lecturing makes you feel as if you knew it all before. He is worthy to be associated with the holy memories of this place.

A native Arab brought us for sale here a veritable *antefixa*, from some ruined temple in the plain southwest of us. Heavy as it is, and it weighs two hundred pounds, we shall pack it away with our other collections and send it home. *Antefixa* is a word in architecture, meaning an ornament of a lion's head, cut on the end of a stone that was laid beneath the eaves of a building. It was perforated for the escape of water. The carving is of the Crusading style, coarse, but natural.

The native accessories here are charming. The beauty of the trees, the pureness of the air, the rapidity of the little mountain brook, and the luxuriousness of ferns, oleanders and other vegetation make the scene one of rare attractiveness. Butterflies of familiar forms and colors abound here. Gay and delicate flowers are numerous. The frog raises his guttural notes from the water's edge, not a whit more harsh and uncordial than the voices of the Arabs themselves. I have found but few places in my journey so agreeable as this Arab town of *Benyat El-Anab*.

This is the village that the Roman Catholic tourist Chateaubriand styles *the village of Jeremiah*; but most of travellers, *the village of Abou Ghosh*. Mr. Pliny Fisk said, when he was here in 1823, that "a little way from it was a pure stream of water flowing out of a

rock, where he stopped to quench his thirst and eat some bread and fruit."

I have examined here the branch of a pomegranate. The scientific name of this tree is *Punica granatam*, from the Latin *pomum granatam* or grained apple. The Romans called it *punica* because it came from Carthage. It belongs to the natural order *Myrtaceæ*, but is rather a bush than a tree. The leaves are dark green, the flowers crimson. The fruit, when ripe, is red and juicy. It ripens here in October. Around Joppa most of the pomegranates, like the oranges, are seedless. The Hebrew name was *rimmon*, and several places are named from it in Joshua xv. 32; xxi. 25; Nehemiah xi. 29. The locusts are very destructive to this tree, as in Joel i. 12; Haggai ii. 19. An orchard is named in Canticles iv. 13. The beautiful, rosy color of the fruit is compared with a lady's cheeks in Canticles iv. 3.

Carved figures of the pomegranate adorned the tops of the pillars in Solomon's temple (1 Kings vii. 18-20, etc.), and worked representations of the fruit ornamented the hem of the robe in blue, purple and scarlet. It is used here chiefly in making sherbet, a sour drink like lemonade, the same, no doubt, which is referred to in Canticles viii. 2.

I have just been making a careful inspection of a grove of oleanders. What a mass of floral beauty. Yet the oleanders of the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee are far superior.

As I come down again into the edge of the Plain of Sharon, my horse treads odors out of its carpet of wild flowers. Passing the village of *Deir Eyub*, a place of only four or five houses, I remark that the natural arrangement of the hills forms almost a complete amphitheatre, the stratification of the rocks making the seats. It is one of the strangest freaks of nature.

CAMP, 6 P. M.

It is here that tradition has established the native place of the penitent thief, who, on the cross, addressed Jesus, and asked to share his blessed kingdom. (Luke xxiii.) The people profess to know that his name was Dismas, and that the cross on which he was hung was preserved as late as the fourteenth century, at Cyprus. It is about a mile south of Emmaus, where Jesus met two of His disciples on the day of His resurrection; walked with them, talked with them, broke bread with them, comforted their overburdened hearts. (Luke xxiv.)

A queer incident happened this afternoon to one of our party. He is always asking the names of places of everybody he meets. So, when he came in sight of Latroon, he enquired of a stupid Arab, who was passing along, what its name was? The Arab, without looking up, replied, *Bel maze*; that is, I do not know. So down it went into the diary: "A dirty village on the right named *Bel Maze*."

The land around Latroon is undulating, with gentle swells and broad valleys. In the winter, the road along here is said to be very deep, muddy and slippery. From the opening of this valley, others can be seen, which are so many gateways for the spring brooks to issue forth from the hills to the plains, reminding me of the lines:

"Lo, where the pass expands
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountains break."

In all books of travels this route to Jerusalem has been delineated as extremely precipitous, craggy and fatiguing. But it is so no longer, since the turnpike was completed last year. In the French Testament the expression for smoothing the roads (as in Mark i. 3) is "*aplanissez ses sentiers*," that is, "plane his roads;" and if ever a roadway needed *planing* it was this one, before Pasha Nazif planed it.

A priest told me a funny story about St. Nicephorus, which illustrates the foolishness of many of their church traditions. He was a good Saint, but had no whiskers, mustachios, nor beard. Satan promised him as much hair as he wanted if he would do something naughty. Nicephorus refused, and immediately, as a reward for being such a good Saint, a beard burst out of his chin, clear down to his feet. The priest who told me the story had a photograph of this bearded Saint. He was named after him, Nicephorus. I told him I thought it was a very *nice* name. He did not take the joke, but I gave him *backsheesh*, and he gave me his photograph of old Nicephorus in exchange.

CAMP, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 6 P. M.

I have not made so many notes, to-day, as usual, for I have given my time chiefly to collecting specimens of rocks, flowers, and land-shells, as we came along, and I have noticed that unless I write a thing down *the very minute it happens*, I either forget it or forget everything about it that makes it worth remembering; and then it is like drinking soda water after the effervescence goes off.

I have learned twenty more words in Arabic to-day: *Tabbash*, means cook; *katarny*, corn; *cotn*, cotton; *fungarn*, cup; *zalarm*, darkness; *noor*, light; *nahar*, day; *lile*, night; *gadah*, dinner; *tabeeb*, doctor; *casa*, dress; *eine*, eye, or a fountain; *wajh*, face; *ab*, father; *reash*, feather; *samah*, fish; *taheen*, flour; *koot*, victuals; *jabin*, forehead; *farkeehah*, fruit; *hawargee*, gentleman; *thabab*, gold.

When Hassan went to sleep this morning, in the valley of Elah, I opened the little bag that hangs round his neck. It had nothing but the bones of a child's finger in it. I buried the bones, and sewed up some sticks in their place, which I think will do Hassan just as much good. What a superstitious man he is. He is the greatest coward I ever saw. I read to him the account of Judas Maccabæus telling his soldiers, before the battle at Emmaus, that "every man might go home who was building a house, or had betrothed a wife, or was planting a vineyard, or was afraid of the enemy." (1 Maccabees iii. 56.) Hassan says he should have left, anyhow. I think he would.

As superstitious as Hassan is, he is not more so than some of these Catholics. In Paris they told us that the Princess Clotilde wears a belt of consecrated amulets round her waist, just as ridiculous as Hassan's dead bones.

A great many of these pilgrims are Catholics, who seem to believe in the Pope more than they do in God. No matter how wicked the Pope is—and some of them have been perfect scalawags—he is the foundation-stone of their Church and the keeper of the keys of the kingdom of their heaven. He is to them the pastor of the fold of Jesus Christ. I do not believe in it.

It is one o'clock in the morning. How bright and glorious the stars! I see the Pleiades in the constellation *Taurus* so plain that I can count twenty-five stars in the group. I never saw Alcyone look half so brilliant. It really shines like a star of the first magnitude, rather than the second. No wonder it is called the *Light of the Pleiades*. How elegantly Job says, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" (Job xxxviii. 31.) And yonder, close at its side, is the brilliant star *Aldebaran* in the face of *Taurus*. Regular *Arab* names these stars have. Most all the stars have Arab names. But oh, how magnificently Orion sparkles, to-night, a little higher up! No wonder the Leipsic College, in 1807, named those finest of gems in the sky after Napoleon. For there was nothing among the stars worthier. Only four hours' ride north-west of here, was where that great man captured Joppa.

I remember now the passage, "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion." (Job ix. 9.) Leo, with his sickle has nearly gone down over the Mediterranean Sea. Far in the north the glorious old *Dipper* hangs just as it does in our country.

8 A. M.

I am counting some figures in my diary. How curious it is that the number 1,300 can be applied so much among the Palestine hills. It takes one 1,300 feet to measure the depth of the Dead Sea. It is one 1,300 feet from the surface of the Dead Sea to the surface of the Mediterranean Sea. It is *two* 1,300 feet from the surface of the Mediterranean to the city of Jerusalem. It is *three* 1,300 feet from the city of Jerusalem down to the surface of the Dead Sea. And it is *four* 1,300 feet from Jerusalem to the bottom of the Dead Sea. It is the same way with the number 17. From Jerusalem to the Dead Sea is *one* 17 miles; from Jerusalem to Joppa is *two* 17 miles; from Jerusalem to Nazareth is *four* 17; from Nazareth to the Mediterranean Sea is *one* 17. How easy this makes it to remember these distances, and so save the trouble of looking so much at the map!

Here comes a fox stealing by me so near that I almost hit him with a stone. What a cunning, voracious, mischievous fellow the fox is! It was not more than twenty miles south-west of here that Samson caught three hundred of the rascals and took firebrands, and turned them tail to tail and let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines. (Judges xv.)

And now I hear distinctly, from the pool between me and the village yonder, the croak of frogs, so natural that I cannot help thinking of fish-hooks, pickerel and froggy's hind-legs. So I have heard to-night mosquito, fox, jackal and frog.

I measured, to-day, a cucumber that an Arab was eating raw, without salt or vinegar. It was twelve inches long, much greener than our cucumbers, smoother, softer and sweeter. It is more digestible, too, I should hope, or that man has the colic awfully to-night who was eating it. The cucumber is mentioned in Numbers xi. 5.

My coat is nearly wet through with dew, and I am quite chilly. Like the person in Canticles v. 2, "My head is filled with the dew and my locks with the drops of the night." I must see that the locks of my gun don't get wet, at any rate. Let me look up some of the passages where the dews of this country are mentioned. "Your goodness is as the early dew." (Hosea vi. 4.) "Will be as the dew unto Israel." (Hosea xiv. 5.) "His body (Nebuchadnezzar's) was

wet with the dews of heaven." (Daniel iv. 33.) "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." (Ps. cx. 3.) How convenient my little concordance is! Here are twenty-five more allusions in the Bible to the word *dews*.

And now the dogs over yonder are barking fit to kill themselves. At Joppa a child lately was torn down and killed in the streets by the dogs. In some places the dogs even join the jackals in grubbing among the graves. Everybody hates them, Arabs as well as Jews. But there is no danger of their coming out of the village to attack me. I shall always respect the dog, since the good Dr. J. T. Barclay found the entrance to the great cavern under Jerusalem by the aid of his dog. It was a dog, too, that discovered the precious and beautiful purple dye with which the robes of King Solomon were empurpled.

How sure-footed these Syrian horses are! One that I rode to-day took me up a hill so nearly perpendicular that my dog actually couldn't follow him, but had to run round the point of the ridge and overtake me at the top.

CHAPTER VI.

MOUNTING THE HILLS OF JUDAH—THE SIXTH DAY.

ONE of our visitors, an English gentleman, a great sunburnt man, was named Colonel Pfyffe. He told me a good dog story. When he was at Jerusalem, last week, he always left his large mastiff dog, named *Hercules*, chained to the pole of his tent, which was pitched outside the Joppa gate. He did this to keep Hercules from fighting other dogs, a thing he was often guilty of. But the day before yesterday, while Colonel Pfyffe went to the Mediterranean Hotel to see Lieut. Warren, the celebrated explorer, somebody turned Hercules loose, and he followed his master clear through the city. He had to fight every dog in Jerusalem before he could pass. Colonel Pfyffe was sitting in the hotel-parlor when the dog came in triumphant. He had won his way gallantly and got through alive. But that was all. He had lost one of his eyes, and both ears. One of his legs was broken and he hadn't an inch of tail left. He died in an hour or two.

Hassan says we need never get lost here. When an Arab gets lost, if he is on horseback, he lets his horse bring him out safely. If he is on foot, he simply keeps going right along and he is sure to come out at the place where he started. He says that a man's right foot always swings a little further than his left, and so it turns him gradually round.

We saw the place where Ibrahim Pasha suffered a severe loss of soldiers in June, 1835. He had left Joppa with his army to go to Jerusalem, which was besieged by insurgent Arabs. Getting to this point, at the entrance of the valley, he left an officer here with one thousand men, what they call a *Bim Pasha*, while he went up the valley with the rest. When he reached the top of the mountain, he fired a cannon as a signal to the *Bim Pasha* to come on. But the *Bim Pasha* was a coward and stayed below. Then the rebels rushed in upon the *Bim Pasha*, killed all of his thousand except two hundred, and run the balance clear back to Joppa. Ibrahim put the *Bim Pasha* into prison, and that's the last ever heard of *him*.

I took an hour's stroll through the village of Latroon, after breakfast, and in spite of all my caution, came out lively with fleas. The very dust of the earth here seems to breed them; you can stand in places and see the dust move with those insects.

The town of Latroon is strongly situated on a rocky eminence, and must once have been an important place. It abounds in prickly-pear hedges, dazzling with the most brilliant green. It is curious that this plant, the cactus, is not once alluded to in the Bible; perhaps it is a recent importation in the Holy Land. There is nothing better for fencing purposes than this. I watched the process of making a fence the other day, near Joppa, when there. First they dig a trench three feet deep, throwing up the excavated earth into an embankment. Along the top of this bank and about two feet apart, they stick the great, leathery leaves of the prickly-pear. That is all the labor required. These leaves soon send out roots, and in a few years grow up into stalks often larger than my body, and having leaves like elephant's ears. These leaves and stalks dried make a tolerably good fuel. I saw the poorer classes of women gathering them near Joppa, for that purpose. These cacti, or prickly-pear, at Latroon, remind me of nothing so much as a gigantic hot-house.

The hill on which Latroon stands is conical in form, and crowned with the ruins of a large, strong and very ancient fortress. From the top of this I saw Joppa, Ramleh and Lydda, and beyond them the blue sea. As I entered the town of Latroon, once called Modin, the city of the great Maccabees, I encountered a group of women encircling a vacant grave, weeping and sighing. They recalled the affecting reference to Mary, the sister of Lazarus: "She goeth unto the grave to weep there." (John xi. 31.) In these Oriental customs, there is doubtless the same superstition that affected the Romans, who believed that funeral solemnities conduce to the peace and happiness of the dead. I do not see the cypress used here as it is in more settled portions of the country. At Smyrna, for instance, we remarked that a cemetery resembles a *cypress swamp*, so thickly are the trees planted, one at the head of each grave. With the Romans the cypress was called the *funeral tree*, and was placed at the door of the deceased person, as an emblem of death.

I also remarked here a shepherd boy playing, with all his muscle, upon a pipe made of two reeds. If his musical ability had been equal to his enthusiasm, I would not have hurried away from him so unceremoniously as I did. However, he stopped playing long enough

to ask me for *backsheesh*, and the women stopped weeping long enough to ask me for *backsheesh*.

It was near this town, a few years ago, that Monsieur Pierotti met with an adventure among the jackals. His horse had become fast, one cold night, in the swamp formed by this creek, and the Monsieur whiled away the slow hours of night by singing. This attracted the jackals in great numbers. They crowded round him and took evident interest in his music. Pierotti concluded that Samson could easily have caught his three hundred foxes at Latroon, had he used "snares, cords, gins and nets," as suggested in Psalm cxi. 5.

The houses at Latroon are all of one story, and built of uncemented stones, with flat, mud roofs. Around them are small dome-roofed hovels for baking bread. Not the slightest piece of furniture could I discover in any of these houses. There was in fact nothing in them save a few water-jars, and large, earthen receptacles for grain. One of them was ornamented on the outside with a blue porcelain plate, evidently dropped by some traveller. The proprietor had framed it in a setting of dried mud, directly over his door of entrance.

The habits of these people are as filthy as their houses are empty and uncomfortable. A village in these parts is simply a *stronghold of farmers*. The villagers cultivate their little patches of ground among the hills, if they are farmers, or tend their flocks if they are shepherds; and towards sunset, return to town with all their possessions, for shelter and protection. There is not a farmhouse in all the Holy Land, outside of a village; every shepherd and farmer lives *inside*. Consequently, there can be no such thing as domestic comfort in this country.

I was reminded of the incident of Boaz giving parched corn to Ruth (Ruth ii. 14) by noticing an Arab roasting and eating the half-ripe grains of the *doura* or millet, that grows very strong and rank in these valleys. I tasted some of it parched and found it delicious.

The worst sight I saw at Latroon was the hideous ophthalmia, or sore eyes. It is so prevalent as to render almost every child's eyes here an open sore. Their scabby faces, also, were black with those small vampires, the fleas. No happy childhood here.

The tomb erected here, at Modin, to the memory of the heroic Maccabees, is minutely described in the apocryphal books, but there is not a trace of it left. "Simon built a monument upon the sepulchre of his father and brethren with hewn stone, behind and before:

Moreover, he set up six pyramids over against another, for his father and his mother and his four brethren. And in these he made cunning devices, about the which he set great pillars, and upon the pillars he made all their armor for a perpetual memory, and by the armor, ships carved, that they might be seen of all that sail on the sea. This is the sepulchre which he made at Modin, and it standeth yet unto this day." (1 Maccabees xiii, 27 to 31.) This was written about B. C. 150. Years ago, when I proposed this visit to the Holy Land, I made this memorandum—"As you sail on the sea, near Joppa, look for the monument of the Maccabees."

In the vicinity of Latroon I observed the acoustic properties of the atmosphere in these hills, to great advantage. Friends had particularly charged us to pay attention to this subject before we should reach the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim. (Joshua viii. 30.) They desired to know whether human voices can be heard at a greater distance here than in our own country. I have tested the matter several times, and this morning more particularly. A boy, standing on a hill to the right of me, called across to another who stood on an opposite eminence, more than half a mile off. The other one distinctly heard him and answered him. Then I could not help thinking how the blast of the Romans at their fortified camp here, must have echoed and re-echoed through this defile. Beyond a doubt, the garrison signals of Joppa were heard at Ramleh; those of Ramleh at Latroon; those of Latroon at Kulonieh; and those of Kulonieh on the ramparts of Antonio's Tower, at Jerusalem. So, when the Crusaders came into these passes, A. D. 1099, forty thousand strong, what dismay must have weakened the hearts of the infidels as they heard their clarion-notes day after day, ever drawing nearer to Jerusalem, the one grand objective point of all their heroism.

Before we left Joppa our party agreed to locate here, at Modin, five of our dead heroes, Christian warriors, who had fallen in a warfare every whit as noble as that which demanded the lives of the five Maccabees—I mean the Sunday-school work. Looking over our list of Sunday-school workers, we find four great and good men, and make up the number by adding the name of Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools. These, then, are our "Five Maccabees":—R. G. Pardee, of Pennsylvania; William Sedgwick, of Kentucky; William R. Bradbury, of New York; Stephen A. Tyng, Jr., of Pennsylvania; Robert Raikes, of England.

While divesting myself of the insects of Latroon, I read this sug-

gestive sentence, which almost makes me shudder to write it: "The monstrous armor of insects, their pincers, their saws, their teeth, their nippers, their augers, their horns, and all their tools of combat, of death, and of dissection with which they come armed to the battle, with which they labor, pierce, cut, rend and fiercely divide with skill and dexterity equal to their furious blood-thirstiness, can nowhere be better studied than in the Holy Land." The horrible vermin of this country is due to the filthy habits of the people; in cleanly Hebrew times, the insect tribe was kept under.

FOOT OF THE HILLS, 11 A. M.

We are leaving the Plain of Sharon for the last time, and entering the hills of Judah to encamp, over Sunday, in sight of Jerusalem. The variety of flowers that carpet this great prairie is wonderful; chrysanthemum, camomile and the sweet-smelling herbs, such as thyme, sage and lavender,—the pink broom, the purple, white and scarlet poppies, lupin, speedwell and the ubiquitous anemone,—the species of cyclamen called "cock o' the mountain" (*deck e-djebail*); around the villages the white trunks and light green foliage of the broad sycamore trees, with their old and gnarled trunks, fields of golden wheat, giving forth a ripe, summer smell, make up a *tout ensemble* that has kept me wild with delight all the morning.

The young grain, vivified by the heat, springs in prolific growth, carpeting the earth with refreshing verdure. The white and crimson aster, pale asphodel, scarlet anemone, cyclamen, blue and purple convolvulus, the butterfly-beauty of the wild poppy, the heliotrope, the pink pheasant's eye, the knotty hartwort, cover the land. As I stand upon a little mound and look over the plain, the grassy wastes stretch far before me, heavy with grain fields and dotted with flocks of sheep. The scarlet poppies glow like beds of live coal. The rich, crimson larkspur, golden daisy (our old home *buttercup* of girlish days), the pink convolvulus, and an army of smaller blossoms are bright and dazzling, and the earth looks richer than a pavement of precious jewels. The air is filled with a warm summer smell. How appropriately comes the thought to me here that Jehovah took the *agriculture* of his people under his own peculiar care. He discouraged *commerce* and gave them but one seaport, and that a poor and dangerous one. But He crowned the cultivator of His hills and plains with wreaths of blessings. Oh, what shoutings must have gone up from these harvest fields when the Hebrew farmers bore the

last load to the garner, and praised God aloud for his bounty. Upon the entrance of the hills, I hear for the first time, the *bulbul* or Oriental nightingale, singing in the briery thickets.

And from where I stand, I can see the camping-ground of the soldiers of Sennacherib, whose destruction has been made a theme of poesy by so many writers. Yonder went

"The sweep of that dark angel's wing,
Who brushed the thousands of Assyria's king
To darkness in a moment."

Then "the Lord sent an angel which cut off all the mighty men of valor, and the leaders and captains in the camp of the King of the Assyrians * * an hundred, fourscore and five thousand." Near Beyrout, I shall see, upon the mountain-side, carved upon living rock, the boastful inscriptions which Sennacherib left there, as he came down here "conquering and to conquer." For very shame's sake, he ought, on his disgraceful return, to have had the lines *erased*.

8 P. M.

For the last three hours, *climbing* has been the watchword of our party. The moisture and slipperiness of the way, added to its steepness, has made it tedious in the extreme. It is the first really steep ascent we have been compelled to make during the week.

While resting here in this "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isaiah xxxii. 2), we have amused ourselves with exhibiting our music-box to a crowd of natives. They came around clamoring and hungry for *Backsheesh*. Old and young, male and female, the latter in "unwomanly rags," thrust their hands toward us, crowded us in, filling the air with their demands for *Backsheesh*. One infant, not a year old, was held out by its gaunt and filthy mother, to say, *Batseese*, *batseese*, evidently the first word it had been taught. One of our party said we should be eaten up alive. Another advised us to leave. Another was for threatening them with his gun. But I suggested *the music-box*. It worked like a charm. The moment it began with Strauss' best waltz, the clamor ceased. Hands dropped. Mouths opened all agape. Smiles softened the rugged, hungry faces. A low murmur of *Tyeeb, tyeeb*, was the only sound heard. For a half hour I kept the changes going, and all that time a sweet calm pervaded the group. Never before had I realized the force of the expression—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

I took the opportunity to examine, with some care, one of the

native houses of the better class, and I think its construction throws considerable light upon Bible passages. First, a high stone wall is built to enclose as much space as may be needed. This has but one entrance or gate. Next to the walls, on the inside, as many rooms are built as may be wanted, leaving an open court in the centre, into which all the rooms as well as the gateway open. There is a well or cistern in the centre of this court. The roof being flat, one can pass clear around the court on the house-tops, and it is a common thing to see the dogs mounted there for convenience of barking at travellers. Small rooms are on the tops of the first story, and in these the people live, using the lower rooms for stables. A stone stairway rises from the courtyard to the house-tops.

By urgent request, we partook of the hospitality of Sheikh Mustapha, the owner of this house.

Hospitality is held as a prime virtue by all genuine believers in Mohammed. If a stranger approaches at meal-time, he is made to sit down like one of the family and share the food, no questions being asked as to who he is, whence he came, or whither he goeth. The *Koran*, in the fourth chapter, commands: "Show kindness unto the stranger and the traveller."

Mustapha waited upon us, with his wife and two sons, in accordance with the beautiful idea of hospitality, derived, as they say, from El-Khalil, the name they give to Abraham, who "stood by his guests while they did eat." (Genesis xviii. 8.) It is a pleasant reflection that only a few miles south-east of here, and in these very hills, that affecting incident occurred. The *lentile*, or small bean, called here *haddas*, was a portion of our repast to-day; and this, too, is connected with the story of the sale of Esau's birthright, which was made but a short distance southward.

There were no plates, knives or spoons upon the table of our kind entertainer, for, although the Turks, for great feasts and for strangers, do set tables and spread out a dinner service, yet none of the Sheikhs of these Arab villages so far deviate from their ancient customs. So we all ate from the same dish and with our fingers, sitting upon the ground. The food was various, and comprised corn, raisins, oil, milk, honey, eggs and mutton. As the bread was as thin as a wafer, we made forks and spoons of it, and so managed to eat and drink abundantly. When the repast was ended, water was brought in a skin bag and poured over our hands. Mustapha refused to receive a *backsheesh*, but I compelled him to accept a pair of scissors for his

wife. The Arab women are not so particular about showing their faces to strangers as those of the Turks; but I noticed that when any of us looked steadily at our hostess, she turned her face away in confusion. The Sheikh, when I asked him through Hassan, told me that he had but one wife, but politely added that he was not at all scrupulous as to the number. I declined, however, to accept the delicate proposal so plainly implied.

Mustapha put his hand upon the cross that I wear, and said: "Issa, tyeeb." That is, "Jesus, good;" but whether his remark indicated any faith in Jesus, I could not understand. All these Mohammedans, however, do believe that Jesus was a *great prophet*, only second to Mohammed himself.

As Mustapha was familiar with the hospitable character of the patriarch Abraham, I read to him from the book of Nehemiah, the history of that other generous man. He was deeply interested. The verses I read were these: "There were at my table an hundred and fifty of the Jews and rulers, besides those that came to us from among the heathen that are round about us. Now that which was prepared for me daily was one ox and six choice sheep; also, fowls were prepared for me, and, once in ten days, store of all sorts of wine; yet for all this, required I not the bread of the governor, because the bondage was heavy upon the people." (Neh. v. 17.)

HILLS OF JUDAH, 4 P. M.

In our journey this morning round the hills, from Latroon and along the Plain of Sharon, I gave careful attention to the want of forest and orchard trees in this part of the country. If heavy groves of trees were planted across this plain from the sea to the hills, say five or ten deep, the *khamzin* or sirocco winds that blow from the south, and cause much suffering here in warm weather, would be neutralized. The hill-floods would be far less violent, if their ridges, now so bare, were clothed in trees, as they were in the olden times. In parts of Belgium, trees were planted fifty feet apart, and within half a century the sandy plains were transformed into fertile lands. In Egypt, this operation was marvelously successful in increasing the amount of rainfalls. A good government would offer premiums for tree-planting on a large scale.

At the edge of the hills, I gathered some of the large edible snails of this country, such as I have frequently seen the people roasting and eating. They call them delicious, but we have not tried them.

From a well-informed native met this morning, I gathered some information about the standard measures of the Arabs. I find that the *ruttel* is fifteen and three-fourths ounces avoirdupois weight; but in some places reckoned only at thirteen ounces. The *ukkah*, commonly called *oke*, is two and three-fourths pounds American weight; and the *kuntar* is one hundred *ruttels*.

My last view of Sharon was so grand, that although we have all said so much about it in our diaries, I can hardly help filling a page or two more. And yet, fruitful and beautiful as it appears, yet, compared with its former glory, Sharon is but a wilderness: even as Isaiah predicted two thousand six hundred years ago. No wonder the Philistines maintained war with the "Chosen Race" so many centuries, seeing that these fat corn lands, which they called *Shefalah*, were the prize for which they contended.

I have bought a good parcel of bronze coins, to-day, and shall take pains to clean them up for preservation. The mint-masters of olden time must have put considerable tin or zinc into their copper to harden it, or it would never preserve these portraits and letters so well. I have a coin of the period A.D. 333, about the time that the "Bordeaux Pilgrim" came here. He was the first visitor to the Holy Land whose travels are preserved. At that date the Roman Consuls were Flavius Valerius Dalmatius, and Marcus Aurelius Xenophilus. How it brings a person face to face with history, to handle coins old as these!

In traveling here the sojourner counts his distance by hours, and not miles. Dr. Robinson adopted this plan in his book of travels. I should hope the standard measure adopted is not the hours of yonder laggard party of Arab travellers, who have been more than half an hour travelling a quarter of a mile. They stop to chat with every one they meet. They smoke. They talk with one another. They sing their monotonous chants. They do everything except go forward; although their beasts are loaded with valises and blankets, evidently the baggage of some travellers, who are probably waiting for them at a watering-place farther down the plain.

Climbing the sharp ridges of Judah, I recalled the expression: "My feet were almost gone, my steps had well-nigh slipped." Yet our horses are singularly sure-footed, and scarcely ever slip. This is partly owing to the manner in which they are shod. The horse-shoe made here is very light and thin. It is lengthened towards the heel, where it is thinnest. It is not turned up, but perfectly flat. To fit it

to the horse's foot, they hammer it cold, and nail it on with four nails. The hoof is pared with a knife. To clinch the nails they set the foot down upon a rock, and hammer upon it in the rudest manner. I think this shoe does not stay very firmly on the foot; but there is a blacksmith in every village.

We have just dined with a sheikh. A good fellow he proved to be. He sincerely believes that we people of Western nations are to occupy this land some day, and drive out or Christianize his race. Alluding to this, he told us, "Do not be long in coming, we expect you." His dinner was abundant, tolerably clean in the cooking, and really, under the circumstances, very good. I never saw more grace and dignity than his family displayed while waiting upon us. The only thing that made against the dinner was that he insisted upon our *seeing* the lamb that was to furnish the meal. While we were looking at it, he butchered it right before our eyes, in the doorway of the house. The dogs made it lively round that doorway all the time we were eating. The sheikh would not accept *backsheesh* for our dinner, but I gave a ten-bladed knife to one of his sons, and a pocket looking-glass to another.

I was greatly amused by one of the sheikh's boys, who took me on top of the house to exhibit some writing, as he said, made there by "a great American Effendi." Some visitor here has played upon the credulity of these people by painting, in large red letters, on the battlements, the inscription—"S. T.—1860—X." I found it so difficult to explain the joke to them that I did not even attempt it.

We passed a party of Jews in the hills, quietly keeping their Sabbath, which is our Saturday. They encamped here last evening, a little before sundown, and will remain till sunset to-day. If a man endeavors to keep all the Sundays in the Holy Land, he will lose three days in the week; and if he endeavors to keep the Holy days of the Catholic and Greek Churches, he will lose the other four. This Jewish party strictly observe the injunction in Nehemiah x. 31, and elsewhere; for I saw them refuse to purchase provisions offered them by the natives, because it is their Sabbath. And they will build no fires on their Sabbath day. How this poor remnant of the eight millions, who covered these hills in the days of Christ, recalls the passage (Ezekiel xxxi. 12): "Strangers have cut him off and have left him; upon the mountains and in all the valleys his branches are fallen, and his boughs are broken."

In England, the Jews are as 1 to 728 to the entire population; in

France, 1 to 240; in Austria, 1 to 31. I do not know what they are in the United States. A member of this party of Jews has a full flowing beard, always considered by these people the noblest ornament of personal dignity and beauty. I cannot help associating it, however, with other and disgusting thoughts, when I observe many of the Arabs of this country invested with patriarchal beards, the resort of innumerable vermin.

Among the ruins of some old edifice, I do not know what, I was surprised to-day, to discover a fine piece of *porphyry*, which we shall take to Jerusalem to send home. How I wish it could speak its Egyptian ancestry, and tell us when, and how, and by whom it was brought here. Porphyry is a compound mineral or rock, composed essentially of a base of hornstone, interspersed with crystals of feldspar. It frequently contains, also, quartz, mica and hornblende, like granite. The ancient porphyry of Egypt, of which this is a specimen, is the most esteemed. It has a ground of a fine red color, passing into purple, having snow-white crystals of feldspar imbedded in it. The coffer of the great pyramid, which I hope to see before many months, is composed of it, and the antique, colossal statues, which we examined three weeks ago in the British Museum, and at Paris, are made of it.

We are beginning to see numbers of the beautiful Syrian dove, to-day. The dove has been regarded by mankind, from time immemorial, with peculiar sentiment, and is considered the emblem of gentleness, affection, and the divine love and mercy. One reason these natives give for the gentle disposition of the dove is, that this bird has no *gall*; the gall being considered by the ancient naturalists the source and fountain of contention, the bitterness of the gall being supposed to infuse itself into the spirit. Probably, on account of this anatomical peculiarity, the dove was considered the very best pattern for married people, and the emblem of chastity, as it lives in the strictest monogamy, never desiring another mate. Unfortunately, however, for these writers, the raven, which is always mentioned by them in strong contrast with the dove, is quite as remarkable for its attachment to its mate and young, and for the strictness of its monogamy—the same pair, when once united, residing together for the whole of their lives.

A company of Arabs sitting under a rock, regaling themselves upon the onions of the Plain of Sharon, attracted our attention. This onion is not the rank, harsh onion of our country, but milder

and sweeter, as well as considerably larger. Its skin is colored. This onion is said to be extremely wholesome, and at this season of year makes an important article of diet to the people. This is the onion mentioned in Numbers xi; for which the Israelites so greatly longed. We procured at Joppa some of the seed.

We met a man to-day who was performing a vow, almost exactly like the case in 2 Samuel xix. Some months ago, his son went out upon a peddling expedition, and the father took an oath not to trim his hair nor wash his clothes till he returned. The man looked badly and smelled worse. I hope his son will soon return.

I found a specimen of agate, to-day, of extraordinary beauty, semi-transparent, elegantly veined, and presenting, in miniature, a *bastion fort*. The agate was the second stone in the third row in the High Priest's breastplate.

Across the hills, and down by Kirjath-jearim, which we visited yesterday, our countryman, Lieut. W. F. Lynch carried his line, levelling with spirit-level every foot of the way, from the edge of the Dead Sea, through the desert of Judæa, over precipitous and mountain ridges, down and across yawning ravines, beneath a scorching sun, to the sea shore at Joppa. From a copy of his report in my lap, I make this summary of his wonderful fifty days' work: "April 10, 1848, he entered the Jordan, with his boats, from the Sea of Galilee. April 18, entered the Dead Sea. May 9, took the boats to pieces. May 10, broke up camp and left the Dead Sea. May 16, reached Jerusalem. May 24, reached Kirjath-jearim. May 29, reached the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and so finished the work." All honor to the party and its brave chief.

I saw a man plowing on the Plain of Sharon, who had a tin funnel fixed to the handle of his plow. By this arrangement he could drop grain in one furrow while he scratched the dirt over the one before it. This was nearer civilized farming than anything I had seen in this country before, and I asked him the name of his tin funnel. He said *backsheesh*.

I found a bird's nest to-day with three speckled eggs in it. Somehow it called to memory the passage in Isaiah: "My hand hath found a nest as one gathereth eggs." As the bird ran before me and raised the dust in the path, trying to call off my attention from the nest, I remembered another passage in Nahum, where it says "the clouds are the dust of God's feet." May be the prophet Nahum had this very thought in mind when he came along this way, two thousand six hundred years ago. Who knows?

Several times during the week I have picked up little square bits of marble, of different colors, not bigger than dice, that seem to have been made for some purpose, but never thought until to-day to ask what they are. This afternoon I discovered such a quantity of them that it excited my curiosity to know. Looking amongst them I found a piece of pavement formed of these little cubic stones, and made a drawing of it. It is about two feet square.

This head is that of the Ibex, or mountain goat. The pavement is formed by taking these cubes of marble, some white, some black, yellow and other colors, and laying them down in soft mortar. Then, when the mortar hardens, there is a solid pavement of pictures. We shall find plenty of these marble pieces,—*tesserae*,—on Mount Zion, Mount Olivet, at Shiloh, Ibneh, and other places. Now that I know what they are, I intend to collect them in great quantities. There are still remaining very many vestiges of these Mosaic paintings, some as fresh and as fair as when first laid down. This art was mostly confined to ornamenting floors. The work was either *large stones* of different colors cut geometrically and called *pavimenta sectilia*, or else *small cubes* cut uniformly, like those in this specimen of the ibex, and called *tesserae*. The different colors of these cubes united to form a delineation. Mosaic, proper, consisted originally altogether of small oblong pieces of glass stones joined together with a strong cement. It was a *tesserae* like one of these that the Roman officers used to inscribe the *watchword* on, which they distributed among the pickets and grand-rounds of the camp.

To-day I have learned some more words in Arabic, making about eighty in all: *rah*, to go; *ainab*, grapes; *rarse*, head; *tell*, hill; *asal*, honey; *karn*, horn; *jouarn*, hungry; *gallayah*, kettle; *rokbah*, knee; *sikkeen*, knife; *bark*, lightning; *bittik*, melon; *tarjeer*, merchant.

I asked one of the village Sheikhs to-day, if he knew the name of the Sultan of Turkey? He said he didn't want to know. I told him it was *Abd-el-Asiz*, and that the name means a *leopard*. But he didn't know what a leopard was. Never heard of a leopard in this part of the country. Then he asked me the name of the Sultan of *America*? I told him *General Grant*, and I left him trying to pronounce it.

I had a run to-day after a black snake. This is the first one I have seen since we landed in this country. I run him a hundred yards at the top of my speed before I killed him. He is a black snake about six feet long. I have skinned him to take home. Hassan says that

Eblis lives in the hollow of a snake's tooth, and that's what made the snake turn and look so fiercely at me when I hit him. Eblis is one of their Mohammedan devils. His skin shone, in the hot sun as he scurried over the rocks, as if it had been varnished. He run as fast as the blue racers that I have chased over the Iowa prairies. The blue racer is called in Webster's Dictionary, "a kind of black snake of the genus *coluber*, especially *coluber getulus*, found in the United States, and so called because it moves very quickly." Snakes are scarce here. Dr. Robinson says, in Vol. 2, page 49, that in several weeks' travel in these hills he had only seen one snake. But when Mr. R. Todd so nobly undertook to search for the martyr Assad Esh Shidiak, in his prison-house on Mount Lebanon, in June, 1832, he was entreated to take care and avoid the serpents. He was told not to lie outside the buildings, lest he should be stung by serpents, and he was warned that there were serpents outside that might do him injury, perhaps take his life. I hope to find a good many when we get up in that part of the country, else my study in *herpetology* will be wasted.

When I sat down to skin my dead snake, and Harriet began to look up Bible passages for me concerning serpents, we found that we had there, close by us, the Bible emblems of wisdom, innocence and industry. "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves," said our Lord, in Matthew x: 16, and here, right at my feet, is *the serpent*; while yonder, on a low bush, cooing most delightfully, is a pair of *doves*. As for industry, *the ant*, the emblem of that virtue, is so plenty here that you cannot keep out of their tracks.

I was delighted, just now, to meet a real wild Arab; a *Bedouin*. He was going across the hills on some business with the Pasha, at Jerusalem, and stopped to drink coffee with us, at my invitation. His spear was eighteen feet long, as I measured it. It was tufted at the point with ostrich feathers. He was a real, wild, savage warrior. His name was Mohammed something or other; but most all these folks have Mohammed to their names. He had a gun strapped over his back, the wooden stock six feet long, with a flint lock. He says the *Fellahin* are *kelben*; he means the farming Arabs are dogs. But the *Bedawy*, he says, are princes. He thinks no decent man would be a farmer. He says no wonder there are no old people among the farmer Arabs, for the lice and fleas eat them up before their hair turns gray. I think he is more than half right.

Hassan told me this morning an adventure of a brave Arab boy in

these hills. He was here with two boys, younger than himself; and when night came on, they were lost, as I was last night. Knowing the danger from jackals and dogs, he took his party into an old sepulchre cut in the hillside. There he built up the doorway with stones, and fought off the wild troop the whole night. The next morning the ground was trod hard and bare by the hundreds of animals that had besieged him. The people then dressed the brave fellow in man's clothes, and gave him a gun and named him the "Boy Sheikh," in compliment to his gallantry. He was only twelve years old.

5 P. M.

We stopped for a half hour to witness a Mohammedan funeral; that of a man. The body was brought out of the village, divested of nearly all clothing, and lying upon a board covered with a sheet. At the grave, women washed it and then stuffed cotton in the eyes, ears, nose and mouth of the corpse, during which time the men were digging the grave. The body was almost hurled into the shallow pit, not the least ceremony being observed, and no one seeming in the least affected by the same. After filling the grave and laying heavy stones in it as a protection against jackals, dogs and hyenas, the men yelled three times, *Allah hu akbar* (God is greatest); and returned to the village, while we came away. This appeared to me the most inhuman scene I ever witnessed.

All the English, French and American parties we meet, express surprise at the sparseness of our servants and following. They wonder particularly at our not employing one or more dragomans. We tell them that we came to this country to *direct*, not to be directed. Free men at home, we could little brook the tyranny to which parties are subjected who put themselves into the power of the professional dragomans. I saw one, to-day, the conventional type of his calling. Dressed in silk trowsers, with a bright *kafiah* wound, turban-like, round his head, and a dandy switch in his hand, he looked the Palestine *fop*, but he was, in fact, the Palestine tyrant. Taking the money of his employers in advance, he orders them about with a nonchalance that would be admirable were it not insufferable. We can call no such man master. Their affected vigilance, and frightful stories of the dangers of the way, are only parts of the system to persuade their employers of the necessity of their enormous guards. One gentleman whom we met yesterday, had nine mules, five horses, and

more than thirty servants! Poor young man. But little will he see of the Holy Land.

The only person in our party who presents any appearance of romance is our muleteer or *moukar*. He has a camel's-hair sash around him stuffed with knives and pistols. His Syrian jacket of scarlet cloth is elaborately embroidered behind like a priest's. Yet his face is villainous in feature, almost wolfish in repulsiveness, with a nose like a vulture's beak, a cunning sensual mouth, small, glittering black eyes, hid under shaggy brows that almost meet over his nose, and teeth white and sharp. His three assistants are great, stupid-looking natives, dressed in flaunting red jackets and greasy turbans, but barefoot.

We have had, to-day, some most interesting conversation with a group of Israelites who are keeping their Sabbath quietly by the roadside. Would that such intelligent men could but comprehend that the Messiah *is come*, and has already builded *that other Jerusalem*, that our foot-weary race so much need to reach!

How can we Americans look with complacency upon such systems of religious faith as papists practise here? Here, for instance, is a community of men and women who, if they simply read, circulate or defend any book named in the forbidden Index, are excluded from church-fellowship here, and from heavenly glory hereafter. I could no more summon up holy feelings while witnessing their stilted forms here, than when I saw the Shakers, at Lebanon, New York, or the Moslems, at Joppa.

CAMP, 7 P. M.

At the dinner we have just had, I got our cook to make a dish of real, old-fashioned hash. I told him I wanted hotel hash, and showed him how to make it. He did it up wonderfully. It even had hair in it, as we get it in New York, at restaurant. The next party that hires our cook may thank me for teaching him the new dish. He says he never heard of it before. He promises, after this, to have it every day or two. It is funny to hear him pronounce the name of it. He calls it *ohtelarsh*—and that is the way he will teach it to other cooks.

CHAPTER VII.

A SABBATH REST IN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.—THE SEVENTH DAY.

CAMP, Sunday, March 21st, 4 A. M.

Our morning hour is filled with joy. *A Sabbath in Palestine* ; oh, how delightful ! I awoke early and was not long in getting out to enjoy the early morning and the bright-hued flowers. But early as I was, the divine spirit of spring had preceded me, and I felt the poet's words to be true :

" I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree,
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought Thy sweets along with Thee."

The murmuring bees are pursuing their voluptuous toil. The dew on the rocks bring out the singular pink streaks that we shall see upon the rocks around Stephen's Gate at Jerusalem and elsewhere. I shall never think of this land without associating it with the anemones, and the hills south-west of Jerusalem, and the arrowy Jordan that gleams far in the north-east yonder.

11 A. M.

To-day I have finished learning *one hundred* Arabic words. *Kamar* means moon ; *jabal*, mountain ; *kinzeer*, pig ; *harath*, plow ; *arnab*, rabbit ; *zabeeb*, raisins ; *sakker*, rock ; *habbul*, rope ; *sarje*, saddle ; *hareer*, silk ; *hite*, string ; *soccar*, sugar ; *rard*, thunder ; *tabak*, tobacco ; *sharb*, young ; *ams*, yesterday ; *kahikah*, truth ; *zoor*, lie ; *tar*, fly ; *kareeb*, to-morrow. The Arabic language is the *grandchild* of the Hebrew, for Chaldee and Syriac are *children* of the Hebrew language ; and Arabic is the *child* of the Chaldee and Syriac.

Every day that I practice on this language I get it lower and lower down in my throat. At first I spoke it as we do the English language, in the upper part of my throat and used my tongue, teeth and lips. But I soon learned that you can't talk Arabic that way. A man whose tongue was cut out by Emir Besheer, could talk just

as well as ever with his stump. When one of these Arabs gets *bronchitis* it don't hurt him any as an orator; but if he has *consumption* he goes speechless. Ventriloquism is nothing in Arabic; everybody does it. They have many words for the same thing. For the word *snake* they have eighty-two words in Arabic; for *sword* they have one hundred and thirty words.

THE WAY THE WORDS OF THE LORD'S PRAYER ARE PRONOUNCED.

EL SALAT EL BABBANIET.

Abana el lazi fee el samawat, layat kudas ismack. La taty mala-koutack, la takoun masheyatack. Kamma fee el samawat, kazalick ala el ard. Khubzena kafafina atina el youm, wa agfour lina zinoubena kamma nuhn, ayedan, la mouznibena elayua. Wala t'dakhelna fee tajaribin, lakin najjina min ishshurrer. La in, lack el moulk, w'al kowat, w'al majd, illa el abad. Amin.

We have spent the forenoon very quietly in and near the tents. I took Hassan with me over to a village not far off and asked the people a lot of questions. First, I was introduced to the sheikh, who had on a clean shirt. He kissed my hand. I asked him how he was. He answered (in Arabic), *Thanks be to God*. I asked him the same question again. He answered, *God is great*. I asked him the third time the same question. He answered, *God is bountiful*. And that's as near as he came to answering it. Then he asked me for *Backsheesh*. The valley outside of the village was enameled with flowers; but oh, the horrid appearance of the interior. It is too bad for human creatures to live this way. It really would seem as if this profusion of flowers might teach the people some grace; but it does not.

While I was sauntering through the village, I saw a dog engaged in *licking the sores* of a poor child that lay in the sun, with nobody to keep it off. The sight disgusted me, but it called to memory the affecting story of Lazarus, as told by our Saviour in Luke xvi., where "dogs came and licked his sores." This is one of the first stories my mother ever told me. I also saw some children munching bread at the corner of a house, one of them, a little girl, broken-nosed and ugly enough. As they stopped to look at me, and ask for *Backsheesh*, some dogs rushed in and snatched the bread from their hands. Then I thought of the passage in Mark vii. 27: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs."

From our tent door we see, a mile below us, the road that runs across the plain of Rephaim from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and the ~~squ~~ueduct that used to supply the temple with water from Solomon's Pools. I imagine the wise men coming from the east across yonder plain, with their gifts, "gold, frankincense and myrrh." (Matthew ii. 11.) They passed along this very road. The Catholics pretend to know the names of those three men: Jasper, Melchoir and Balthazar, and probably they have their photographs of them, or pretend to have. But the Greek Christians also know their names, and give them quite differently, Galgalatha, Malgalathe and Saraphie. I like this better. The Jews also know their names just as well, and they give them: Appelius, Amerrius and Damasus. Be they what they may, yonder is the road they traveled over on their way to Bethlehem.

Josephus tells of the young men who used to accompany King Solomon, as he used to ride along this way. The young men had their hair powdered with *gold dust*.

NOON.

It is curious to think as the sun comes on the meridian here, and so makes it noon, that in New-York it is not yet five o'clock in the morning. At Rome, people are just going to church, to *morning* service, while at Pekin, they may be going to *evening* service. As the sun moves westward, he sets the church bells ringing for Jesus, somewhere *every minute in the twenty-four hours*. That is grand. It is about *midnight* now at San Francisco, in California, yet I hear the church bells sounding for *noon* at Bethlehem, on my right hand, and Jerusalem on my left.

A boy brought me a locust and a scorpion preserved in arrack in a vial, and I have been reading all Bible passages where those two insects are mentioned. The locust has some curious black marks on the back of its wings, which Hassan says are Hebrew words that mean, "There is only one God. He overcomes the mighty, and the locusts are part of His armies, which he sends against sinners." That's what he says, but I can't see anything there but some square figures. The locusts were here about three years ago. They are an awful calamity. A full-grown locust looks like a boy soldier mounted on a pony. And in fact the book of Revelations ix. 7, has it: "The shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared for battle." The color of the locust is green, all but part of his head, which is yellow. It has two upper wings, green and leathery, with a white spot on each. These wings are extended, while flying, like the great

sails of a ship while going before the wind. The locust has two under-wings, thin and transparent like cobwebs. When young, they say you can't tell a locust from a grasshopper. I wouldn't think, to look at this locust, that the insect could do so much mischief as it does; only, when I was in Iowa last year, I saw what devastation the grasshoppers had made there; and they are not half so large. A locust is a Goliath of a grasshopper. Some kinds of locusts, Hassan says, are so beautifully marked that children make playthings of them. He says that women sometimes put locust-eggs in their ears to cure earache. In the eighth century, the poorer classes in this country, used to *eat locusts* boiled in oil. It was only ten or fifteen miles east of here that John the Baptist came "preaching in the wilderness of Judea, * * * and his meat was locusts and wild honey." (Matt. iii. 4.) But Mr. Fountain thinks that *locusts* in this passage were not *insects*, but the fruit of carob-trees. Webster's Dictionary says that the locust is a jumping orthopterous insect like the grasshopper, from which it is distinguished by the shortness of its antennæ, and by having only three joints in each foot, as seen from above. It has a greater power of flight than the grasshopper. The migratory locust (*Ædipoda migratoria*) is the most injurious European species. These insects are at times so numerous in Africa and the south of Asia as to devour every green thing; and when they migrate they fly in an immense cloud.

My scorpion is nearly two inches long, and an ugly-looking customer he is. He was found in the rocks down by Ain Jiddy, twenty miles southeast from here, where the weather is very hot. In these hills, the scorpion does not *ripen* till July. That is, he does not come out of his hole sociably and appear in company, till that month. Then they are very plenty and before you pitch your tent, you must roll the stones over and pick the scorpions out and sweep them away. The Arabs call the scorpion by a word that sounds like *krab*. The old Jews called the scorpion *akrab*, and there is a place twenty miles south of here named *Akrabbim*, or the Hill of Scorpions. A delightful summer residence a hill of scorpions must be! Something like the Iowa family I read of, who built their house over a snake-den, and labored all the spring months to kill them. The scorpion's sting is not worse than a hornet's. Nobody is ever killed by them in this country. A traveler put his boot on, when he was at Kedes, with three scorpions in it. That was up by Hasbeiya, in Mount Lebanon. He never *took a boot off* so quick in all his life as

he did then. I do not understand what our Saviour meant by contrasting an *egg* with a *scorpion*. (Luke xi. 12.) Hassan says he once woke up and shook out more than a dozen scorpions from his *arba* or cloak. It was a cool night in the fall of the year, and the scorpions were enjoying the warm blanket as well as the Arab. But they did not bite him. I have read where scorpions sting themselves when they get angry. "Their torment was as the torment of a scorpion when he striketh a man." (Rev. ix. 5.) "I will chastise you with scorpions." (1 Kings xii. 11.) "Thou dost dwell among scorpions." (Ezekiel ii. 6.) "I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions." (Luke x. 19.)

I wonder what that foolish son of Solomon's (Rehoboam, B. C. 975) meant when he threatened to chastise the Israelites with scorpions? (1 Kings xii. 11.)

Wehster's dictionary says the scorpion is a pedipalpus arachnidan of the genus *Scorpio*. I saw the constellation *Scorpio*, the eighth sign of the zodiac, last night, and a grand sight it is. The dictionary says scorpions have an elongated body, terminated by a long, slender tail, formed by six joints, the last of which terminates in an arcuated and very acute sting, which effuses a venomous liquid. This sting gives rise to excruciating pain, but is unattended either with redness or swelling, except in the axillary or inguinal glands, when an extremity is affected. It is very seldom, if ever, destructive of life. Scorpions are found pretty widely dispersed in the warm climates of both the old and new worlds.

The same boy who brought me my locust and scorpion, sold me a large bunch of sugar cane stalks, which grew just beyond Jebel-us-dum. That is about forty miles southeast of here, where old Sodom stood. He says that *sukker*, as he calls sugar, is *tyeeb*. I agree with him. The Knights Templars used to raise sugar cane down in that valley seven hundred years ago. Who knows but what all the sugar that is used in this country may some day be raised there when the Yankee farmers get hold of the Holy Land! People in this country use no sugar except loaf sugar, pure and white. Brown sugar and crushed sugar would not fetch anything in the Bazaars at Joppa. The people are fond of all sorts of sugar candy, and some of the best candy I ever saw is made there.

Sitting in our tent doors which are faced to the northeast, so that we can look directly towards Jerusalem, I can distinctly hear the barking of the dogs in that city, although it is three or four miles

from here, so clear is the air. The city of Constantinople is said to have sixty thousand dogs, and at night the city rings with their serenadings. One traveler calls it a vast canine riot. No one ever saw a native Mohammedan fondling a dog. Even the little boys and girls will not touch the pretty little puppies. I saw Hassan throw his dinner away last Friday, and go without, because our dog had merely smelt of it. He cursed the poor *kelb* in Arabic, for five minutes. Arabic curses are awful things if they *mean* as heavy as they *sound*. Sweet-Home seemed to know very well what they meant, for he fairly quailed under them. At last I had to threaten Hassan if he did not stop such slang, I would have him discharged.

While listening to the roar of dogs in yonder holy city, I recall that affecting sentence in Revelations xxii., descriptive of the New Jerusalem, that declares no *dogs* shall enter it.

After our customary religious exercises, which, this morning were prolonged to an hour or more, we had breakfast, and then, sitting at the entrance of our tent and looking eastward, we formed a group, and questioned each other upon such subjects as came within our great range of vision.

Before us, in plain view is the road that leads from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. It once reflected that STAR,

" The LIGHT, that led
The holy elders with the gift of myrrh."

This is

" Where the flying star
Led on the gray-haired wisdom of the East."

It saw Solomon, ten centuries earlier, passing daily in royal state with chariots, horsemen, and a princely following, powdered with gold dust, to his favorite "sealed fountain" and "garden of delights" at Etham, four miles to the southward. It saw, nine centuries still earlier, *Jacob* flying *northward* from the face of his brother Esau, then returning again to the south to lose in death Rachel his best beloved, whose low, white tomb I see yonder, even now, far to the right, just upon the edge of Bethlehem. It saw *Joseph* going alone, northward, in search of his brethren—brethren only in name. It saw the ministers of Herod hurrying to Bethlehem, to execute their royal master's decree. But what has not yonder pathway beheld during the forty centuries it has been used!

That plain, yonder, is Rephaim, where David won great victories over the Philistines. Well he knew every undulation of this plain,

and every recess of these hills ; for here, in boyhood's days, he had been himself a shepherd and fed his father's flocks. To this plain refers the beautiful song of Montgomery, which we sung this morning—

“ When marshaled o'er the nightly plain.”

Yonder, far to the southeast, beyond the Dead Sea, I see the Mountains of Moab, from whence the pious Ruth came, who “cared for the things of the Lord, that she might be holy, both in body and spirit.” What sweet thoughts are those embraced in her immortal words: “Entreat me not to leave thee;” the model of the purest womanly devotion.

And I must not forget to include, in the events so dear to this locality, Abraham, with his son and his servants, first going northward along that road, then a *via doloroso* ; afterwards, going southward a *via triumphalis*.

Yonder, at Bethlehem and at Jerusalem, were first sung those delicious canticles of the birth and infancy of Jesus, the angel-hymns of Mary, of Zacharias, and of aged Simeon.

From where I sit, I see plainly the Mosk of Omar, on the Mount of Moriah.

“ That enameled cupola that towers
All rich with arabesque of gold and flowers
And the mosaic floor beneath.”

4 P. M.

Sunday will always be one of our busiest days in camp, although one of the rules laid down for us, is that we shall not walk more than “a Sabbath day's journey” from camp. That means, according to the old Hebrew idea, one thousand one hundred and fifty-five yards, or eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile.

The “business” referred to, however, is writing up diaries, studying Scripture applications, and contemplating the Holy Land and its objects, from the doors of our tent. Thus far every step we have taken on the soil of Palestine offers some new witness of the truth of the sacred story. We are encamped in full view of Jerusalem looking towards the northeast. Long lines of walls, crowned with notched parapets, and strengthened with tower surrounded the city. A few domes and spires appear, as at Joppa ; also some clusters of cypress and a palm-tree or two. By the aid of my field-glass, I can study the shape of “Neby Daoud,” or Tomb of David, and looking far over Jerusalem, and beyond Mount Olivet, can see the long, brown

wall of the mountains of Moab and Gilead, full thirty miles to the eastward.

We have spent the day chiefly in religious conversation and reading. It has been a *Dies Egyptica* to us. Much of our talk has been upon the Mohammedan religion. We took our English copy of the Koran and dipped into it, through all the one hundred and fourteen chapters, a passage or two from each. What a strange congeries of brilliant and sublime thoughts diluted with puerile absurdities and lies. The first chapter, how beautiful! "Praise be to God the Lord of all creatures; the Most Merciful; the King of the Judgment Day. We worship Thee; to Thee we make our prayers. Direct us in the right path; in the path of those with whom Thou art gracious—not of those with whom Thou art angry, or who go astray." Who can help saying AMEN to a touching supplication like that?

The Mohammedans are in such a peculiar condition just now in regard to religious matters, that if some great reformer should rise up amongst them, such a man, for instance, as Abd-el-Kader,* of Damascus, the whole following of an hundred and fifty millions might be converted to Christianity in a single generation. What a sublime thought! They believe in Moses, already; they believe, also in Jesus; if only they would cast away their false addition, Mohammed!

A party of Jews called upon us, the same that we saw spending the Jewish Sabbath, yesterday, back among the hills. They sat for an hour. There are about fifty thousand Jews in Palestine; in Jerusalem alone about ten thousand. These are the people whom Solomon once described as "a great people that cannot be numbered or counted for multitude." After the dispersion of Titus they took the name of "Mourners of Jerusalem." In 1163 their learned men were entitled Lecturers and Masters of Schools, the Flower of the Learned, the Prop of the University, etc. In 1839, a company of Presbyterian preachers came here from Scotland, to see the condition and character of God's ancient people.

I observe a marked difference between these Jews and those we see in America. The forehead of these is loftier, and their eyes are larger and more frank in their expression. The nose is more delicate in its prominence, and the face has a purer oval. I do not know how to account for this, yet all our party noticed it. One would hardly believe these to be Jews, at all.

* Died Nov. 8, 1873.

They talked French very well, and seemed to be pleased to converse with us. One of them read from the Hebrew Scriptures, the word of Isaiah: "I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him." He seemed to feel deeply the force of these words in this place. He told us he had once spent several months in the United States. Unfortunate race! What are they but a by-word among the heathen, and a shaking of the head among the people? Yet, there is a simplicity in their faith, by which a Jew, transplanted thousands of miles, and after many generations, is the same genuine Jew. When I was a boy, we used to be told that the Rothschilds intended to buy up this country from the Turkish government. The story is unfounded; those bankers have never expressed any such intention. That great firm of money-changers has other uses for its money. If any rich Jew has a yearning in this direction, it is Mr. Moses Montefiore, of England. Our own countryman, Judah Touro, of New Orleans, did more for Palestine than any one else; but he never talked of buying it up.

The Mussulmans in Palestine are not more superstitious than the Catholics. Bayard Taylor thinks that a pious Moslem is a better man than a bigoted Catholic. The Catholic and Greek Christians have mixed so many human inventions with the simple religion of Jesus, that the Christian faith here is as badly alloyed as the Turkish coins, which are one part silver, nineteen parts alloy. Strange, what education will do. Even the historian, Rollin (born January 13, 1661, died 1742), used to pray every day to the Virgin Mary, for mothers; to St. Joseph, for fathers; and to Jesus Christ, for children. The book does not say that he prayed *to God* at all. Yet the Bible gives us no authority for using Mary, and still less Joseph, as mediators.

A native has brought me a huge jawbone taken from a cavern in the hills near by, which, upon careful examination, proves to be that of a *full-grown lion*. This discovery has particular value to me, for we are *in the hills of Judah*, whose tribal badge was a CROWNED LION. These animals were once so numerous in Palestine, that the Hebrew language had *seven names* for lion, corresponding with the seven periods of his life. This recalls Shakespeare's division of the life of a man. First the cub; then the young lion; the full-grown lion; the lion advanced in age and strength; the lion in his utmost vigor; the aged lion, and finally, the lion in his dotage. The reasons for his disappearance from this country are the increase of population and

the use of fire-arms. A few hundred miles east of this they are plenty enough. When Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the Jewish nation, B. C. 588, and the land was left desolate more than fifty years, lions increased in great numbers. So in the State of Tennessee, from 1861 to 1865, owing to the absence of men in the army, rabbits, deer, turkeys, and other wild game increased greatly. A few more years of war and they would have become a real nuisance. Once these hills of Judah reverberated with the awful challenge of the male lion. No fox better knows hedgerows, ditches, drains and coverts around him, than the monster to which this jawbone belonged knew the country between Jerusalem and Gaza. In the lairs of the now vanished forests, the now vanished lion once hid himself, and, as the thick roots of the oak trees are all that remain to show the existence of great forests of oak, so the bones of the lion, exposed in the recesses of caverns, betray their existence in the days of old. Within five miles of where I write, the great Benaiah, that "son of a valiant man who had done many acts," "went down and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow." (2 Sam. xxiii. 20.) Well might David honor such valor, for the poet-hero himself had set an example of personal daring when he kept his father's sheep in these hills, and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock. Then the shepherd boy, who was a youth of sixteen years, ruddy and of a fair countenance, "went after the lion and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against the youth, he caught him by his beard and smote him and slew him." (1 Sam. xvii. 35.) The writer of the book of Ecclesiasticus (xlvii. 3) poetizes this exploit in these words: "He played with lions as with kids, and with bears as with lambs." Measuring the strong jawbone and computing the power of the muscles that must once have occupied these cavities, I can see how the king of beasts could carry in his mouth an ordinary ox. These muscles, when living, were so hard as to blunt the edge of a knife; in size and firmness they were like the wire-rope sometimes used for the rigging of ships. Observing the structure of the jaw, I see the force of the comparison used in Isaiah lxv. 25: "the lion shall eat straw like the bullock." Hezekiah's lamentation gets its force from this: "As a lion so will he break all my bones." (Isaiah xxxviii. 13.) "The righteous are as bold as a lion," said Solomon, who, doubtless, had often hunted the animal among these very hills. And "the King's wrath is as a lion," he himself proved in the affair of his brother Adonijah. (1 Kings ii. 25.) "He lieth in wait

secretly as a lion," said David, who had so frequently scanned these rocks, lest a crouching lion should spring from thence upon his flocks. (Ps. x. 9.) Job, amidst his despairing accusations against the chastening God, could find no image so suggestive as this: "Thou huntest me as a fierce lion;" for he had often chased the royal brute among his native mountains of Gilead, away in the northeast yonder.

But all these lion images are faint when compared with the use made of the lion in describing the character of *Jesus*. As John stood weeping before the throne that was set in heaven, one of the four and twenty elders, clothed with white raiment and adorned with a crown of gold said unto him, "Weep not; beloved, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed." This figure does not refer alone to the strength, courage and ferocity of the lion, but is the symbol of sovereignty, and being the achievement of the princely tribe of Judah, is peculiarly applicable to JESUS CHRIST, born yonder at Bethlehem, four miles to the southward, and descended, in human line, from the tribe that once inhabited these hills. The last reference of travelers to lions in Palestine, is that of Willibald in the eighth century, who speaks of meeting one while traveling a little way north of Jerusalem. Bones of the lion are still frequently found among the gravel on the banks the Jordan, not far below the Sea of Galilee, seventy-five miles to the northeastward.

6 P. M.

And now I hear the military music at the *Serai* or Governor's palace, which is always played at sunset. What a roar of brass instruments and drums! Surely they play no tune! Yet, it sounds well at this distance, and reminds me of the passage in Daniel iii. 15: "The sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer."

7 P. M.

Some Arab girls, intuitively divining my love for wild flowers, have brought me a splendid bunch of them. Among these are the exquisite blossoms of the white and purple cyclamen. I have endeavored, in vain, to learn from the girls the *Arab names* of these floral gems. Their pronunciation of Arabic words has the defects of the juvenile lisp and whisper.

One of these flowers is a lily. It was with lily-work that the Phœnician architects of Solomon's Temple decorated the capitals of the

columns. The rim of the Brazen Sea was adorned in like manner. (1 Kings vii. 26.) No other country abounds in so many species of lilies as the Holy Land.

One of these Syrian girls has a smooth, bronze skin, with regular features, really pretty. Another is ornamented in the most singular manner, with a turquois pin fastened *into the flesh*, one on each side, and flat to the nose! She would not let me inspect, as I desired, the manner in which these pins are kept in place.

And here comes a pair of the sweet doves of Palestine, the bird which has afforded the inspired writers such acceptable types of simplicity, fidelity and innocence. (Hos. vii. 11; Matt. x. 16.) Their cooing is a delightful sequel to our music, and no doubt was a cheering music to the three loving mothers, Rachel, Ruth, Mary, with whom this locality is associated. The dove's rapidity of flight is alluded to in Ps. lv. 6; its beauty of plumage, lxviii. 13; its dwelling in the rocks and valleys, Jer. xlviii. 28, and Ezek. vii. 16; its mournful voice in Isaiah xxxviii. 14, lix. 11, and Nahum ii. 7; its amative-ness, Canticles i. 15, ii. 14, etc. This emblem of the Syrian Venus abounds yet in Syria, though the legend is forgotten. As a military emblem upon the standards of the Assyrians and Babylonians it is referred to in Jeremiah. It must long have been remembered by the Jews as the symbol of war.

To-day begins Passion Week, which by so large a portion of the Christian world is consecrated to religious thought. The Scripture referring to it is this: "Then Jesus, six days before the Passover, came to Bethany where Lazarus was, which had been dead, whom He raised from the dead. Then they made Him a supper; and Martha served, but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with Him. Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." (John xii. 1-3.)

This affecting incident occurred in the village just beyond yonder low range of hills; I hope next Sunday to visit the spot and read the passage there.

We had brought from home Mr. Cull's beautiful Sacred Cantata of Ruth, the words by Rev. Sidney Dyer. And as the sun went beyond the hills behind us, and the cool air of evening began to steal over us, we gathered in a group around the little book, and sung it through. Prompted by hearing some bells in Jerusalem, we

began with Mr. Lowry's "Sabbath Bells' Chime," which is inserted in the appendix to the volume. One played on the flute the introduction to the Cantata. One sung the bass parts. One with sweet, boyish alto, took Naomi and Orpah. My part was Ruth. The choruses rather suffered from inequality in voices; but there was no complaint from our auditory, either the five score Arabs, young and old, who sat cross-legged around us, or the companies of pilgrims, passing along the road to and from Bethlehem, who easily heard us when we took the higher parts of the music. The Arabs cried *Tyeeb* in tones of most satisfactory enthusiasm, and the pilgrims waved their hands. One group of Englishmen even threw up their hats, and gave three genuine British cheers, in acknowledgment of our success.

The number of national flags displayed at the different consulates, in Jerusalem, is quite large. We can see American, English, French, Prussian, Russian, Italian, and Austrian. The Crescent and Star of the Turkish standard flaunts, of course, above them all. But there is no *Jewish flag* seen in Jerusalem. Nowhere does the Lion of the Tribe of Judah answer to this bracing mountain breeze that so gallantly shakes the standards of other nations. Nowhere the Ravening Wolf of Benjamin, to whom these hills at first belonged. Yet, Jerusalem is the ancient possession of those tribes. I wonder do they preserve their tribal standards anywhere concealed, ready to be "full high advanced" when the promised time shall come? Oh, that the bounding Hart of Naphtali may yet float over his native mountains.

While talking with a Jewish rabbi, to-day, I asked him if he had ever heard of the Wandering Jew? He said no. Then I read to him from Salathiel, this passage: "There has appeared from time to time, in Europe, during the last thousand years, a mysterious individual—a sojourner in all lands, yet a citizen of none; professing the profoundest secrets of opulence, yet generally living in a state of poverty; astonishing every one by the evidence of his intercourse with the eminent characters of every age, yet connected with none, without lineage, possession, or pursuit, on earth—a wanderer, and unhappy." But he had never heard of him before, and thinks such a man has never lived.

S P. M.

We have just completed building an altar of twelve stones here, to commemorate our Sabbath encampment in sight of Jerusalem. It is four feet square and six feet high. I hope it will attract the at-

tention of future travelers. Perhaps, long after we are dead and gone, some one will take it down. If so, he will find a scrap of parchment on which is painted, with red ochre, this verse :—

‘ Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand,
Even this path where thou dost stand
Endeth in a better land,
Far away, far away,
Far, far away.”

We dedicated the twelve stones of the altar to those twelve American travelers who have shed such abounding light upon the history of the Holy Land. They are Robinson, Thomson and Barclay, for the three heavy basis blocks. Next, Lynch, Durbin and Osborne compose the next tier of blocks. The third round in the pile we have given to Newman, Randall and Phelps, and the fourth to Taylor, Burt and Prime. We feel the right to a little national pride upon summing up the labors of these our fellow-countrymen in exploring the Holy Land.

We have proved during the past week that the Holy Bible is the truest guide to a traveler in this country. The *Book* thus far has conducted us *through the land* and led us in safety to the sight of Salem’s towers, even as it will lead us, infallibly, we believe, across the plains and mountains of life’s pilgrimage, to the sight and to the gates and to the life of the New Jerusalem. Truly it has been “a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path” (Ps. cxix. 105); “The Word of the Lord is tried.” (2 Sam. xxii. 31.) Is it not strange that in this country where it was written, the Bible is almost *a sealed book* to the Greek, Catholic, Maronite and Syrian Christians? In their breviaries or prayer-books, there are less quotations from the Word of God than in Mohammed’s Koran itself! And this reminds me that the prophet Amos, who lived yonder at Tekoah, about ten miles southeast of our camp, long ago threatened this very dearth of God’s Word, in the well-known passage: “Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of *bread*, nor a thirst for *water*, but of *hearing the words of the Lord*.” (Amos viii. 11.) This threat is already amply fulfilled. The Eastern Christians neither read the Bible nor hear it read by their priests. In its place are invocations to saints, false legends, prayers not at all modeled on the Scriptural forms, and contortions of body, compared with which the seven postures of the Mohammedans are gracefulness itself. How thankful I feel to God, who gave me Prot-

testant parents, whose chief care has been that I should myself "search the Scriptures," expecting in them "to have eternal life."

10 P. M.

Before retiring, I make my last entries in this first portion of my diary. The various sounds of human life have mostly died out, in the village below, all but "the sound of the grinding," which is still kept up. The women are at their hard labor of preparing meal for to-morrow's bread, while their boorish husbands are asleep. This sound of the millstones gives a clear, ringing tone, mellowed as it is by distance, and suggests the idea of cheerfulness and peace. It recalls, too, that noble sentiment of the Levitical law, one of the many humane precepts that speak the very soul of God's tenderness: "No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge; for he taketh a man's life to pledge." (Deut. xxiv. 6.)

The City of Jerusalem lies yonder, as quietly in the distance, as in those glorious days when "the abomination of desolation" had been reared up in its most sacred place, and all the religion and patriotism of the people had fled to the mountains. Yet the voices of a great people shall again be heard there, when the promised time shall come. Jerusalem shall be restored to a new and inviolate beauty. Zion, the city of solemnities, shall yet become "a great habitation," though now resounding with all the discords of religious and political factions, and a tabernacle that shall not be taken down. Not one of the stakes thereof shall be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. (Isaiah xxxiii. 20.) Then shall the type and antetype agree. Jerusalem below shall recall Jerusalem above.

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL SURVEY OF JERUSALEM.—THE EIGHTH DAY.

CAMP, Daylight, Monday, March 22.

I rise early, unable to sleep under the exciting thought, "to-day we enter thy gates, oh, Jerusalem." To-day, "my feet shall stand within thy gates, oh, Jerusalem." I shall to-day "walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof and mark her bulwarks."

CAMP OF THE ASSYRIANS, 6 P. M.

Our tents are pitched upon the rising ground near the northwest corner of the city, where the Crusaders spread their array upon a bright and hopeful morning of June A.D. 1099, and prepared to invest Jerusalem. More than eighteen hundred years before that time, the hosts of the Assyrians had encamped (B.C. 711) upon this same site and for a similar purpose. Ours is a more peaceful visit; and, although we cannot altogether exhibit the enthusiasm of the Crusaders, who "clothed their passions with divers gestures, some prostrate, some kneeling, some weeping, all having much ado to manage so great a gladness," yet our thanksgivings do go up to the Most High and with as sincere a gratitude as theirs. For at last we have reached Jerusalem; we have gone about its walls; viewed its bulwarks, and entered its palaces, and we hope, through an active series of explorations, to be continued through the week, to gather large and profitable fruitage for future usefulness.

The plan formed before we left home, six weeks ago, was to spend the whole of the first day here in acquiring *general* views of the city. Thus we shall be the better prepared to gather in the *details* of the place if we first secure the *outline* of it.

We began our work by riding to the eminence entitled Scopus, from which we obtained an excellent view "from the sides of the north." As we passed over the stony paths, we were struck with the crimson anemones that spring up among the rocks on every side. They irresistibly recall the thought of "the great drops of blood falling down to the ground." (Luke xxii. 44.)

The word *Scopus*, applied to this elevation, signifies a watch tower, or a distant view. The place is about a mile north from the Damascus gate, and affords from its top a fine view of Jerusalem.

Over it have passed the men of a hundred nations pouring down upon the city, friends and enemies, worshippers and blasphemers. The Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, the Roman, the Christian, the Saracen, the Crusader—all have taken their view, as we did this morning, of the strange city at their feet. All over the hill are the little memorial heaps, such as we saw last Friday at Neby Samuel, and to them we added our own.

Mount Scopus stands out as a sort of irregular spur of Mount Olivet. The circular hillock is probably the remains of some ancient tower. From this, as I glanced southwards a little to the left hand, I could look along the valley of the Kedron nearly to Gethsemane, over which impends the noble Mount of Olives. On my right hand the view was bounded by the great Russian convent which lies north-west of the city. Directly before me was the ridge once named Moriah, on whose central portion stands the splendid mosk of Omar, whose golden crescent was glowing in the sunlight as I gazed upon it through my glass.

From Scopus, we rode round to the left upon Mount Olivet. From Olivet we descended on the western side, passing through the old Hebrew burying-ground; then turned to the right, crossing the little stone bridge near Gethsemane; then passed near the Pool of Siloam and Akeldama, to the Mount of Evil Counsel, south of the city. The view from this point is interesting, as giving a clear conception of the size and shape of Mount Zion, and the gloomy defile of Hinnom which skirts its base.

Leaving the Mount of Evil Counsel, we struck westward until we intercepted the road that connects Bethlehem with Jerusalem, then took our fourth general view of the city from the western ridge, near the Hospital of the Prussian Deaconesses, over whose doorway these touching words are inscribed: *Talitha cumi* (Mark v. 41); the most affecting application of a divine text to a noble living philanthropy that I ever saw.

Having thus accomplished a circuit of Jerusalem, at distances varying from a quarter to a mile, we next circumambulated the walls immediately at their base.

Now we felt that we had earned the right to *enter* the city, which we did humbly and on foot at the western or Joppa gate. There the

ancient Tower of Hippicus stands forward alone, gray with antiquity, among its younger companions. This is an irregular assemblage of square towers, having on the outside what we particularly noticed, *a deep ditch*.

This completed our day's labors, and we have returned, wearied but delighted with our first day's researches at Jerusalem.

We came down from the hills in the southwest, early this morning, to visit the Holy City of Jerusalem and the holy places that are round about it. We have pitched our tents here beside the walls, near the biggest and finest oak tree I have seen in all Palestine. One calls it a *holm tree*; Hassan says it is a *buttum tree*, but I shall ever insist upon it that it is an *oak tree*, if ever I saw an oak. Why, the ground under it is covered with acorn shells!

I was the first of the party to enter Jerusalem. I went in by the Joppa gate, which is not far from our encampment. This Joppa gate is distant from New York about six thousand seven hundred miles, and there is a telegraph wire runs all the way between them. I find that the *first* things that I see in a new place are always the *best* things, and if I don't put them right down as fast as I see them, they are hardly worth putting down at all.

A week ago this morning I came out of Joppa by the *Jerusalem gate*. Now I enter Jerusalem by the *Joppa gate*.

The moment I got inside I looked carefully over the archway at the gate for the five-pointed star. This is the only five-pointed star that I have seen, so far, in all the Holy Land. I expected to find many of them on the old buildings. Plenty of *stars* are used in the ornaments at Joppa, but none of them *five-pointed*. A very fine five-pointed star is on the ruins of Capernaum. The star is called *Solomon's seal and Solomon's signet*, and this gate is what the poet called

" An archway, sealed
With the great name of Solomon."

It reminds me of that astonishing story in the Arabian Nights, of the genii fastened up in a casket sealed with a five-pointed star. It reminds me also of this verse:

" That like the seal of Solomon,
Has magic in its pressure."

My little dog *Sweet-Home* followed me from camp about fifty steps into Jerusalem. Then he turned and run back to the tents. No

wonder. Do you think his dog-brethren had a welcome for him? Not a healthy welcome. But a whole army of them made after him like a pack of wolves. Lucky for *Sweet-Home*, the Jerusalem dogs don't go outside of the Joppa gate, or he never would have lived to tell the story. Disappointed that he got away from them, the scamps then turned in to tearing and worrying each other.

None of these dogs belong to that class that Isaiah speaks of (Ivi. 10): "Dumb dogs that cannot bark," for they are always barking.

Dr. Barclay thinks that this Joppa gate is the same as the old gate of the valley where Nehemiah commenced his nocturnal explorations. (Nehemiah ii. 13.) The name of it here is *Bab el Khalil*. *Bab* means gate. *Khalil* means a friend or a faithful one. They call Abraham the *Friend of God*, and this gate is named after him. It is quite respectable in point of architecture. It is kept open, like all the Jerusalem gates, every day from sunrise to sunset, except one hour at noon on Friday, which is the Mohammedan's Sunday.

I met many Turkish women here. They wear their veils thinner here than they do at Joppa, and I can see the shapes of their mouths and noses through their veils. I think they are not so very handsome that they need be scared at anybody's seeing them.

I never noticed the cruelty of mule drivers to their animals so painfully as I do here. Humanity to brutes is a virtue unknown in the Holy Land. I wish that Mr Bergh was Pasha here for twelve months. The drivers shout at the poor patient, willing mules. They twist their tails, overload them, kick them, curse them in their dreadful Arab slang, strike them over the head and face, and throw stones at them, oh, so cruelly!

A big Arab was sitting by a pile of oranges. I don't know which was the dirtiest, the fruit or the fellow. As I knew that the oranges cost him in Joppa about ten for a cent, I priced some of them here at Jerusalem. They were five for a piastre, that is about a cent apiece. I told him that was a thousand per cent. profit. He answered *backsheesh*, and that ended the argument. His oranges, however, were not the fine large ones that I admired so at Blattner's Hotel, but a much inferior stock, not much better than we get in New York.

I never saw a town that has so many disgusting sights and smells as this.

I got Hassan to give me the names of such persons as he should get acquainted with to-day, so that I could write them down in my

diary. They are a queer lot of words to call people by. About half the natives have *Mohammed* to their names, and the other half have *Hassan*, or *Hosseen*, or *Hosine*. As far as I can write the names he gave me, they are: Yahyah, Haroun, Yezid, Meslem, Hulakoo, Akeel, Mustarfer, Nasser, Guzzaway, Ibraheem, Awad, Karder, Abdallah, Sayid, Jussoof, Kosroo, Mosedden, Noureddeen, Solyman, Sajeeb, Soofy, Marlek, Essedeen, Haymoor, Nomarn, Nisamee, Ferhard, Majnoon, Narmer, Mnedh-dhin, Yebrood, Abdellatti, Dayood, Goo-rundel, Howarrer. A Russian gentleman who saw what I was doing, took my note-book and politely wrote his name in it, *Kratismayoshajewsky*.

When I returned to our camp for luncheon, I went by way of the Damascus gate. The soldiers there told me the name of it was Babes-Sham. I couldn't help noticing how the ground around on that side of Jerusalem is strewed with broken glass rings and bracelets of Arab women, and the match papers, cigarette wrappers and match boxes of the men. To judge from the quantity of these that I saw here, I should think that the women did nothing else but break their glass ornaments, and the men nothing else but smoke.

Afterwards I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, a place of curiosities. The priests pretend to show there, all under one roof, the place where our Saviour was scoffed by the soldiers; and where He was scourged; and where they divided His garments; and where He was shut up while they dug the hole for the cross; and where He was nailed to the wood; and where the cross was set up; and where the soldier stood that pierced His side; and where His body was anointed; and where He was buried; and where the angels appeared to the women on the resurrection morning; and where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalen; and where Adam was buried; and where the centre of the world is; and where the three crosses were found; and where Christ measured a place with His own hands in the middle of the world (Psalms lxxiv. 12); and a great many other things. I never saw such a museum of wonders in all the world before. But I do not find a word of truth in any of them.

How widely matters are changed around Jerusalem, within a few years, in favor of travelers! Exposed to extortions, hindrances, and every insult, without consuls to appeal to for protection or redress; with no hotels or respectable tarrying-places for the well, or hospitals for the invalid, the pilgrims of only seven years since worshipped at the holy places at the peril of their property, their health, and their

very lives. As late as 1697, every Christian traveler paid the sum of fourteen dollars for the privilege of entering the Holy Sepulchre.

But now, and especially since the accession of Mohammed Raschid, as Pasha-General of Syria and Palestine,* a great and decided advance has been made, not only here at Jerusalem, but throughout the whole of his government. By his strong hand and wise counsels he has made all the country west of the Jordan perfectly safe to travelers. He has planted a garrison at ancient Mizpah, in Mount Gilead, now called Es-Salt, and at Kerak, and thus overawed the desert Arabs, and restrained their incursions into Palestine. He has opened new channels of trade and commerce to the people, and made Jerusalem as safe and pleasant to the pilgrim as New York.

The Plain of Rephaim, that lies between our camping-place of yesterday and this city, was exceedingly verdant, as we passed over it, and fruitful. It is not, however, half cultivated, even in the thriftless, unhappy style of farming practised by the native farmers. I could not help smiling to myself in supposing *The American Agriculturist* to receive questions from these farmers, how ludicrously the answers would misfit!

Upon the Plain of Rephaim, David twice encountered the Philistines, and inflicted such destructions upon them and their idols as even to afford a *new* name to the place, that is Baal-perazim. Those robbers of the plains had come up here in great force through the deep ravines of the southwest, about the middle of May, to carry off the ripe crops for which this valley was even then proverbial. David came upon them at the head of his forces, and smote them "from Gibeon to Gaza." (1 Chron. xiv.) After reading this interesting narrative, I naturally looked for mulberry trees upon the plain, but saw none; and of course heard no "sound of going in the top" of them. (1 Chron. xiv. 15.)

Our camp, here, would be in all respects a pleasant one but for the annoyance of the huge walls and monstrous buildings of the Russian convent, close by. This tremendous pile of architecture covers nearly six acres. It is an eyesore to all who approach Jerusalem from the west or north. The first object seen in *coming*, the last in *going*, is the Russian convent. Its religion is that of the Greek church, that still uses the old calendar, which is twelve days earlier

* Died March, 1872.

than ours. To-day, for instance, in the almanac of the Russians, is March 10. It is explained in this way: When the Catholic Pope, Gregory XII., ordained, A. D. 1582, that October 5th should be considered October 15th, so as to correct the long-erring almanac, and that thenceforward the calendar should be regularly balanced by scientific rules, the Russian government refused to adopt it, and now their almanac is wrong by *twelve days*.

The *poste-restante*, or post-office, at Jerusalem, is a queer affair. It is only open once or twice a week. It is a hard place to find, and still harder to get the postmaster to understand your wishes. We had quite an altercation with him before we could get our letters and papers to-day. The custom in this country is *to deliver* all postal matter, as our carriers do in New York. Therefore, if you want your letters to lie in the post-office, you must mark it "*poste-restante*." But the best way is to have all correspondence directed to the care of the American Consulate. Letters are despatched by the French mail from Jerusalem to Europe three times a month.

10 P. M.

How silent is the humanity of Jerusalem, at this hour. Not a voice disturbs the solitude, that would betray the presence of a human being within its walls. Those dreadful barkings and yells of dogs might be the noises of savage beasts seeking their prey as they sought it through the ruins of Jerusalem, at any of those epochs when it lay long uninhabited and grew up in forest trees. The gabble and chatter and unmelodious songs that I hear in the various camps around, might be the customary sounds of Bedouin life, pitched here by the desolated city as once they did rove here at will, and as to-night, they are pitched by the fallen columns of Palmyra and the shapeless piles of Babylon.

In the religious exercises of Passion Week this is called *Monday before Easter*. The Scriptural passages commemorated are these: "On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him, and cried, Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord! And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written, Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold, thy King cometh, sitting upon an ass's colt." (John xii. 12-15.)

This was the day in the Jewish ceremonials when the children of

Israel were directed to look out the Paschal Lamb, that they might keep it up and have abundant time to detect any blemishes in it. So Christ, the PASCHAL LAMB, was coming into Jerusalem, to be offered up, once for all, for the sins of the world. Oh, how affecting this thought, considered *upon the very place* where the offering was made!

CHAPTER IX.

THE POOLS AND WALLS OF JERUSALEM.—THE NINTH DAY

CAMP ARSYRIAN, TUESDAY, 6 A. M.

IN looking over the city of Jerusalem at this early morning hour, I see the scarcity of fuel singularly illustrated by the fact that the smoke of the *kitchen fires* of all this city of twenty or twenty-five thousand inhabitants, increased at the present time by such multitudes of pilgrims, for whom food must be provided,—these united chimney-smokes do not equal in quantity that of a *moderate village* in the United States. I suppose there is more *tobacco* smoke rising from Jerusalem this hour, than from all the cooking that so many breakfasts demand!

We have employed a soldier whose name is Kosroo. His uniform is the French zouave. His musket has the sword bayonet. He wears a tarboush. He is a lively little fellow, and don't know a word of English. I am to supply him with twenty cigarettes a day, and four cups of coffee. This is the genuine Oriental coffee, strong, black, without milk or sugar, cups as small as half a hen-egg. Kosroo was conscripted into the Turkish army, last year, at Tibnin. All his pay is his clothes and provisions. No wonder he likes to hire out in this way.

Kosroo is dreadfully profane. When he was asked to guard us faithfully, he swore, by Allah, that if his own father should lay a finger on one of us, he would run him through with his bayonet. But he don't look it. All the Arabs in Jerusalem swear like sailors. But in the new Jerusalem "there shall be no more curse." (Rev. xxii. 3.)

The streets of Jerusalem are in no place more than eight feet wide. Generally, they are only six. They are nothing but alleys, and you keep looking all day for a street—but you never find one. These alleys run all sorts of ways.

The musses made sometimes in these narrow streets, make the very Turks laugh. I watched them this morning. A camel, loaded with vegetables, was coming down the narrow street. On each side

of him great sacksfull bulged out. Piles of cauliflowers that grow around here, most as large as a bushel basket, were heaped mountain high on his hump. He loomed up like Vesuvius, as he came stalking along, his head level, his monstrous under-jaw swinging round the upper one like a barn door on its hinges, his wide, spongy feet flattening out on the stone pavement, making tracks like a mammoth's. As he came along, his rider roared *ruak, ruak*, that is, get out of the way. And everybody *did ruak*. One woman, who was carrying a bread-tray on her head, dove down below the camel's stomach, and so got past. I jumped into one of the little shops where they sell cakes. The rest of the crowd jumped into the stores right and left as I had done.

But just as the camel had passed me, he met a procession of six donkeys, all loaded down with oak roots, the drivers on top. Here was a muss. The camel screamed. The camel driver yelled *ruak, ruak*. The donkeys raised their tails and brayed. The donkey drivers swore. I wondered how the thing would be settled, for the donkeys could not turn round for their lives, as their roots just filled up the width of the streets. The camel could not turn round without knocking down the buildings on both sides of him. Never was such an uproar. Kosroo poked the camel's legs with his bayonet to make him bite.

At last, the men shouldered the donkeys, roots and all, and carried them backwards, into the side streets, and so let the camel pass. Such scenes must be common here, in the business part of the city, especially at this time, when there are more than five thousand strangers here.

I was surprised to see all the houses of Jerusalem numbered on the doors. Hassan says they tax people here, not according to the number of persons in the family, but according to the number of houses! So the Governor has had them all numbered. Of course they use the Arabic figures. *Miyah thatata aasher*, means 113. *Thamarneen arbaah*, is 84. *Alf sittah*, is 1006.

I spent a good deal of time to day at the Damascus gate. They call it here *Bab es-Sham*. This is the one that Dr. Barclay thinks was called in the Bible *The Old Gate*. (Nehemiah iii. 6.) Very considerable and interesting remains of the ancient structure are yet to be seen in the towers on each side of this gate. An old Jewish tower and stairway are perfectly preserved there. He thinks that this is the same kind of stairway named in 1 Kings vi. 8: "They

went up with winding stairs into the middle chamber and out of the middle into the third."

As I passed a convent, of which there are many here at Jerusalem, a lot of priests peeped out through the grated windows at me. One of them was a jolly red-nosed fellow. He said to me *min aine jaryee*. That means, Where do you come from? I told him the United States of America and State of New York. Then he said *chanteerah*, that is, good-bye. These priests look to me exactly like a row of convicts squinting through their grated windows, such as I saw once at Sing Sing. They seem unhappy and unhealthy. This cooping up strong men in convents is like burying them alive. There is one thing, though, that I like about these priests, *their singing*.

To-day we have inspected the tanks, pools, and other natural landmarks of Jerusalem. This, with yesterday's explorations, will fasten indelibly upon our minds correct ideas of the general form and surroundings of the far-famed city.

Jerusalem stands in *latitude* thirty-one degrees, forty-six minutes north; *longitude*, thirty-five degrees, eighteen minutes east from Greenwich. In a straight line from the Mediterranean Sea, at Joppa, it is thirty-two miles; from the Jordan, eighteen; from Hebron, twenty; from Bethel, thirteen; Samaria, thirty-six; Jericho, thirteen; Ramleh, twenty-five. Its elevation is so remarkable that from every side, except the South, the ascent is perpetual, and so the old psalm expresses a reality: "Thither the tribes *go up*, the tribes of the Lord unto the testimony of Israel. (Psalm cxx. 3.) To all who approached it, in Bible days, it was emphatically a *mountain city*, breathing a mountain air, enthroned in a mountain fastness.

The western part of Jerusalem, in which our camps are pitched, is two thousand six hundred and ten feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and nearly four thousand feet above the level of the pool at the Dead Sea. The lowest point around Jerusalem is the well En-Rogel, now called Beer-ayub. Making that a basis-standard, the heights of all the prominent points in and near the city are:

Our Camp	614 feet.
Mount Zion at David's tomb.....	541 "
Mount Moriah at Mosk of Omar.....	433 "
Bridge over Kedron near Gethsemane.....	285 "
Pool of Siloam, water-surface.....	118 "
Mount Olives at Church of Ascension.....	728 "

By these figures, I see that our camp is pitched at the highest

point near Jerusalem, except Mount Olivet, which is one hundred and fourteen feet higher. No wonder, then, that I see Mount Olivet so plainly over the tops of all the walls, mosks, houses and churches intervening. The tomb of David is seventy-three feet lower than our camp; the Mosk of Omar is one hundred and eighty-one feet lower; the bridge over Kedron, which we crossed yesterday, is three hundred and twenty-nine feet lower.

Our first visit to-day was to the Upper Pool of Gihon, situated about half a mile westwardly of the Joppa gate. A crowd of men and boys were bathing in the muddy water. Yet the fact of two score naked persons swimming here, did not prevent the Mohammedan women from resorting here to fill their water jars! And the fact that this pool is a regular bathing place, the mud being stirred up till the water is thick with impurities, did not prevent their using it for cooking and drinking.

Josephus styles this the *Serpent's Pool*; the natives call it *Birket Mamilla*. Their word for pool is *Birket*, for well *beer*. The bottom of this *birket* is only four feet below the sill of the Joppa gate, and no doubt the water was formerly conducted into the city by a regular subterranean conduit. Even now there is a ditch through which its overflow in high water is taken into Hezekiah's Pool, inside the city. By my measurement, it is three hundred and fifteen feet by two hundred and eight, and from fifteen to twenty feet deep. A pair of steps descend to the pool at the south-west corner, and there is a dam on the lower side for regulating its contents.

The next pool we visited was the Lower Pool of Gihon, now called *Birket es-Sultan*. This is an immense reservoir covering a space of more than three and a half acres, and might once have been one hundred feet deep. It stands a quarter of a mile south-west of the Joppa gate. It is six hundred by two hundred and sixty feet in dimensions. For want of repairs it has run dry, and the bottom of it is a barley field. With proper care and an expenditure of a few thousand dollars, this reservoir might be made to supply the entire population of Jerusalem with water.

The Pool of Hezekiah lies inside the city, not far from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is two hundred and fifty-two by one hundred and twenty-six feet in dimensions, and about ten deep. Its supply of water is from the Upper Pool of Gihon, and the rains collected from the roofs of adjacent houses.

In the office of the American vice-consul, to-day, I saw a copy of

the official newspaper, published at Beyrout. Its name is "Hadikat-el-Akhbar, Journal de Syrie et Liban." The inside forms are printed in *French*, the outside in *Arabic*. The price of the paper, weekly, per annum, is one hundred piastres, about four dollars and twenty cents. For notices, five piastres a line is charged, and "Se paient d'avance" (cash in advance) is the rule of its managers. The paper is well printed and makes a creditable appearance. Another one in the same style is issued, I am told, at Damascus.

Here, at Jerusalem, I find a handsome magazine published in the Armenian language.

We began our day's researches by treading our way through the tents and camps of the pilgrims, who occupy all this quarter, waiting upon the religious services of the present (Passion) week. Very large numbers of these go down to the Jordan during their visit here. There they robe themselves in white cotton garments, bathe in the sacred river; and then, drying and preserving those garments, they take them back to their far-distant homes in Africa, Asia, Europe, and elsewhere, to be used as their *shrouds*. How much better is this superstition than that of the heathen.

I passed within the space of a mile through companies of Russians, Austrians, Poles, Turks, and a score of other nationalities, all travel-stained and foot-sore. The Russians wear the sheep-skin jacket, with the wool turned inside, and red, rimless hats. Others are dressed in the flowing and parti-colored costumes of the Orientals.

I did not visit the Upper Pool of Gihon, as it is used for a public bathing-place; but I observed that it is embroidered with Mohammedan cemeteries, presenting the picturesque and striking view of white-robed groups of women sitting around the broken turf of newly-made graves. But I went to the *Talitha Cumi* Hospital of the Prussian Sisters. Here I fell in with a most accomplished physician, who has made his residence here for the purpose of paying attention to the diseases of the country. He informed me that the practice of medicine in Mohammedan countries is a mere bundle of superstitious observances. The Orientals have always connected religion with medicine, as the wild men of all nations do, and use charms and incantations instead of drugs. Our American friend, Dr. J. T. Barclay, won a high reputation during the many years he lived here. At first he was obliged to contend with blindness, prejudice, and incredulity, but eventually overcame them all. A common native practice is for the doctors to write their prescriptions upon slips of parchment

and cause the patient to *lick off and swallow the ink*, in place of medicine! The people of Jerusalem, now, have an excellent resident English physician, Thomas Chaplin, M.D. At Beyrout, they have two American physicians of the highest order of medical skill, Dr. Van Dyke and Dr. Post.

The Garden of Gethsemane is a plot of ground a little more than half an acre in extent, surrounded by a high stone wall, having but one entrance, and that through a low gate. As the janitor justly said, "all must bow who enter here." We measured the walls by stepping seventy-five short paces on a side, equal to one hundred and fifty-feet. This hollow in the hills, a half-mile of garden ground, is termed *Jesmoniya* by the natives, and somewhere in it, no doubt, the garden stood. It is quite likely that this is the very spot. It is neatly kept and stocked with olives, cypresses and flowers. The olive trees are eight in number, each boarded up and protected from the pilfering propensities of visitors. Such noble and venerable trees! Rough in their trunks, so aged that their cavities are built up with stone for strength, but fruitful as only such patriarchal trees can be. Each has three, four or five stems springing from a single root, and these roots the same, doubtless, that supported the trees under whose shade Jesus walked, turned aside, prayed, knelt and agonized his soul even unto death. The thought is overwhelming. My mind, while here, was chiefly occupied in the thought that the resurrection of Christ is the guarantee of the resurrection of all mankind. A young lady went past me as I sat and read of the agony, the tears and the sweat. She was making the circuit of Gethsemane upon her knees. Her costly garments already soiled and ragged by her morning's work.—sobs and tears shaking her whole frame,—her hands wildly thrown above her head. I had never seen such a sight before. It recalled the long trains of Irish Catholics that I have observed on snowy winter mornings, *on their knees*, outside the church, each patiently waiting his turn to enter. It recalled the poet's words:

"With knees of adoration wore the stone,
A holy maid."

Whether this was religion or fanaticism must be left to the Great Searcher of Hearts to say.

In the services of Passion week, this is "*Tuesday before Easter*." The Scriptural references are those in Matthew xi. 12-19; referring

to His curse upon the barren fig-tree; and the driving out of the money-changers and pedlars who profaned the temple. Coming in from Bethany, where he had spent the night, our Saviour probably returned again to that village at the close of the day. It was during Tuesday that the Scribes and Pharisees plotted to take His life.

CHAPTER X.

A DAY ON MOUNT OLIVET—THE TENTH DAY.

CAMP OF THE ASSYRIANS, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24TH, 6 P. M.

IN going into the city, to-day, I passed clear round to the east side, and entered by the St. Stephen's Gate. The people here call it the *Gate of Lady Mary*, because they think the mother of Jesus was buried in a tomb east of this gate, near the Garden of Gethsemane. But the Bible doesn't say so. There are some carved lions over this gate, just like the stone lion we got at Kirjath Jearim.

As I went up to that gate, I saw the people burying a man in the graveyard close by. The body had been brought a good way, and as there was no coffin, the corpse was very offensive, reminding me of the expression of Martha in John xi. 39. The grave had been dug east and west. They laid the head of the corpse to the west, placing him on his right side, with his right hand under his right ear as a man does when he is listening for something. Hassan says that they do this, so that the dead man may hear Allah call him on the resurrection day. Then they sung a droning song that was terribly unpleasant to me. Then they took a number of sticks, and fastened them into the sides of the grave, crossways over the body, so as to leave quite a vacant place above it, so that when he shall rise on the last day, he may not have *to lift up a great deal of earth*. This dead man had a small tuft of hair on top of his head, which the angel of the resurrection will lift him up by. All the rest of his head was shaved smooth, the same way Hassan has his. Hassan says, in some places here they bury a dead man with a piece of stone in one hand and a small copper coin in the other. The *stone* is to be used at heaven's gate to knock for admission; the *money* is to pay the door-keeper. But none of these ceremonies are practised when a *woman* dies. Oh, no! They don't believe a woman has any soul, and therefore she can't go to heaven at all, or be raised up again by Allah or the angel.

The scenes in Jerusalem would fill a whole volume, I will describe only six.

First. A little girl about six years old. Another little girl about twelve. They are playing camel, and the big girl is the camel. She kneels down as the camels do. Then the little one climbs her back, clasps hands over her forehead, kicks her in the side, and makes a noise as the cameliers do. The big girl screams and gets up awkwardly, as a camel does, turns her head back, grinds her teeth, as a camel does, spits and shrieks, then away they both go, laughing just as such a merry pair of sisters should do. All the dress the two girls have on wouldn't cover a candle-stand decently. Their clothes are made of blue cotton, of the thinnest, cheapest, and raggedest character. But, oh, what a merry game of *camel* they do play!

Second. A chicken peddler comes by with strings of poultry swung all over him. The man is covered with hens. A rooster's head is sticking out where *his* head ought to be. An enormous pair of wings flaps over his shoulders, reminding me of a ridiculous old angel that I saw in a Greek church yesterday.

Third. Three laboring men have sat down on the sidewalk near me to eat their breakfast. They are hungry. Their only victuals are *libbarn*, or curdled milk in a small wooden dish, and *bread*, that looks as if made of such black sawdust as mahogany wood makes. I gave them some boiled eggs. And never was a lot of boiled eggs swallowed so fast before. Then the grateful fellows came up to thank me. Each one put his right hand under my right hand, so as just to touch it, and raised it up to his lips and kissed it. This is the way they do here.

Fourth. A female dog lies under the window opposite where I am sitting, and suckles her four pups, young things with eyes not yet opened. The sidewalk is only twenty inches wide. Thousands of people pass along it every day. Yet she gave birth to them there, and she will bring them up there; for nobody will disturb her even on that narrow sidewalk. At first she snarled at me, for she doesn't like the style of my clothes; but after I bought her a string of *kabobs* and some bread, she changed her mind. She saw that, after all, these outlandish clothes of mine may cover a human heart. And now, while I am making a drawing of her family, she wags her tail and turns her one motherly eye up at me with a grateful expression.

Fifth. A furious dog-fight surging down the street nearly carries me off my feet. Hassan, who was smoking outside a café watching me, came up with his *koorbash* and smote them. Anything like humanity seems foolishness to these people. They used to sew up

their prisoners in asses' skins and then burn them alive; used to cut their feet and hands off; burn out their eyes with hot irons; tear out their tongues by the roots. Hassan says he would love to treat all his enemies that way, and I believe him. He told me of a family of four brothers, living on Mount Lebanon, whose feet, hands, tongues and eyes were destroyed by a cruel tyrant more than thirty years ago.

All the time this dog fight was going on, the mother lay perfectly unconcerned, suckling her little dogs. The heroes of the two factions had agreed that *she*, at least, shouldn't be meddled with; though, to look at them, you wouldn't think there was so much gallantry in them.

Sixth. A Bedouin Arab, from the desert, comes riding by. As it is against the laws of Jerusalem for him to bring his weapons inside, he has left his spear and his horse pistols, and his long, flint lock musket, outside the city. But he hasn't left his wild, animal face, or his lustful eye, or his cunning, thievish leer. Not a bit of it. His horse is a hundred times more of a gentleman than the rider. What a splendid horse! As the Bedouin comes so near me that I could lay my hand on him, I give him the salute, and say *salaam aleik*, as much like an Arab as I can. Quick as a flash, he reins up his horse and looks at me. At first he hesitates, then answers my salute. Then he reaches out his dry, sunburnt hand, and whispers, *backsheesh*. I gave him some and he rode off in high glee. But if his noble horse could speak, *he* would say, "You Christian dog, I scorn you and your backsheesh! I am a proud, independent Arab steed, from the desert."

I wonder how these chaps can mount their horses with those long, eighteen feet spear handles in their hands.

To-day has been given to viewing Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. Harriet sketched and described the scenery near the top, while I wandered round the base and examined the Garden of Gethsemane, the Hebrew Cemetery, and other objects of interest. After climbing to the top of the ruined Church of Ascension, I went down to the Brook Kedron, and followed its course for some distance. There is no flow of water in it; nor is the Kedron at all such a thing as, in our country, we would term a *brook*. Fifty feet of stones and loose earth have been washed in, and now encumber its bed, so that we smile at the idea of having two stone bridges to span a dry ravine. Our Christian poets have found great euphony in the name

of *Kedron*. We associate it also with our Saviour's last and affecting visit to Gethsemane, and so the associations give it importance. As far back as A.D. 1322, Jerusalem had been so often destroyed, and its walls beaten down, and tumbled into the valley, that the bed of the Kedron was very much raised. Innumerable, white, flat stones overspread the valley here, each having a short, Hebrew inscription. It is here that aged Jews desire to be buried, that they may reach celestial happiness without having to make their way underground to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, as they believe every one will, who is buried elsewhere! They expect to arise from these graves at the resurrection, and to be the first to see their Messiah. I was sorry to observe, the other day, that a number of their old grave stones have been used, at a recent period, in building the walls in Mount Zion; the same thing was done in the twelfth century. It must be deemed the grossest of insults by these people. When they again get possession of their hereditary home, how quickly those walls will come down.

At Joppa, last week, the first hour that I spent upon holy earth, was given to writing the *story of the shell*. To-day, I broke a fragment of stone from the great wall that rises eighty feet at the south-east corner of Mount Moriah, and now write my

STORY OF THE STONE.

"I lay darkly and silent in the quarries under Mount Moriah, when the first builders of Jerusalem, the ancient Jebusites, gathered their materials, and erected their walls of defence upon Mount Zion. I slumbered there at the time of the pious meeting between Abraham and Melchizedek; and when the patriarch brought his son Isaac, here, forty-two years later, to an interrupted sacrifice upon the crown of the hill of Moriah; and when Jacob fled northward on his way to a divine vision, at Bethel; and when he returned, twenty years later, with his dying Rachel; and when Joseph passed here ten years afterwards, in search of his brethren. I heard the shock of the onset when Joshua took Jerusalem, at the point of the sword, two hundred and seventy-eight years later, and burnt it with fire; and the shock of the onset when King David, at the head of all Israel, took it by assault, four hundred and four years later, and made it the seat of his kingdom. I was taken, thirty-seven years afterwards, from the quarries, a *great stone*, hewed and squared and

laid up here in the east wall, one hundred feet from its base, facing the rising sun. Here I have remained for two thousand eight hundred and eighty years, and have witnessed great events. I saw the dedication of the temple, seven and one-half years after its cornerstone was laid. I heard the shout of the assembled millions who bowed their faces to the pavement and cried, 'For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.' The gleam of the fire from heaven and the shadow of the miraculous smoke, passed in turn over my polished face. I witnessed the coming of the great Chaldean, four hundred and sixteen years later, heard his battle-cry, saw the irresistible assault of his armies, the city ruined and the temple burned. Fifty-two years afterwards, I saw the little company under Zerubbabel return from Babylon and begin the pious task of rebuilding. Three hundred and seventy-one years later, I saw the great Macca-bæus perform a like pious undertaking. One hundred and forty-seven years later, I saw a third re-edification of the temple, by the monster Herod. Fifty-one years later, I beheld the triumphal procession of the Son of man as He passed over the great bridge connecting Mount Olivet with Mount Moriah, when the people of Jerusalem shouted 'Hosanna to the Son of David.' A few days afterwards the same people, fickle and untrustworthy, shouted '*Crucify Him.*' Then I saw the heavens darkened at mid-day and felt a trembling of the solid earth, such as Jerusalem rarely experiences. Thirty-seven years later, I witnessed the armies of Titus fortifying the hill east of me, and drawing their lines around the doomed city."

A morning and an afternoon upon Mount Olivet! Who would not covet so great a privilege! From 7 o'clock until 11 this morning, I sat under a temporary shade formed by stretching some green boughs upon a framework of sticks. This, I fancy, was much like the *booths* which the people made when the Tirshatha read the law of Moses in their hearing, and commanded them to go forth unto the Mount (of Olives) and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees (probably the fig, which is the *thickest* of all) to make booths. So "the people went forth and brought them and made themselves booths, every one upon the roof of his house, and in their courts, and in the courts of the house of God * * and sat under the booths" (Nehemiah viii.). From 3 o'clock till 5 this afternoon I sketched from a point about a quarter of a mile further north.

All intelligent visitors to Jerusalem have united in praising the

scenery from this point. It is mild and gentle, with soft variations of light and shade. One elegant writer calls the view "a solace of holy reminiscences pure and native." Raised one hundred and fourteen feet above the highest point of Jerusalem, and two hundred and ninety-five feet above Mount Moriah, which is the nearest part of Jerusalem to Mount Olivet, the sketcher sees the city as a continuous hill, standing out singly from the surrounding mountains. Here David stood, while contemplating with a soldier's eye the strong fortress of Jebus on the opposite cliffs, and preparing with his two hundred and eighty thousand men, choice warriors of Israel, to storm it (1 Chron. xii.). And Shishak stood here; and Nebuchadnezzar, and Titus, and all conquerors of Jerusalem; for from this point the defenses could best be viewed, and arrangements made for the attack. From here, perhaps, Josephus pointed out the various localities to Titus, who, with his Tenth Legion, made this an important point of observation during the long months of the siege. To this place, probably, Solomon conducted his chief architect, and showed him the narrow, rocky ledge of Moriah, which had been selected as the site of his proposed temple. From this commanding spot, all the imagery of the Levitical worship was best seen, and here Nebuchadnezzar studied it day by day during the eighteen months that *he* gave to the capture of Jerusalem. How it affected the royal mind may be seen from his singular dream or vision recorded in Daniel.

Observers may have stood here when the man born blind was led down to Siloam yonder, and came back seeing (John ix. 7); or when the impotent man took up his bed and walked from the margin of Bethesda yonder; or when the great Antiochus, swelling with anger, vowed proudly "that he would come to Jerusalem and make it a common burying-place of the Jews" (2 Macc. ix. 4); or when the early American missionary, Pliny Fisk, entered the Damascus Gate yonder, in 1825, to "go about his Master's business" at Jerusalem; or when Saul, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord" (Acts ix.), went out of that same gate to the persecution, and came back again several years afterwards, the humblest of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. They who stood here when the Jews "stoned Stephen" on yonder hillside, "calling upon God and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit" (Acts vii. 59); they who stood here when the great procession passed westward along this very pathway by whose side I am sitting—passed over garments spread in the way, and over branches

of trees, and went across the stupendous bridge, now destroyed, and through the portals of the Golden Gate, yonder, while "they that went before and they that followed said, Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Mark 11); and when Jesus "beheld the city," probably at this very spot where my booth has been set up, and "wept over it" (Luke xix. 41), just as he had wept over the sorrows of the disconsolate family at Bethany but a few days before (John xi.); finally, they who stood here on that dark, that doleful afternoon when "the earth did quake and the rocks rent" and "darkness was over the whole land until the ninth hour," because Christ, on yonder ridge, scarcely a mile from this spot, had given up the ghost, first enduring the pangs of the cross,—but my sentence can never be completed. *All those scenes* and a multitude of others, embracing incidents in the life of every Scriptural character from Abraham to Paul, passed within sight of spectators upon this memorable slope of Olivet where I sit.

The Roman Catholics here have eight convents, four for each sex, and four schools, two for each sex; also, a sort of theological college for training priests. To judge from what catches the eye, there seem to be more priests here, now, than work for them to do.

I was interested, to-day, in a sight that recalled to me some of the most affecting allusions in the discourses of our dear Saviour. It was that of a shepherd carrying two or three little kids and lambs in his bosom, while their distracted mothers ran after him, filling the air with their plaintive cries. He was only saving their untried feet from being bruised upon the rocks.

We agreed, the first Sunday after we left New York, that if we should ever reach Jerusalem, we would dedicate the eight veteran olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane to eight of those sweet song-writers and composers whose words and music we sang together on that Sunday, and which, like the pure "oil of joy" these olive-trees produce, have gladdened millions of hearts now reposing in the Family Above: Phillip Phillips, of New York; H. R. Palmer, of Illinois; J. D. Webster, of Wisconsin; Ossian E. Dodge, of Minnesota; C. R. Blackall, of Illinois; Alice Cary, of New York; Lowell Mason, of Massachusetts; B. F. Jacobs, of Illinois.

In the services of Passion Week, this is *Wednesday before Easter*. The Scriptural references of the day are those in Mark, from xi. 20 to xiv. 1-9. They include the feast at Bethany, in the house of Simon, the leper; the anointing of His head; His visit to Jerusalem

wildered in the windings of the great cave and fell in unawares. With an abundant supply of candles, however, and a guide who had often traversed the quarry, we turned northward around the pit, and went two hundred and seventy feet, where the excavation seemed to end abruptly. Near the circular pit is a small basin chiselled in the rock, about five feet in diameter, and two and a half feet deep, into which the water was anciently collected for the use of the workmen. We found it full, but the water bitter as that of Marah.

That this great cavity is a *Quarry* and not a natural cave, is plain enough, both from the general appearance of it and from the marks of the chisel on every side. The floor is piled deep with clippings made by working implements. Along the sides of the quarry, deep, narrow grooves were cut lengthwise between the blocks, some of which were unusually large, and these were then burst off by long levers or some other mechanical contrivance. Some magnificent halls were formed in this manner, while innumerable chambers and recesses stretch away to the right and left, showing that the rock was worked wherever it was found best in quality.

Dr. R. W. Stewart (in the "Tent and Khan") considers this quarry one of the most interesting discoveries yet made in Jerusalem. It proves that the great blocks seen in the walls of Mount Moriah were not brought from the very great distance formerly supposed, but from a place upon the continuation of the same mountain. This quarry being higher than the top of the platform on which the Temple stood, it was easy to roll the heavy stones down the inclined plane to their places. It proves, too, from its vast capacity, how much stone was used in the various structures connected with Solomon's architecture.

Great numbers of bats were clinging to the roof of the quarry, which in places is forty feet high. Bones of various kinds, brought in here by jackals, prove the use to which the great cavern has been turned. Numerous crosses are traced upon the wall, indicating that Christians, probably Crusaders, had been here, and a few Hebrew and Arabic inscriptions, too much effaced to be readable, may be seen. In the deep and retired chamber which terminated our last traverse, we joined hands and voices to sing Mr. Robert Lowry's exquisite hymn, "Jerusalem forever bright, beautiful land of rest." And this solemn place is dedicated to him as the man whose music above all others has delighted us upon our long journey hither, and in our Sunday-school and family devotions for years past.

To-day, also, we have visited Mount Moriah ; the enclosure styled by the natives the *Haram es-Shereef*, or Noble Sanctuary. It is a walled area of thirty-six acres and a half, containing the Mosk of Omar and many other buildings. The Mohammedan religion is emphatically a thing of the *city*. It is incomplete without its mosks, its schools, ulemas and muezzins; and these are only found in the larger towns. This is one reason for this passion of pilgrimage which affects them equally with the Christian and the Jew.

My first thought on entering here recalled the fearful succession of disease, famine, suffering and slaughter by pestilence and sword, which have always accompanied the capture of Jerusalem. For this little plat of thirty-six acres is that which the conquerors of Jerusalem have chiefly coveted. This place is *haram*, that is "sacred" equally to Jew, Christian and Mohammedan. Here the proposed sacrifice of Isaac (Genesis xxii. 10); the apparition of the destroying angel (2 Samuel xxiv. 16); the location of the Jewish Temple (2 Chron. iii. 1); and the celestial flight of Mohammed, are all located; and a volume might be written upon the incidents that have occurred here.

Three places, until lately closed to the Christian traveler, are now freely open upon the payment of *backsheesh*, viz. : the Great Mosk at Damascus; St Sophia's at Constantinople, and this renowned quarry. Only two places in the Holy Land yet remain closed, viz. : a portion of *Neby Daoud*, or the Tomb of David on Mount Zion, and the Tomb of Abraham at Hebron. In a few years more, I have no doubt, *they* will also be open to the influence of foreign gold.

The enclosure of the *Haram es-Shereef* lies in *length* from north to south, in *breadth* from east to west. The measure of the walls, beginning at the north-east corner and going southward, is 1,523½ feet; 916 feet; 1,600 feet; 1,038 feet. The height of the walls from the ground, *as it now appears*, varies from twenty feet to eighty, the greatest height being at the *south-east* corner. But this is deceptive, because the wall is covered up from the base to the height of fifty to one hundred feet in *debris* or loose earth and stone. It is probable that, if this portion of the original wall were exposed, it would stand nearly two hundred feet in height. It is immensely thick, and constructed of very massive stones, from six to sixty feet in length. The original Mount Moriah was a narrow ridge. On each side of it, five hundred feet from the centre, the workmen built those huge walls from the valleys, and then filled in all this space of thirty-six acres

level to the original height of the mountain. So these great walls only appear *on the outside*. Inside, they are only twelve or fifteen feet above the enclosure. The enclosure is nearly level, but inclines a little southwardly.

Nearly in the middle of this enclosure, is the celebrated Mosk of Omar, standing, I think, on the spot where the three successive temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel and Herod have stood. This mosk was begun A.D. 680—that is, 610 years after the destruction of Herod's temple, by Titus, and finished, like that of Solomon, in about seven years. It is a superb edifice, one hundred and seventy feet in diameter; an octagon in form, each side being sixty-seven feet. The height is the same as the breadth; viz: one hundred and seventy feet; and that, too, is about the original height of the wall at the south-east corner of the enclosure. The upper part, or dome of the mosk, is circular, and a more graceful and symmetrical dome scarcely exists. The Arabic name of the Mosk of Omar is *Kubbet es-Sakhrah*, or Dome of the Rock. This refers to a remarkable stone sixty by fifty-five feet, and ten feet high, part of the original crest of Mount Moriah, that was left lying in the middle of the mosk. It is probable that here Abraham erected his altar (Gen. xxii. 9); and here stood the Destroying Angel in the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite.

An immense cistern, now nearly dry, called the *Royal Cistern*, is not far south of the Mosk. I descended it by a flight of forty-four steps cut in the native rock, and waded through the shallow water, that covers only the bottom. It is seven hundred and thirty-six feet in circuit, and forty-two deep; therefore, its capacity is nearly two millions of gallons. A little way south of that is the Mosk el-Aksa.

The southeastern portions of the enclosure are supported upon long streets of covered arches, which I was anxious to enter, but they are now closed against visitors. We were admitted, however, to the grand, subterranean chamber under the Mosk el-Aksa, and with candles surveyed it to our satisfaction.

A broad avenue opened out before us, dark, indeed, but sufficiently lighted by our candles, down which we slowly walked towards the northern end of the mosk. The passage in which we were descending, sometimes by an inclined plane, and twice, at least, by steps, was supported on both sides by heavy columns of stone, built up and connecting with each other by low, round arches. These arches were closed up with loose, dry stone walls; and on asking what was beyond,

we were told that there were large cisterns of water on both sides. The middle of this passage was supported by two rows of massive monolithic round columns, every four columns supporting a dome-shaped arch, of large stones radiating exactly from the key-stone which was always a single round block, some six feet in diameter. This very peculiar style of supporting a roof is worthy of careful remark, inasmuch as it is not found, except here and in the hewn tombs in the rock on the hillside of Akeldama.

There are three gates on the north of the *Haram* enclosure, and eight on the west. There are none in the south and east, as the height of the pavement above the earth would require very extensive stairways. An old gateway, called the Golden Gate (*Porta Aurea* or *Babed Dahareyeh*) in the east wall, shows where the great or "beautiful gate" (Acts iii. 2) once stood, the same, no doubt, through which Jesus entered in His triumphal procession. (Mark xi. 11.) This gateway is four hundred and fifty-six feet from the north-east corner of the enclosure; it is fifty-five feet wide.

To enter into the *Haram-es-Shereef* requires a special order from the Pasha of Jerusalem. But this can now be secured by any one, *except a Jew*, on the payment of small *backsheesh*. No Jew can get permission to enter upon any terms, on peril of his life. A soldier was deputed to accompany us and protect us from the African *Mogrebins* or Guardians of the *Haram*, who are extremely fanatical.

After I had satiated myself with the view of this elegant mosk, I set my imagination loose among the events that have been crowded so thickly into this little inclosure of thirty-six acres. Here an infant boy was brought, from Bethlehem, the village just beyond yonder eminence on the south, "to be presented to the Lord," and with him a simple offering for a sacrifice, "a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons." (Luke ii.) I reviewed it all, and the image entered my soul. I heard the speech of Simeon, that "just and devout" man. I heard Anna, that "widow of about four score and four years." Not a word that they uttered, fell to the ground. Then I saw "the certain poor widow," who came "to cast money into the treasury." (Mark xii. 42.)

The only instance in which I have remarked a Mohammedan using a Koran during religious worship was to-day in the Mosk of Omar. Here was one reading aloud in a sing-song tone, emphasizing with hand and voice. The sound appears to improve the sense with them. Amongst these people the man who practises the ceremonies of his

creed openly is esteemed the *honest* man, the *respectable* man. It is a common reproach with them in talking to Christians to say "*we practice our religion openly; you never do. We show the crescent everywhere; you are ashamed to show the cross!*" Why then have we not before observed the Moslem devotees reading what they conceive to be their inspired Book? Simply because every devout worshiper of Mohammed *knows the Koran by heart*, and has only to repeat, needing no more to study it!

In the services of Passion Week, this is *Thursday before Easter*. The Scriptural references of the day are found in Mark xiv. 12-16. The place where the MASTER decided to eat the passover was selected. Then, in the evening, at the head of the twelve, He came into the city from Bethany, entered the large upper room selected, and sat down to the feast. Having eaten, he then instituted the new ceremony which was to show forth his death until he should come again. Towards midnight He left the city with eleven of the company and went to Gethsemane.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOHAMMEDAN SABBATH.—THE TWELFTH DAY.

CAMP OF THE ASSYRIANS, Friday, March 26th, 6 P. M.

THERE are enough stories of Jerusalem, if written out, to make a library. The Jews manufacture them; the Mohammedans manufacture them, and the Christians manufacture them. If you hire a guide to go around the city with you and tell you things, he will show you anything you want to see, and tell you anything you can swallow. Ask him for the fish-hook that Peter cast into the sea (Matt. xvii: 27) and he will go into some church, disappear out of sight for a half hour, and then bring you a rusty old *hook*, that he is prepared to say is the very identical one. Ask him to show you the cup and platter whose outside the Pharisees made clean (Matt. xxiii: 25), he will do it. Ask him to show you the place where the wicked and slothful servant digged in the earth and hid his lord's money (Matt. xxv: 18), he will lead you to the very hole. I am not sure but what, if you pay him enough for it, he will find you the *talent* itself.

In the church of St. Augustine, in Rome, are exhibited the cord with which Judas Iscariot hung himself; a wing of the Angel Gabriel; the comb of the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Lord; the beard of Noah, and the staff with which Moses divided the Red Sea.

The funniest thing about these traditions is *they prove so much*. Suppose you want to know where Elijah slept the night when he went on south, past Jerusalem. The guide will take you about four miles south of here and exhibit the very spot. If you ask them how they know that to be the spot, they show where Elijah *lay down on the limestone rock*; there is the *dent* made by his head, *dents* made by his shoulders, his hips, his knees. If you ask how came the limestone soft enough to leave such marks, they answer *backsheesh*.

Suppose you want to see the place where the Saviour ascended to heaven, instead of going across Olivet to near Bethany, as the New Testament describes it, they take you to the top of Olivet, right in sight of Jerusalem, and show you the spot. If you ask for the evidence, they show you the mark of Christ's foot in the stone. If you

tell them that mark looks no more like a man's foot than like a glass bottle, they say our Saviour's foot was not shaped like any other man's foot. Then they point to a small hole in the rock close by, that they say was punched by our Saviour's cane. If you remind them that the Bible doesn't say that Jesus used *a cane*, they answer, the Bible doesn't tell us *everything* about Jesus.

Every part of the human body—toes, feet, fingers, hands, head, shoulders—has left its marks here *in the rock*, as if the rock was no harder than putty, wax or dough. Yet this rock was very hard indeed, and always was. The stones that lie loose on the side of Mount Olivet are black flint stones, as hard as any flint I ever saw. I set some tinder on fire with my knife blade and a piece of that flint. The soldiers who guard travelers to the Dead Sea use that flint in their muskets for flint locks. A priest told me that our Saviour meant those flint stones when He said in Luke xix:40, "if these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out." Then I asked him how people's feet could make holes in such hard stones as that? He said I was a heretic.

I paid my fee of five francs four different times over to go into the Garden of Gethsemane. I looked at it over and over again. All the time I was reading there, Matthew xxvi., and Mark xiv. and Luke xxii., and John xviii., the guides were telling the pilgrims all manner of stories. "This is the spot where Peter's eyes were heavy." "This is the spot where James could no longer keep awake." "This is the spot where John lay down and slept." "Here the Blessed Saviour withdrew from His disciples about a stone's cast and kneeled down and prayed." "Here the drops of sweat fell like blood to the ground." "This is the spot where Peter smote the servant of the High Priest and cut off his right ear." "This is the spot where Judas betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss." "This is the spot where the young man left the linen cloth and fled from them naked." And every one of these spots they pretended to identify as exactly as one of the spots on the sun that the astronomers tell us so much about, lately.

These are the Roman Catholics. Now, if you get a guide who belongs to the Greek Church, a larger and more intelligent body here than the Catholics, only they wear different-shaped caps, they will tell you plainly that the Catholic *stories* are *lies*, and that the Garden of Gethsemane is a little further up the hill. And if you will pay them for it they will take you there and show it to you.

There is, also, a large Christian society here called the Armenians, and very nice people they are. But they, too, have got their traditions, any quantity of them. They showed me the stone that was rolled back from the door of the sepulchre, the very one that the angel sat on, (Matt. xxviii. 2) and the place where the Apostle James was buried. They showed me the prison into which Jesus was placed when the guards first took Him from Gethsemane, before the high priest was ready to examine Him. One lady said, "it was a well, and that Jesus sat there with His hands tied behind Him. The sun rose and sent a ray of light upon Him, and as He raised His eyes to meet it, His face was pale as death. He was disfigured with blood, and earth, and spittle. His hair was drenched, matted and disordered. His hands were manacled and pinioned. His vesture was disfigured and disarranged." All this is beautiful, but the Bible doesn't say anything about it. And the Armenians, also, showed me the tree to which our Lord was fastened, when He was smitten on the face, for His reply to the high priest. This makes three trees I have seen around Jerusalem, with stories to them. The first was an old mulberry tree near the Pool of Siloam, that shows the place where Isaiah was sawed asunder. I asked a Greek priest to show me the passage, in my pocket Bible, where Isaiah was sawn at all. As he couldn't read English, he showed it to me in his Greek Breviary. But as I couldn't read Greek, I didn't see it, and I don't believe it is there. The other tree is a tremendously old and withered fig tree, on the hill top, south of the valley of Hinnom, where they say Judas hanged himself. I asked the guide what Judas it was? He said *Iscairiot*. I asked him how long since Iscairiot hung himself? He said he would enquire of the priest and let me know. He said nobody ever asked him such questions before. The fact is, the pilgrims never ask the guides *any questions*. The guides show them things. They kiss the things, and then go on to see the next things. One man told me had seen more than three hundred miraculous things in one morning. The Armenians, also, show the building in which our Saviour washed the disciples' feet, and say that Mary was born there.

Around the Holy Sepulchre, outside, you can get as many stories told you as you choose to write down. They say there that when our Saviour was crucified, His face was turned to the *west*, but when He was buried His feet were pointed to the *east*; that when the hole for the cross was made, they found Adam's skull there; that the Apostles, the night our Saviour was betrayed, hid themselves in what is now

called the Tomb of St. James, but between His Crucifixion and Resurrection, in the Tombs above the valley of Hinnom; that the sacred fire was concealed in the bottom of the Well En-Rogel, at the time Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the Temple, and was brought to light again when Zerubbabel rebuilt the Temple; that near the Damascus Gate Christ gave to the Apostles the Holy Ghost and the Apostles' Creed; that the spot where Jesus "stooped down and, with His finger, wrote on the ground" (John viii. 6), can still be pointed out; that the place where He wrote the Lord's Prayer, in Hebrew, has been discovered on the side of Mount Olivet, and a rich French woman is building a church over it; that the Tomb of Eve stands by the Red Sea, and is a hundred feet long; the Tomb of Joshua is on the Bosphorus, ninety feet long; that of Noah is on Mount Lebanon, eighty-five feet long; that of Abel is close by Noah's, thirty feet long; that the window is still standing at which Pilate brought Jesus forth, and said, "Behold the man" (John xix. 5); and that pieces of the true cross are still preserved in different parts of the world. They say, also, that a writer in the year A. D. 400, was bold enough to claim that the sacred cross has inherent powers of reproduction; take away a portion and it is immediately reproduced; that every year a fire descends from heaven, in the Holy Sepulchre, and lights their candles for them; that in the palace of the Syrian bishop, near the Holy Sepulchre, is the silver font in which St. Mark was baptized; also a portrait of the Virgin Mary, painted by St. Luke; that the houses in which the rich man and Lazarus lived can still be shown; that in France, in the fourteenth century, they had part of our Saviour's crown of thorns, and one of the nails which fastened His hands to the palm-wooden beam, and the spear-head which the Roman centurion thrust into His bleeding side; while at Constantinople, they had the sponge, the seamless coat, one of the nails, and some of the cross; that in old times rain never used to fall into the Tomb of Mary, near Gethsemane, though it had no roof on it; that in the eighth century they showed, at Jerusalem, the holy grail, the sponge, the centurion's lance, broken in two pieces, and other relics equally curious; that the bodies of Nicodemus, Abido, Stephen the martyr, and Gamaliel, were buried on Mount Zion; that the tree out of which our Saviour's cross was made, grew on a spot west of Jerusalem, where they have built a fine church; that the marks of our Saviour's fingers may still be seen in the rock in Gethsemane; that the water in the spring, at Cana of Galilee, will make a man drunk to drink it; that in old

times the Tower of Hippicus was so high, you could see, from the top of it, *Mount Sinai*, on the south, and *Mount Hermon*, on the north. But these are stories enough for one day.

This Friday is the regular day for the Jews to visit the Wailing Place, and touch the second row of its great stones with their foreheads, and mourn for the desolation of Zion, a practice begun by them, A. D. 362. The place selected for this purpose is the nearest point to the ancient Temple to which they are permitted to have access. It is on the west side of Mount Moriah, about five hundred feet from the south-west corner. For the privilege of coming here they are required to pay a tax. Here the Israelite appears as Jeremiah, in his Lamentations, conceived him. His thin, intellectual face, glittering teeth, and his black ringlets shading his pale cheek, will ever be associated in my mind with this place. Here they show that state of excitement, which, with them, is considered essential to the existence of true devotion. The modern Jew, by nature, is enthusiastic and superstitious to fanaticism, and their ordinary worship in Jerusalem is accompanied with as much agitation and gesticulation as though they would take heaven by storm. At the Wailing Place they weep; they rock their bodies to and fro; they read those portions of Scripture most expressive of spiritual woe; they simulate, and no doubt *feel*, deep mental anguish. But I must confess it appeared to me, upon the whole, a sort of dramatic representation, as much so as the worship of the Papist and the Greek.

At their festivals, the Jews make a more pleasing appearance. Their costume then is picturesque,—velvet caps with borders of fur and robes lined with fur. But they enter upon their rejoicings in the same wild and extravagant manner as their expressions of grief.

There is an organization here called *The Hebrew Christian Mutual Aid Society, of Jerusalem*, that is doing something to ameliorate the condition of that race. Their Annual Report for 1867 showed collections and disbursements of about \$1,000 (in *piastres* 23,438), nearly half of which was contributed by the Hebrew Christians themselves. The objects are to relieve those actually in want, and to assist meritorious workmen in procuring tools and materials. Such a society as this, in this ancient city, carries the mind back to that early period described in Acts vi., when the infant Hebrew Church was compelled to choose deacons and stewards to attend to the temporal wants of Christ's poor.

Besides this, the *London Jews' Missionary Society* employs three

ordained ministers and six lay agents, and sustains a Depository at the Bible Depot. There is a Hospital and Dispensary connected with this enterprise, and a series of schools containing more than one hundred children.

We have frequently been told by acquaintances made here, that the political condition of the Jews is improving; and the fact is cited that in the City Council there is an Israelite, coupled with two Christians and four Turks. This is the Board of Aldermen. In another branch of the city government, there is also an Israelite. The number of Jews here is claimed to be nine thousand, having, of all sects, twenty-two synagogues and thirty Medrashim, or studying-places.

In the services of Passion Week, to-day is called *Good Friday*. It embraces all the scenes in the Lord's earthly life, from His Agony in Gethsemane to His Death upon Golgotha. It is "the day of days" in the Christian calendar. According to the writer of the article "Jesus Christ," in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible (the Archbishop of York), this event occurred on the 7th day of April, it being the 14th of the Jewish month *Nisan*.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JEWISH SABBATH.—THE THIRTEENTH DAY.

CAMP OF THE ASSYRIANS, Saturday, March 27th, 4 P. M.

WE have stepped the distance around Jerusalem to-day. Here it is:

From our camp at the north-west corner to the Joppa Gate.	300 paces.
To south-west corner	468 "
That is for the <i>west</i> side, 768 paces.	
To Zion Gate	195 paces.
To bend in south wall	294 "
To Mogrebbin Gate	244 "
To south-east corner	415 "
That is for the <i>south</i> side, 1,149 paces.	
To the Golden Gate	353 paces.
To St. Stephen's Gate	230 "
To north-east corner	360 "
That is for the <i>east</i> side, 943 paces.	
To Herod's Gate	359 paces.
To the Bend	250 "
To Damascus Gate	150 "
To north-west corner	660 "
That is for the <i>north</i> side, 1,419 paces.	

The total is 4,279, which, allowing five paces to the rod, gives 856 rods, or about two miles and two-thirds for the circumference of the city.

CAMP OF THE OLIVE TREE, Saturday, 7 P. M.

In sketching the noble oak tree, which has overshadowed our tents all the week, in full glory, with its shining green leaves, I find a close resemblance between it and the celebrated Abraham's Oak, near Hebron, which, botanically reckoned up, is a holm-tree, the *quercus pseudo-coccifera*, and the finest one, by universal consent, in Southern Palestine. The natives call it *scindiarn*. Its trunk is sound, twenty-two feet in circumference. A common name for it here is *baloota*. It is an evergreen. It shades a space more than ninety feet in circumference.

I have paid more than ordinary attention, to-day, to making a map of Jerusalem. In shape the city is a square, or rather a rhom-

boid. The north-east and south-west angles are *acute*, the other two *obtuse*. The east wall, for the whole length, is nearly straight. On the north and south sides, the wall bends *out*, and on the west side bends in.

From Joshua to Titus, fifteen centuries, Jerusalem was seventeen times besieged. Twice it was razed to the ground. Twice more its walls were leveled. Such is the history of the beloved site to which the Jewish rabbins affectionately refer in these words: "The world is like an eye: the *white* of the eye is the ocean surrounding the world; the *black* is the world itself; the *pupil* is Jerusalem; the *image* in the pupil is the Temple!"

I wonder that more has not been said by travelers, especially those who, like De Vogue, have made ancient architecture a specialty, in relation to the great quantity of *tesserae*, parts of mosaic floors, that are found all around Jerusalem. On Mount Zion, outside the walls, I discovered them in such great profusion, that I set some native boys at work to collect them; and, within the few days that I limited them, they had more than as many thousands. Thus far, I have not found, in any one instance, enough *tesserae* remaining cemented together to enable me to detect a pattern or device. I saw in Westminster Abbey, in the Chapel of Henry III., that the *tesserae* are of jasper, porphyry, alabaster, lapis lazuli, and other varieties of rare stone, arrayed in stars, circles, squares, wedges, lozenges, etc., from one-half inch to four inches long. These in my possession here are all of native stone. Roman history intimates that Sylla, B. C. 80, introduced this ornament into the palaces in Roman architecture. It became extremely common there, afterwards, and now the Italian workmen are famed throughout the world for their skill in mosaic handiwork. In the great Armenian Church on Mount Zion, the mosaic pavement resembles that of St. Mark's, at Venice.

The Armenians lived around their great convent on Mount Zion. The Greeks and Catholics north of them in the north-western quarter of the City. The Jews lived in the dust, between Zion and Moriah; the Turks in the northeastern quarter of the city.

All the native houses of the lower class we have seen, from Joppa to Jerusalem, are alike. They are stone walls plastered inside and out with mud; a roof of long poplar poles laid across, flat, having brushwood piled and woven together upon them, and the whole covered with mud and gravel. The house has but one room. The floor is the earth, pounded hard and smoothed over. No windows.

In one corner a fire is sometimes made, but there is no opening for the smoke. However, fuel is too costly to permit the luxury of fire, save for cooking, so this is of less importance. In front of these low and miserable huts you often see one or two handsome arches thrown over the entrance. It is the only thing in which the native builders excel—*raising arches*. With a few poles and a lot of brush-wood for a framework, they will fashion an arch of artistic shape and spring that is really beautiful. The only arch ever known to *fall*, in this country, was in the Protestant Church, in 1867, at Beyrouth. In that accident, several workmen were killed.

I cannot conceive a greater contrast between the splendid and magnificent structures erected in this country, first by the Jews, afterwards by the Romans and Crusaders, and the low, filthy huts in which the present population exist.

The Society represented by Lieutenant Warren here, is known by the rather insignificant title of *The London Palestine Fund*. It was organized by the best Biblical scholars of Great Britain, in 1865. The first person sent here by the Society, was Captain C. W. Wilson, who had already conducted an Ordnance survey of Jerusalem, at the expense of a wealthy English lady, Miss Coutts, for the purpose of supplying the city with water. They have engineered and mapped a large part of the Holy Land on both sides of the Jordan. For the last two years, Lieutenant Warren has had the sole charge, and is giving his principal care to the development of antiquities at Jerusalem.

Our visit to the Jews' quarter has been one of our most unpleasant experiences; and this, not only because that portion of the city is the filthiest, but as implying such degradation among the once-favored people. All the time I was there, the words of Isaiah were ringing in my ears: "Woe to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt." (xxix: 1.) How forcibly the poet has written the condition of these people:

"A proverb to most and a moral to all;
And a lamp unto others, though sitting in gloom.
He seems like a mute in a festival hall,
And is still looking forward for *that which hath come*;
Like the children of Eblis, he hideth his mart,
And walks through the world with his hand on his heart."

There was a paragraph, in a New York paper, recently, to the effect that there are more Jews in New York and Cincinnati, than

in the Holy Land. "Lo, I will command and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve." (Amos ix: 9.)

We had heard much of a Persian singer and reader of Oriental verse, who is giving readings in Jerusalem, from the poems of Hafiz and Firdousi, and others, and at my request he came this afternoon to our tent. The man exhibits but little outward show of a poet. The absence of his front teeth, his short, upper lip, a sickly smile stereotyped upon his countenance, and a harsh, cracked voice, such as I have observed in street-singers, at home, prepossessed me unfavorably towards him.

The bard was low of stature, slightly built and thin, even to a skeleton. His eyes were small, black and piercing, shadowed by thick brows, which, like his beard, were red. His lips were livid pale, the nails of his skinny hands long as talons. His head was closely shaven above the temples and covered with the *tarboush*, over which was the *kafeeah*, a coarse cotton handkerchief, triangularly folded, with broad stripes of white and yellow, the ends ornamented with a plaited fringe, hung on each side of the face down to the shoulders, and confined over the *tarboush* by two bands of a roughly-twisted black cord of camel's hair. An *abakh*, or narrow cloak made of camel's hair, of extremely coarse texture, broadly striped white and brown, and fashioned like the Syrian *bournoose*, or horseman's cloak, hung negligently about his person. Beneath the *abakh* he wore a long, loose cotton shirt, confined at the waist by a narrow leather belt. A pair of faded red buskins, very sharp at the toes, completed his costume. His instrument was the *Rebakeh*, or violin of one string.

Such was the unprepossessing appearance of a celebrated Persian poet, musician and *improvisatore*. Yet he showed one evidence of genius. He proved that he belonged to the irritable race of poets, by declaring that unless our dog and donkey were removed further from the tent he couldn't improvise. I admired his taste in this.

When I had offered him the conventional dish of sweetmeats and the fingan of coffee, his poor dull eye kindled up with an inspiration I was not prepared for, and he broke forth into an inspiring strain in a manner that I can no more describe than imitate. The peculiarity of Persian verse is a measured, musical utterance, filled with recurring sounds. Even their prose is interspersed with rhyme, balanced clauses and pairs of jingling names. Instead of Cain and Abel, for

instance, they say *Abel and Kabel*, and so of most of the traditional names.

His first piece was a religious poem, heart-rending and lugubrious in accent, but quite consolatory in sentiment. His next piece was the Arabic story of Moatzim and his pied horse, after which he discoursed of Antar, of Haroun al-Raschid and all the heroes of Oriental romance until his hour was exhausted.

We notice a peculiar wailing or screaming of females here. It is nearly the same at weddings, funerals and family mournings. In making it they let their voices die away into a low murmur, then gradually increase the sound until the whole womanhood present exert themselves to the top of their voices. The noise resembles the tremulous tones of the screech-owl, only much louder, and, until we get accustomed to it, more disagreeable.

The Oriental character of the Scriptural books causes them to abound in metaphors and symbols taken from the common life of the time. They take the wildest range, the barren precipitous rocks alternating with the green and fertile valleys—the trees, flowers and herbage—the creeping things of the earth—the fishes of the sea—the birds of the air—and all the beings which abide with man or dwell in deserts.

The gait of the women is ungraceful and shuffling, caused, probably, by the use of loose slippers, which require a peculiar stiffness of the foot to keep them on.

The better classes go to the graveyards wholly enveloped in what seems to be a large sheet, falling in folds to the ground as if thrown over a statue to conceal it or protect it from the dirt. As the sun goes down, these groups of women break up, and wrapped in their snow-white vestments, look like so many lengthened lines of vestal virgins ascending from the Pool of Gihon to the gate.

In the services of Passion Week, this is called *Easter Eve*. During this day, a seal was set by the Jews, and a Roman guard stationed at the door of the sepulchre in which the Lord's body had been lain. It was the Jewish Sabbath, and the city, resting from the passions and turbulence of the preceding day, lay calm and serene under the blue April sky.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH—THE FOURTEENTH DAY.

CAMP OF THE OLIVE TREE, SUNDAY, 5 P. M.

AMONG the objects visited this holy day, the most affecting one to me is the Protestant burying-ground on Mount Zion. For here in this little cemetery lies a woman, whose story is one of the most affecting ones in the history of missions. This was Mrs. Eliza N. Thomson, first wife of Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book." This lady came here with her husband, in May, 1834. They secured a house in connection with Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, of the London Jews' Mission, near the castle at the Joppa Gate. Having left his household effects at Joppa, Mr. Thomson started after them, May 20th, but, owing to the civil war then raging throughout Syria, he was unable to return to his family until July 11th, although but a day's ride distant. The experience of this dear lady, left thus for more than two long months in a strange city, is one of the most affecting recitals I ever heard. Scarcely had her husband departed, when the rebels closed in around the city, and at once shut out all communication from the coast. Cannons were mounted upon the walls, and the city prepared for resistance. May 24th, a terrible earthquake rent Jerusalem almost to pieces. The houses occupied by the mission suffered fearfully, and threatened to bury all within the ruins. The weather was intensely hot and sultry, and there was a *Khamsin* or Sirocco wind which gave a painful dryness to the air.

For several days they were compelled to sleep in the garden. By this time the rebels had commenced to fire into the city. The return fire from the castle was so directed that their dwelling-places stood between the two fires, and were greatly torn up by cannon shot. Then the rebels entered the city and murdered many of the people, drove the missionaries back to their doubly shattered tenements, and plundered them of nearly all their effects. Famine then afflicted the suffering ones, and but for the fact that the other missionary stations in Jerusalem kindly shared of their supplies, the worst consequences would have followed. Following upon this, came the plague, which nearly depopulated the city of what war and the earthquake had spared.

On the 11th of July, her husband returned to find that his brave wife, overcome by the heat and the excitement through which she had passed, was suffering from violent ophthalmia, and in a high inflammatory fever. She lingered eleven days, and died on the 22d of July. In her last hours she calmly sent messages to near friends, spoke of her dear babe with emotion, but resigned him to Him that gave.* Strangers bore her to the grave. Her sleeping dust, here on the top of Zion, near the sepulchre of David, lies awaiting in hope the joyful morning of the resurrection.

I spent many tears upon this precious grave. Oh, that I were worthy to participate in the crown bestowed upon this sainted creature! How truly has it been said that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church!

To-day we were again compelled to notice the prevalence of sore eyes, worse here than at Joppa. Scarcely a native we meet has good sound eyes or eyelids. Ophthalmia is the great epidemic of the Orient. One native traveler (Ali Bey) gives his opinion that this disease is produced here entirely by the irritation of the fine grains of sand, and the rubbing of the hand which the itching compels. This will scarcely explain the phenomena. The disease is plainly infectious; the flies that cluster around the children's eyelids carry the poison from one to the other. Nothing but cleanliness, good diet, and proper care of the infected can ever eradicate it. How affecting to me it was to read the petition of blind Bartimeus: "Lord, that I might receive my sight!"

Jerusalem is also sadly conspicuous for the great number of its lepers, and the desperate character of the disease as seen here. The law of Moses, which forbade the leper to approach a person, is so far regarded by this Mohammedan government, that the lepers are obliged to reside at night in a portion of the city by themselves. They form an isolated collection of huts just within the Zion Gate, from which every morning they spread themselves over the city to beg. People are generally kind to them, and many of them accumulate considerable money from alms. They form a distinct class, being only allowed to marry among themselves.

We attended a meeting held by the missionaries in prayer for the conversion of the Jews. There were about forty present, mostly inquirers, a few of them converts. German, Hebrew, and English

* That infant is now Prof. W. H. Thomson, M.D., of the University of New York.

were alternately spoken in the readings and discussions that followed. The chanting of David's Psalms was the finest thing of the sort I ever heard. That of Psalm iii., which was done in Hebrew, was absolutely thrilling. How it rang between those thick stone walls of the dwelling-house where we were sitting. How rich, full and strong is the Hebrew voice. There was an indescribable pathos and power in it, sung upon Mount Zion at the close of the Jewish Sabbath. I copy the first verse or two, giving the English sounds:

Solo—Halleluyah, Odeh Adonai !
Chorus—B'col layvav :
Solo—B'aod yesharim.
Chorus—Vayadar Odeh Adonai, b'col layvav,
 Baod yesharim, vayadah :
 Halleluyah, Halleluyah.

Nor must I forget to speak of the Protestant Sunday-school, in which, among other pleasing exercises, the children sung to our own familiar tune, "There is a Happy Land," a pretty Arab hymn, of which I copied one verse:

Li manzilum bead
 Fouka el samma ;
 Kilrou amran saled
 Haza el hana,

The street-scenes observed to-day were in great variety. A group of men playing dominoes. They enjoy that silly game. They fairly scream with joy when one of them makes a double; and when the big one-eyed fellow matches his last domino, while the little one-eyed fellow has a whole handful left, they laugh so loud that a woman overhead opens her lattice-window to see what's the matter. But when she sees me drawing her picture, she pulls it in very quickly. She is right; for her hair hasn't been combed and she looks ugly.

A group of six idle women are looking at the sore-eyed dirty baby of a seventh idle woman. These folks enjoy their own ignorance better than other people's wisdom.

A couple of men going by chained together. A soldier guards them. This is the way St. Paul left this city once (Acts xxiii. 31). Hassan says they came from Bethel, twelve miles north of here, and that they haven't paid their taxes this year. He says this is the way government collects taxes. Says their friends will come to-morrow with the money and pay them out. But they will have to lie in the dungeon near the Joppa-Gate, to-night, and a horrible place it is.

One of the men told me he owed fourteen *herresh*, that is *piastres*.

The other one owed forty *herresh*. They said they didn't want anything to eat, but they wanted a smoke. So I gave them a bunch of cigarettes. They kissed my hand and went off cheerful. They were alive with vermin, which hopped on my clothes while they were kissing my hand. In this country a man may be kept *forever* in jail if he owes the government. But if he only owes *another person*, he can swear out as an insolvent as soon as he pleases, by taking the benefit of the Bankrupt Law.

A man whipped by the officers. The soldiers laid him on the ground, face downward, each foot and hand being held separately. Two soldiers then whipped him alternately on his bare back, thirty blows, with thongs of leather. How he hallooed. The soldiers laughed, and so did the spectators.

Few merchants here sell more than one kind of goods. The stock of each one is very small; five hundred dollars will set up the best Jerusalem trader I have seen, with the exception of Mr. Berghem.

A street itinerant musician who has an instrument that is turned with a handle like a hand-organ, but sounds like a diseased melodeon. I can't understand the Italian what he calls his instrument, and Hassan can't understand him either. But as I don't want to hear him play I give him *backsheesh* to move on. He also blows on a sort of double reed, music almost as disagreeable to me as the Scotch bagpipe.

A drove of she-goats under charge of a woman, a funny, little, dried-up woman in mannish trowsers. She makes a goaty noise, and when people open their doors, she stops, milks a goat,—takes their money and travels on. The rest of the goats lie down and sleep while she is milking. I shouldn't like to drink *that* milk after seeing her milk it. A boy walks with her who has a pair of trowsers made of chintz, the large pattern used for settees. The pattern is green parrots, and he has a whole green parrot behind him.

A man with a skin of water under his arm, peddling it out like lemonade. I took a cupful and paid eight paras for it. That is nearly a cent. It wasn't good. Tasted as if it had soap in it. Was hairy and muddy. When I handed it back, the fellow poured it in again with the rest. And yet they say they rank good water here among the best gifts of nature.

A boy with a lot of long green crooked squashes. People eat them here raw, like watermelons. I tried a few mouthfuls and it was good.

A fat negro woman riding by, man-fashion, on a mule. Has enormously large rings on her hands, a green glass breastpin and earrings. A gay embroidered belt goes round and round her waist. String of amber beads as big as sparrow eggs round her neck. Ragged piece of white lace round her head. Is eating a handful of *particcio*, a sort of candy which people here are very fond of.

Parcel of Greek sailors mounted on donkeys. Each donkey has a boy running behind to punch the donkey up. Most of these sailors are drunk. The rest are fast getting drunk, for they drink as they ride.

Some women from Bethlehem. They wear strings of coins of gold, silver, and copper in a sort of helmet around their heads. Hassan says they would rather die than lose these queer ornaments. They look homely enough for them to want to die to *get rid* of them. These strings of coin are handed down from mother to daughter for hundreds of years. He says nobody ever steals them. I asked one of the women what she would take for hers? She answered: *Al insarn laho aahl amma al baheema fala*. That means, "men have got sense, but *beasts* haven't." These women were dressed in bright blue petticoats with scarlet bodices and snowy white head dresses. They looked more like American women than any other females I have seen in this country. They live close by the place where our Saviour was born. The most of them only wear one dress apiece, a kind of blue chemise.

The Turks pray a great deal. Each one of them has a string of one hundred beads around his left wrist, and he keeps slipping them along, one at a time, with his right hand, repeating the names of God. Here is the list of one hundred, one for each bead :

O Compassionate, O Merciful, O King, O Holy One, O Saviour, O Protector, O Defender, O Glorious, O Absolute Sovereign, O Magnificent ; O Creator, O Author of Nature, O Maker of the Universe, O Thou Who Forgivest Sins, O Conqueror, O Truly Generous, O Preserver, O Victorious, O Omniscient, O Omnipotent ; O Boundless, O Humbler of the Proud, O Elevator of the Humble, O Author of all Honor, O Author of all Humiliation, O Thou Who Hearest, O Thou Who Seest, O Judge, O Just, O Thou Worthy of Love ; O Truly Wise, O Great, O Gracious, O Rewarder of Thy Servants, O Most Mighty, O Most High, O Guardian, O Thou Who Affordest Nourishment, O Avenger, O Sublime, O Beneficent, O Observer of Actions, O Hearer of Prayer, O Boundless, O Source of Knowledge, O Source

of Glory, O Thou that Lovest Us, O Cause of all Causes, O Witness, O Truth; O Governor, O Strong, O Permanent, O Master, O Object of all our Praises, O Thou that Calledst Being From Nothing, O Calculator; O Author of the Resurrection, O Giver of Life, O Giver of Death; O Living One, O Enduring, O Source of Discovery, O Worthy of all Honor, O Thou Only One, O Immortal, O Powerful, O Thou to Whom Nothing is Impossible, O Thou Who Existest Before all Ages, O Thou Who Existest After all Time; O First of Beings, O Ancient of Days, O Eternal, O Invisible, O Manifest, O Our Patron, O Our Benefactor, O Thou Who Dost Accept Our Repentance, O Thou Who Dost Justify Us, O Thou Who Dost Punish; O Benign, O Sovereign of Nature, O Possessor of Glory and Majesty, O Equitable, O Thou Who Wilt Re-assemble Us at the Day of Judgment, O Rich, O Source of Riches, O Lord, O Thou Who Dost Deliver Us From Evil, O Thou Who Dost Permit Evil to Come; O Author of all Good, O Illuminator, O Guide, O Marvellous, O Unchangeable, O Thou Whose Inheritance is the Universe, O Director, O Patient, O Mild, O God.

In the Arabic language each of these expressions is made up of only one word. But in the English, some of them must make a whole sentence.

Just below us is the valley of Jehoshaphat, in which both Jew and Mohammedan locate the awful tragedy of the judgment day. How appropriate these tremendous words *Dies Iræ*:

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes, ante Thronum.

Among the very large collections of specimens we have made here, I enumerate: rosaries of olive-seeds, dried and strung neatly; ancient coins, more than one thousand two hundred, representing periods from Alexander the Great (B.C. 333) to the era of the Crusaders; (A.D. 1099) ink stands made of the bitumen stone of the Dead Sea; carved shells from the Red Sea, wrought at Bethlehem; models of the so-called Holy Sepulchre; dried flowers from sacred places; elegant specimens of calc-spar and the various calcareous and silicious stones of this vicinity; bottles of the waters of Siloam, En-Rogel, the Fountain in the Great Quarry, and other water pools; specimens of the earth from Akeldama, Gethsemane, and other noted localities; photographs made here of all the striking points, costumes, and of

Jerusalem; models of the Tomb of the Kings, Tomb of Lazarus, and other ancient tombs; and many other things. To take to Joppa the numerous and ponderous boxes in which these are packed we have employed a *camelier*, with five camels.

Among the sects of Roman Catholics that abound here, the *Franciscans* have most attracted our attention. They are styled "Fathers Minors of the *ab observantia*." The order was first established by St. Francis, in 1209. Webster's dictionary defines them, "pious laymen, who devote themselves to useful works, such as manual labor schools, etc." All the sacred places in Palestine are under their care, and have been since their founder received, from the Sultan of Turkey, this right to him and his Order in perpetuity. For more than six hundred years they have maintained their place, often amidst great trials and sufferings. Their general guardian resides here; he is always an Italian, and is elected for three years. He has fourteen convents subject to him in the Holy Land, employing one hundred and fifty monks. The convents at Joppa and Ramleh, and the Garden of Gethsemane, are under the care of Franciscans. Their convents are denoted by the emblem of "the crossed and stigmated hands," representing the pierced hands of Jesus.

The Protestants have a church on Mount Zion, the property of the London Jews Society, in which services are conducted in Hebrew, daily, at six A.M., during the summer, at seven in the winter. English service on Sundays, at ten A.M., and during Lent; also, an evening service at half-past seven. German service at four P.M., in summer, and three P.M. in winter. In the adjoining school-room, a service in Judeo-Spanish, on Sundays, at half-past seven A.M., and a German service on Wednesdays, at seven P.M. The Arabic chapel is a commodious building, leased by the Church Missionary Society, in which the Rev. F. A. Klein officiates, in Arabic, every Sunday morning, at ten o'clock.

Somewhere, in yon north-eastern part of the city, was probably the Golgotha, the *place of a skull*, where the cross stood. Not in the centre of the city where the "Holy Sepulchre" stands. That is incredible. If now, when Jerusalem is reduced to one-third its ancient limits, that location is still so far *within the city*, how much less likely is it that in the palmy days of Jerusalem, the spot could have been *outside* the walls! Jesus was crucified "without the gate." "Jesus, also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate." Hebrews xiii. 12.) We do not know *which gate*.

Dr. Barclay thinks it was the one now called St. Stephen's Gate, and somewhere, not far off, was "the garden," (John xix. 41,) and in the garden "a new sepulchre which was hewn out of the rock," (Mark xv. 46,) the "own new tomb" of Joseph (Matt. xxvii. 60); "wherein never man before was laid." (Luke xxiii. 53.) From this place, then, He arose on the third day, "very early in the morning;" "as it began to dawn;" "when it was yet dark." So here I hasten to interrupt my sleep, that on this "first day of the week," consecrated as a Sabbath day, in perpetual memory of the resurrection of Jesus, I may commune for a sweet morning hour with the spirit of the place. "Then He arose." How often has that Easter Anthem rung in our happy parlor at home!

"Then first humanity triumphant passed the crystal ports of light."

Then it might have been said that "truth sprung out of the earth; righteousness looked down from heaven; mercy and truth met together; righteousness and peace kissed each other." (Psalm lxxxv.)

Nor must I forget that, according to the received opinions of the Christian world, *this is Easter Day*, the day of Christ's resurrection. The city yonder has been all astir with the celebration. Always early risers, the natives and the pilgrims vied with each other, this morning, which should earliest forsake their slumbers and engage in what they deem the most pious duty of their lives.

The house of the Prussian Mission of the Knights of St. John, adjoining the Prussian Consulate, is a cleanly, comfortable mansion, all of stone and cement, as all the houses in Jerusalem are, and the furniture extremely neat and appropriate. It is a charitable establishment, all Protestants being admitted, so far as the capacity of the house admits, whether they can pay or not. Those who pay are charged five francs a day each.

From the level housetop of this mansion, I look right down upon the open area of thirty-six acres, in which the Temple of Solomon stood. The topmost crescent of the Mosk Omar, which is seventy feet high, is about on the level of my eye. From this point all the details of the ancient Temple, and its gorgeous service, must have been visible.

And now, before retiring to sleep, let me enjoy from this housetop the matchless glory of the Oriental heavens. Upon a housetop, in this very city, the Royal Psalmist, too, looked above and around him, three thousand years ago, and saw what I do now. The scene in-

spired him. He burst forth into words almost as sparkling, almost as sublime, as the astral imagery that called them forth. "When I consider The heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is *man* that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of *man* that Thou visitest him?" (Psalm viii. 3.) "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth His handiwork." (Psalm xix. 1.)

The milky way shines with a lustre so far exceeding that which it has along its northern semicircle, that I cannot help thinking heaven is nearer Palestine than New York.

The Jews believed the heavens to be an immense crystalline dome, studded with stars; this dome, resting upon the horizon, and separating the waters above from the waters below. Such a faith seems but little out of place here.

As I gaze, a brilliant meteor goes gleaming down the valley of the Kedron, to the south-east, and points the way which we are to take, to-morrow, when we visit the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

FASCIICULUS
OF
DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLETS,
OF THE ONE HUNDRED OBJECTS
IN
THE TREASURE-BOX FROM HOLY LAND.

COLLECTED, DESCRIBED, AND GUARANTEED BY THE
AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

— This sheet contains 14 of our Descriptive Leaflets, prepared to serve either as Lectures in Object-Teaching, or for Domestic Instruction, or private Reading. Each of our 100 specimens is described with similar minuteness and reference to Biblical authorities, so far as subjects permit.

THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

This Society was organized in 1869 under the title of *The Scholars' Holy Land Exploration*. After the great calamity at Chicago, Illinois, October, 1871, in which the Society suffered the loss of all its books, plates, and Holy Land collections, a reorganization was effected under the present title, the same Directors being continued, and the aims of the Society unchanged. These are in brief:—

FIRST.—*To explore the Lands of the Bible in the interest of religious instruction.*

We sent out one party (in 1873) and have aided a considerable number of American travelers in their researches in Holy Land. If no further misfortune befalls us, we hope ere long greatly to enlarge this part of our work.

SECOND.—*To publish in books, magazines, and the general press the results of our traveling researches and the correspondence of our resident Directors in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor.*

We have published 6,000 copies of our "Youthful Explorers;" also, the initial number of our monthly, styled "The Holy Land." We have furnished for the religious and secular press more than 1,200 articles in the form of essays and correspondence upon Holy Land topics.

THIRD.—*To furnish information, through skilled and pious Lecturers, upon all subjects wherein the LAND of Holy Scripture sustains the accuracy of the Book.*

Our Lecturers have delivered more than 800 Lectures in various parts of the United States and Canada, before Sunday-school Conventions, Ecclesiastical assemblages, and popular auditories, using the objects brought from Holy Land as *media* of instruction upon the purpose and meaning of the Holy Bible.

FOURTH.—*To collect, collate, identify, describe, and distribute all manner of objects found in Biblical countries that throw any, even the slightest rays of light upon "the mind of the Spirit" as opened in the Divine Narrative.*

In this department our greatest efforts have centered. Having the President of our Society, Mr. Floyd, resident at Joppa; the Vice-President, Mr. Rogers, at Cairo, Egypt, and resident Directors in Syria and Asia Minor, we are enabled to secure guarantees of the *authenticity* of the specimens and the best information upon the names and character of the objects themselves. Although in the conflagration before named we lost a *quarter of a million* specimens collected

and prepared for distribution, yet through the popularity of our work, we have sent out, previous to and since that fire, about 200,000 specimens such as are named in the Catalogue of one hundred hereto annexed. By the favor of God, and the patronage of Bible believers, we see our way clear now to extend these distributions into millions during the present generation, by placing a Treasure-Box in the family of every Christian believer; by furnishing every Sunday-school with a cabinet of the rarer articles; by enriching every Museum and Scientific collection in the land with suites of geological objects, specimens in Natural History, etc., and so bringing to the distant West the full advantages in Biblical study enjoyed by those whose lot is cast in the hallowed East. The prayers and material aid of all the servants of God are earnestly solicited for this undertaking.

OFFICERS OF THE EXPLORATION, 1873-4.

PRESIDENT—Rolla Floyd, Esq., *Joppa, Syria*.
 VICE-PRESIDENT—E. T. Rogers, H. B. M. Consul, *Cairo, Egypt*.
 TREASURER—Col. H. J. Goodrich, 125 Dearborn street, *Chicago, Illinois*.
 SECRETARY—Robert Morris, LL.D., *La Grange, Kentucky*.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

[The four officers above-named, together with one person in each State, Dominion, and Territory. A few only are given below for want of room.]

PENNSYLVANIA.—I. N. Baker, A. M., Editor of "Sunday-School Times," *Philadelphia*.
 SCOTLAND.—Prof. C. Plozzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal, *Edinburgh*.
 NEW YORK.—Albert L. Rawson, A. M., Oriental Artist and Explorer, *New York*.
 CANADA.—Hon. W. Mercer Wilson, LL.D., Queen's Judge, Norfolk Co., *Simcoe*.
 KENTUCKY.—Rev. George S. Savage, D. D., State Agent, American Bible Society, *Covington*.
 ILLINOIS.—Edward C. Mitchell, D. D., Prof. Hebrew Lit. Union Theological Seminary, *Chicago*.
 OHIO.—William C. Peirce, Ph. D., Prof. Ancient Languages, Baldwin University, *Berea*.
 IOWA.—Rev. John Wheeler, D. D., Pres. Iowa Wesleyan University, *Mount Pleasant*.
 DISTRICT COLUMBIA.—Rev. John Trimble, D. D., *Washington*.
 NEW JERSEY.—Rev. John Sheville, A. M., Oriental Explorer and Lecturer of this Society, *Springfield*.
 DELAWARE.—Rev. O. Farish Flippo, Editor of "The Visitor," *Wyoming*.
 INDIANA.—Richard Owen, LL.D., President Pardee University, *Lafayette*.
 MICHIGAN.—Henry A. Ford, A. M., Editor "Michigan Teacher," *Niles*.

[All Ministers of Evangelical Churches and Superintendents of Sunday-schools, associated with them, are affectionately invited to become Directors upon the Board of Counsel of this Society.]

CONDENSED CATALOGUE of The Century Cabinet, or One Hundred Specimens in the Treasure-Box from Holy Land.

[Each specimen is carefully labeled with a number, referring to the "Descriptive Leaflets," of which 14 are given in the following pages. The box entitled "Treasure Box," is a large, strong paper box, sufficiently attractive for a center-table, and capable of holding the one hundred specimens named.]

WOODS, 26 kinds.

WATERS (Vials), from 4 places.

EARTHS AND SANDS, from 6 places.

SHELLS, Sea, Land, and Fluvial, Sponge.

ARTICLES OF FOOD. The various Grains, Seeds of Vegetables, Oils, Sirups, Wine, Caroo-pods, Pomegranates, Sycamore Figs.

MINERALS, METALS, ORES, etc., about 30 kinds.

BOTANICAL OBJECTS, Seeds of Acacia, Leaves, Cuttings, etc.

COINS, Roman, Byzantine, Modern.

MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS. A large variety.

Every purchaser of a Box of Specimens, becomes, without further charge, a Life-Member of the American Holy Land Exploration and receives a certificate of membership.

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 1.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of Heavenly things?"—JOHN iii. 12.

The Marble from the Great Quarry under Jerusalem.

This stone, SPECIMEN No. 1, is a specimen of the kind of which the houses, walls, and fences about Jerusalem are built. The natives call it *Melekeh*; but by travelers it is called Jerusalem Marble. It is taken from a deep, dark cavern under Jerusalem, called "The Great Quarry," because all the stone used in building the city in ancient times, was quarried there. This cavern was discovered a few years since, after having been concealed for many ages from the eye of man. It is full of pits and heaps of rubbish, and it is necessary to take candles or torches to explore it. The hills around Jerusalem are honeycombed with such caverns, only usually smaller. The ancient sepulchres were little caves chiseled in the rocks, just as this Great Quarry was. [Read *John xi. 38, xix. 41*, and many other passages.]

This SPECIMEN No. 1 of *Melekeh* is soft, white, and makes a fertile earth. Its softness accounts for the dustiness of the country, for this stone easily crumbles to dust, and is blown about by every wind. It is on this account that the Bible has so many references to dust. And as the shoes which the natives wear only cover the soles of the feet, travelers usually wash their feet after a day's journey, for which the host provides a basin of water.

This stone being so white, the Holy Land has a grayish appearance, particularly around Jerusalem, where the ground seems as if sprinkled with ashes. In hot weather, when the sun glares down upon the rocks, this color is painful to the eyes. Besides this, the dust has so much lime in it, that it dries up the lids of the eyes unless they are often washed. This explains why there is so much blindness among the people. It was so in the time of our Saviour, who healed blind men at Capernaum, Bethsaida, Jericho and Jerusalem.

This stone makes a very rich earth when crumbled to dust, and explains why the Holy Land was one of the richest countries named in history. Almost every variety of vegetable grew in the gardens of the Jews. The grape vines were large, and the clusters of grapes extremely heavy. The fig-trees bore rich loads of fruit. Olive oil was made of the purest and sweetest quality. The flowers were so juicy and fragrant that there was no honey superior to that made in the Holy Land, and no milk richer. The wheat was fine and heavy; the oranges large, sweet and abundant. Dates, apricots, plums, prunes, citrons, lemons, bananas and guineas were large and luscious. God dealt most graciously with those people in giving them a soil in which the industrious farmer could procure every thing needed for the support of man.

The common name of this stone is Jerusalem Marble. The word "marble" in the Scriptures is found in the following passages: "Marble stones in abundance"—(*1 Chronicles xxix. 2*); "Pillar of marble; pavement of red and blue and white and black marble"—(*Esther i. 6*); "Pillars of marble"—(*Canticles v. 15*); "Brass, iron and marble"—(*Revelations xviii. 12*).

This SPECIMEN No. 1 comes from the same quarry as the *Mezseh*, or SPECIMEN No. 2, broken from the Great Wall around Mount Moriah. Although so much more white and soft, yet by long exposure to the weather it becomes hard and dark-colored, and so makes a good building stone. The SPECIMEN No. 11, from Anathoth, is much the same sort of stone.

To visit the Great Quarry from which this SPECIMEN No. 1 was taken, the traveler must go out at the northern gate of Jerusalem (called "The Damascus Gate"), turn to the right about one hundred paces, and enter a crevice under the City wall. Stooping and entering that, with lantern in hand, the marble of the Great Quarry is exposed to view. There, on the sides are Hebrew letters and Christian crosses. From the depths of that great cavern laborers procure the vast stone blocks now seen in the City walls. There the inhabitants concealed themselves from the sword of the enemy. There the criminals endeavored to hide from the hand of justice. Many dark deeds have been performed in that fearful dungeon.

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 1 speaks to us who love the Word of God and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 2.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord."—*Ezekiel* xxxiii. 30.

The Marble from the Temple-Wall at Jerusalem.

This stone, SPECIMEN No. 2, is a specimen from the mighty Foundation-Walls erected nearly 3,000 years since, to support the Holy Temple at Jerusalem. Mr. Rollo Floyd, the President of *The American Holy Land Exploration*, broke this piece from one of the great stone blocks which are still standing on the eastern side of the ancient wall.

This specimen of stone is what the natives call *Messeh*. It comes from the same quarry under Jerusalem as the soft, white SPECIMEN No. 1; but having so long breasted the storms and seasons, it has become hard and colored red. This *Messeh* is so hard that when our workmen, underground, come across a large piece of it, they are compelled to break it up by the help of gunpowder.

The wall off of which this piece of *Messeh* was broken, was standing there, just as it now is, when our Saviour was carried, at forty days old, from Bethlehem into the Holy Temple at Jerusalem "to present Him to the Lord"—(*Luke* ii. 22). It was there when He was twelve years old and came up with His parents from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and tarried behind after they had set out for home, and was found "in the Temple sitting in the midst of the doctors both hearing them and asking them questions"—(*Luke* ii. 46). And it was there when, near the close of His glorious ministry, He made his triumphal entry into the Temple at Jerusalem, while the children sang "Hosanna" to the Son of David, and "all the City was moved saying, who is this?"—(*Matthew* xxi. 10-16). As He passed over the great bridge which at that time connected Mount Olivet with Mount Moriah, some of the crowd were probably standing, leaning against this very stone, looking upon that grand procession of worshipers overhead, and wondering to what these things should tend. Had a person been there on that night when Jesus was betrayed, he might have seen from this point the MAN OF SORROWS in the hands of the soldiers, led away to the palace of the High-priest; for the Garden of Gethsemane is in plain view, and not exceeding four hundred yards from the spot.

The wall off of which this piece of *Messeh*, SPECIMEN No. 2, was broken, is very strong. It is built of great stones, some of them thirty or forty feet long, and immensely heavy. It is nearly two hundred feet high; but few church steeples are so high as that Josephus says in his History, written 1,800 years ago, that it makes a person giddy to look down into the valley of the brook Kedron from the top of this wall. Every visitor there at the present day will say the same. In the account of our Saviour's temptation, we read that "the devil brought Him to Jerusalem and set Him on a pinnacle of the Temple"—(*Luke* iv. 9). This pinnacle overlooked the great wall from which this SPECIMEN No. 2 was broken.

The great wall from which this SPECIMEN No. 2 came, is 1,500 feet long. At the foot of the wall are hundreds of graves, in which Mohammedan people are buried. Many of the graves have flat stones lying over them, in which little basins are cut to catch rain water, that the birds lighting upon them, may drink. Every Friday the Mohammedan women come here and sit for hours among the graves, to talk of their dead friends, and mourn their loss. And while the Mohammedan women are thus grieving and lamenting their dead, near the great stone from which this specimen was broken, the Jewish people, men, women and children are engaged on the other side of the wall, a quarter of a mile further west, in singing mournful songs and crying out in sorrowful strains for the loss of their City and Temple, and the dispersion of their people among all nations.

In the crevices of the great wall from which this SPECIMEN No. 2 was broken, the sparrow builds her nest, and rears her young undisturbed, as when King David, who lived in Jerusalem, wrote, "The sparrow hath found an home, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God"—(*Psalms* xxxiv. 3).

In the crevices of the great wall from which this SPECIMEN No. 2 was taken, many bunches of hyssop grew, recalling various passages in the Scriptures, particularly that in which the soldiers watching the Crucifixion of Jesus "filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth"—(*John* xix. 29).

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 2 speaks to us, who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning.

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 11.

"Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee."—JOB xii. 8.

Striated Marble from Anathoth.

This stone, SPECIMEN No. 11, is a specimen of the Stained or Streaked Marble from Anathoth, a village about four miles northeast of Jerusalem. It was the place to which King Solomon exiled the priest Abiathar—(1 Kings ii. 26). It was the native place of Abiezer, one of King David's thirty captains—(1 Samuel xxiii. 27). The prophet Jeremiah was born in Anathoth, as we see in the very opening of his book. The prophet Isaiah calls it "poor Anathoth" (x. 30), because the mighty armies of the enemy were approaching to destroy it.

This SPECIMEN No. 11 reminds us that Jeremiah bought a field of his cousin, in Anathoth, for seventeen shekels of silver (\$2.72), to share his faith in the return of the Jewish exiles from Babylon—(Jeremiah xxii. 9). Possibly the quarry from which this SPECIMEN No. 11 was taken, was a part of Jeremiah's field.

The red streaks in this stone are occasioned by the presence of oxide of iron, found in most kinds of limestone. But the ignorant natives are of the opinion that it is blood; and the priests, instead of informing them of the truth, say it is the blood of *Christian martyrs*, slain here from the time that Stephen was stoned to death—(Acts vii. 59). This is only one of the many false traditions related around Jerusalem.

This reddish marble in SPECIMEN No. 11 is used for building the finer houses in Jerusalem. The English Episcopal Church was constructed of it. Being of a chalky nature it can easily be cut with a saw, as those stones were which are described in 1 Kings vii. 9, "sawed with saws within and without."

It was this kind of stone, SPECIMEN No. 11, of which the Jews made their instruments of war, and for hunting wild beasts. In their ferocious battles, they along such stones from their slings. They rolled them down from the walls of their cities upon the enemy who approached. They threw great fragments of them into the forts when they sought to capture them. In the last siege of Jerusalem, the historian Josephus described a block of stone as having been thrown nearly *half a mile* from a machine.

It was to such stones as this of SPECIMEN No. 11 that Satan pointed Jesus when he tempted Him to turn them into bread—(Luke iv. 8).

David "chose him five smooth stones" out of the brook Elah, stones like this SPECIMEN No. 11, and with one of them "smote the Philistine in his forehead, and the stone sunk into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth."—(1 Samuel xvii. 40-49). It was behind the stone Ezel, the same sort of marble as this specimen, that David hid himself at his conference with Jonathan—(1 Samuel xx. 19); for Ezel is but a short distance to the north of the village of Anathoth. The stone Bohun, on the boundary of Benjamin and Judah, was of the same material as this SPECIMEN No. 11, for Bohun was but a short distance south of the village of Anathoth.

As the Holy Land, in the summer season, is extremely sultry, the shelter of a large cool rock is eagerly sought for at noonday by the people. It was so in Bible times, and this SPECIMEN No. 11 reminds us that in the prophecy of Isaiah (xxxii. 2) the Messiah was promised as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." So King Solomon speaks in *Canticles* ii. 3, of "sitting down under His shadow with great delight."

Upon such stones as this of SPECIMEN No. 11, in the hot summer days, the lizards in great numbers are seen lying in the sun. Scorpions likewise abound among them, and the weary traveler is careful to turn over the stones before pitching his camp among them.

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 11 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning.

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 15.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"I am like a green Olive-tree in the house of God; I trust in the mercy of God forever and ever."—
PSALM LII. 8.

Wood of the Olive-Tree.

This piece of wood, SPECIMEN No. 15, is the wood of the Olive-tree, one of the four characteristic trees traditionally associated with the Cross of Christ; the base of Cedar, the upright of Cypress, the cross-beam of Palm, and the tablet of Olive, being the ancient recollection of that affecting object. The Olive-tree is one that meets the traveler's eye at every turn in the Holy Land. In our Descriptive Leaflets concerning the Olive-oil (SPECIMEN No. 36), and the Olive-leaf (SPECIMEN No. 49), those objects will be separately described.

This piece of wood, SPECIMEN No. 15, reminds us that there is no tree more closely associated with the history and civilization of man than the Olive. The earliest riddle ever propounded to us relates to this tree—(*Judges ix. 8-9*). King David makes it the emblem of prosperity, and of the divine blessing; "a green Olive-tree in the house of God"—(*Psalms lli. 8*); "children, like Olive-plants round about the table"—(*cxxviii. 3*). With the later prophets it is the symbol of beauty, strength and luxuriance.

The prophet Zechariah (*iv. 3-14*), and the apostle John (*Revelations xi. 3-4*), use the Olive-tree in a manner that this SPECIMEN No. 15 elucidates. Two Olive-trees represented "the anointed ones that stand by the Lord of the whole earth," "two witnesses that shall prophecy, clothed in sackcloth."

The hardness, fineness of texture, and beauty of coloring, of the Olive-wood, are suggested by this SPECIMEN No. 15. It was these characteristics that recommended the wood of the Olive-tree to King Solomon for the most sacred purposes, although the hollowness of the tree forbade the carpenters securing large pieces of it. By cementing the smaller bits together, however, the excellent architect of King Solomon constructed of Olive-wood the two cherubims of the Holy Temple—(*i Kings vi. 23*)—each ten cubits high; also the two doors of the Holy Temple (32), and posts for the doors (33). At the present day the art of cutting veneers enables the mechanic to utilize the smaller pieces of his wood, which, when polished and oiled, is not surpassed in richness of lustre by rosewood, mahogany, or any of the choice woods of the cabinet-maker.

The consideration of SPECIMEN No. 15 suggests to the mind that in the promise made through Moses to the children of Israel, their inheritance should be "a land of oil-olive"—(*Deuteronomy viii. 8*). This prediction is amply fulfilled. The peculiarities of soil referred to in the DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET of SPECIMEN No. 30, under the hills of old Canaan, is perfectly adapted to this tree. It thrives upon their rocky slopes. It "sucks its oil from the flinty rock"—(*Deuteronomy xxxii. 32*)—by taking root in the crevice, and finds ample sustenance there, where no other tree will grow. It is productive "even down to old age;" often living and bearing abundant fruitage to the full term of a thousand years, and then sucking up, from unexhausted roots, a new and vigorous offspring. The eight great Olive-trees now standing in the Garden of Gethsemane, near Jerusalem, are not less than a thousand years of age, and they spring, doubtless, from trees that overshadowed the Man of Sorrows in the supreme hour of His agony. Many consider these trees to be the same under which Jesus walked.

SPECIMEN No. 15 suggests the exploit of Samson, recorded in *Judges xv*. He caught three hundred jackals (foxes), which still abound in the vicinity described, and made them torch-bearers to the Olive-trees of the Philistines. The law in that section, to this day, inflicts the penalty of death for such an offence, and such was the sentence pronounced upon Samson. They burned his wife and father-in-law with fire.

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 15 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning.

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 16.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"The righteous shall flourish like the Palm-tree."—PSALMS XCII. 12.

The Wood of the Palm-Tree.

This piece of wood, SPECIMEN No. 16, is the wood of the Palm-tree, an object ever intimately associated with Palestine. The very name by which the country was known to the Greeks and Romans was *Phœnicia*, which signifies "the land of Palm-trees;" and when Titus had captured Jerusalem, A. D. 69, he stamped upon the Roman coinage the figure of a Palm-tree, with a captive woman underneath, to represent "the daughter of Sion, sorrowing beneath the Palm-tree." In the early pilgrim days of Christendom, it was the practice of all pilgrims returning home from Jerusalem, to bring from that city branches of Palm-trees, bear them carefully in their hands to their own country, and hang them up in the nearest church, as an offering of gratitude to God for the full accomplishment of their pilgrimage. And so they acquired the name of "palmer."

This SPECIMEN No. 16 will recall to the memory of those who have seen a Palm-tree, the noble shaft and feathery top of the most graceful tree in the world. Its root suggests hidden moisture. Its fruit, the Date, is the most useful and nutritious that the Holy Land produces; its age of bearing, seventy years, corresponds with the life of man. The texture of the wood is soft and spongy, and, unless kept dry, it easily decays. The trunk rises often to the great height of one hundred feet. It is perfectly branchless, having at the top huge fan-shaped leaves often twelve feet long, and flowers in a sheath that contain, not unfrequently, as many as 200,000 flowerets. The wood grows from within ("endogenous"), having the hardest part outward, and without bark. The center of the tree is soft and pithy.

This SPECIMEN No. 16 recalls the residence of the prophetess Deborah, who "dwelt under the Palm-tree (*Judges* iv. 5), where the children of Israel came up to her for judgment." In the vision of the prophet Ezekiel (xli. 19) "the face of a man was toward the Palm-tree on the one side, and the face of a young lion toward the Palm-tree on the other side."

At Elim the Israelites found seventy Palm-trees (*Exodus* xv. 27), and travelers still describe Palm-trees as existing there. Jericho was called the City of Palm-trees (*Deuteronomy* xxxiv. 3), although at the present day there is not a tree of this species near the place. Green, flourishing and fruitful, the Palm-tree attracts the attention of every beholder, and affords the prophets an emblem of constancy, fruitfulness, patience and victory. The more it is oppressed, the more it flourishes; it cannot be made to grow downward or crooked, but as soon as the weights are removed from it, it rises again to a true perpendicular, its head toward Heaven.

This SPECIMEN No. 16 will remind the Bible student that branches of Palm-trees were made, by Moses, objects of rejoicing in the seven days' festival enjoined, commencing with the fifteenth day of the seventh month of every year, the thanksgiving for a fruitful harvest (*Leviticus* xxiii. 40). This command was observed nearly one thousand years afterwards, when the people, by the command of Nehemiah (viii. 15), "fetched Palm-branches" from the Mount of Olivet, to rejoice withal, "as it is written." And so, six hundred years still later, the people took branches of Palm-trees from the same mountain and went forth to meet Jesus, and cried, "Hosanna"—(*John* xii. 13).

The emblem of the American Holy Land Exploration is the Palm-tree, trunk and crowning tuft. It represents, as this SPECIMEN No. 16 is designed to do, that in the work of Bible research there is moisture *below*, fruitage *above*, and comfortable shade *upon the surface*!

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 16 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 17.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

*"They shall make an ark of Shittim-wood....staves....a table....boards for the Tabernacle....bars
...four pillars....an altar."*—EXODUS XXV. 10, 13, 23; XXVI. 15, 26, 32; XXVII. 1.

Wood of the Shittim (or Acacia) Tree.

This piece of wood, SPECIMEN No. 17, is the wood of the Shittim, or Acacia, tree, now styled in the east *Sunt*. It is emphatically a tree of torrid tendencies, growing luxuriantly only where there is a steady, powerful heat. Around the Dead Sea, where at noon-day the temperature rises to 150°, the *Sunt* attains an enormous size; Prof. H. B. Tristram affirming that he has seen a trunk of the Acacia there twelve feet in diameter. There are numerous species of the Acacia; this SPECIMEN No. 17 being the *Acacia Seyal*.

This piece of wood, SPECIMEN No. 17, suggests many and important thoughts in connection with Scripture truth. It was in a Shittim-bush that "the angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses in a flame of fire"—(Exodus iii. 2). Around Mount Horeb, where the law-giver was keeping the flock of Jethro, this tree still grows abundantly. In the construction of the Ark of the Covenant, whose history formed, so long, the nucleus of Jewish worship, the wood of the Shittim, or Acacia, tree was employed, and as our motto points out, the same material was used in the staves, the table, the board of the Tabernacle, the bars, the four pillars, and the altar. The selection of this wood was due, doubtless, to the facility with which it could be procured in the locality where the sacred constructions were made. It has lately been discovered that in the oldest temples of Egypt, the blocks of stone were ingeniously clamped together with wedges of the wood of which our SPECIMEN No. 17 is a fragment.

The tree itself is gnarled and thorny, and forms a conspicuous figure wherever it occurs. The timber is very hard and close-grained when taken from the body of the tree; of a fine orange-brown color, with a darker heart, and admirably adapted to fine cabinet work. Its leaves are small and pinnate. Its blossoms are in yellow brown tufts; its seed is in a long, round pod. The gum-arabic of medicine is yielded by the Shittim-tree, exuding spontaneously in hot weather, and obtained in larger quantities through artificial incisions in the bark. The bark is a powerful astringent, and used for tanning. Camels love to feed upon the thorny foliage of the Acacia.

SPECIMEN No. 17 recalls the last and famous encampment of the children of Israel beyond the Jordan, before their memorable crossing. The place of their encampment was termed Abel-Shittim, or "the Marshes of the Acacias;" the place, still studded with old and gnarled Acacia trees, attests the accuracy of the name. It is a rich and beautiful plain, well watered, and of unbounded fertility, and here, enervated by the luxurious climate and products, the people were seduced into profligacy and sin—(Numbers xxv. 1).

This SPECIMEN No. 17 recalls such a passage as that in *Deuteronomy xxxii. 16*, in which Moses, pronouncing a blessing upon the children of Israel before his death, gives to the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh "the good-will of him who dwelt in the bush." Doubtless this became one of the titles by which the Jews were accustomed to name God.

The SPECIMEN No. 17 has its name, Shittim, in the plural form; the singular of which, "Shittah-tree," is found in *Isaiah xli. 19*, where the benignant God promises His people, if they repent, that He will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the myrtle and the oil-tree (olive), the fir-tree and the pine, and the box together. These seven kinds of trees, demanding such diverse soil and temperature, suggest the varied classes of converts that became one in the Church of Christ through the transforming influence of "one Lord, one faith, one baptism"—(Ephesians iv. 5).

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 17 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET

FOR

SPECIMEN NO. 25.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"That they may see and know and consider and understand together that the hand of the Lord hath done this and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."—ISAIAH xli. 20.

Wood of the Fig-tree.

This piece of wood, SPECIMEN No. 25, is from the Fig-tree, to which so many allusions are made in the Scriptures. It reminds us that the first clothing worn by the human race was the foliage of this tree: "They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons."—(*Genesis* iii. 7). This agrees with the fact that the fig-tree is one of the native, wild trees of the East, and at the present day it is found, either wild or cultivated, in every part of the Holy Land. So, when the spies of Moses returned to the camp of Israel with specimens of "the fruit of the land" which they had been commanded to gather, "they brought of the pomegranates and of the figs."—(*Numbers* xiii. 23).

This SPECIMEN No. 25 suggests, above all other objects, the symbolism of coolness, shade, and rest. In the hot seasons, in the Holy Land, the natives are accustomed to give their noon-day hours to repose. They rise "very early in the morning" and pursue the more active avocations of the day before "the sun is risen upon the earth." At noon-day they seek a shade; and such an one as the fig-tree affords is most grateful of all. Its broad, spongy leaves absorb the heat and leave the ground beneath cool and pleasant. Such an expression as this, therefore, was symbolical of peace and repose. "Every man dwelt safely under his fig-tree."—(*1 Kings* iv. 25). On the contrary, the following passage is indicative of distress and ruin: "All thy strongholds shall be like fig-trees with the first ripe figs; if they be shaken they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater."—(*Nahum* iii. 12).

This SPECIMEN No. 25 will suggest the thought that the burdens of the prophets were mostly conceived and committed to writing during the meditative hours passed "under the fig-trees." At such an hour, in such a sheltered place, Nathaniel wrestled in prayer (*John* i. 48-50), where no eye, save the All-seeing eye of God could penetrate his retirement. Screened from human observation, he had supposed his petitions known only to the Divine Auditor, and was convinced of the Messiahship of Jesus by His expression: "when thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee." Thus was the pious Jew called to the following of Jesus from "under the fig-tree."

The malediction pronounced by the Saviour upon the Barren Tree is explained by the fact that the fruit of the fig appears *before the leaves*. Whatever the season, if the tree had sent forth its leaves, its fruit should have been *still earlier*. To the Jews, this act of blasting the Barren Tree had a *Lesson* full of symbolism. For they had, at that time, only "the rustling leaves of a religious profession, the barren traditions of the Pharisees, the ostentatious display of the Laws, and vain exuberance of words without the good fruit of works." A fig-tree, therefore, whose ordinary yield is an hundred weight of ripe fruit annually, and whose large, pretentious leaf is providentially designed to shelter and nourish fruit, becomes, of all other things, a fitting type for that penalty which God has threatened to the unproductive professor of religion.

This SPECIMEN No. 25 recalls the fact that Bethphage, near Bethany, derives its name from this tree, the word "Bethphage" signifying "the house of green figs." It will also call to mind the sanitary use of figs as a poultice in the case of king Hezekiah (*Isaiah* xxxviii. 21), and that the fig still retains its repute in the East as the best poultice in healing ulcers, quinsies, and sore throats. The fig-tree itself is an object of striking beauty in the Holy Land, the trunk being often three feet in diameter, the branches numerous, wide, and spreading.

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 25 speaks to us, who love the Word of God and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 30.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"That which we have seen with our eyes, and our hands have handled, declare we unto you."—1 JOHN
1. 1-3.

Earth from the Garden of Gethsemane.

This SPECIMEN No. 30, is a box of earth from the Garden of Gethsemane, the little half-acre plot within which centres all that sad relation of the mental sufferings; the anguish unto death; the imploring with the FATHER for escape; the angelic strengthening; and the traitorous betrayal, which in all ages have made "the Story of Gethsemane" an occasion for sympathetic tears. To walk within that sacred enclosure; to muse under those eight great olive trees (the same, or the offspring of the same, that sheltered the SORROWING ONE on "that dark, that doleful night;") and to read beneath their silent shades the affecting story so graphically given by *Luke* (xxii. 39-46) is an experience greatly to be desired by every Christian's heart. To pluck the wild flowers of Gethsemane, (the same varieties that carpeted the ground when He kneeled down and prayed there), is to enter into a closer realization of the facts detailed by the Evangelist. There is perhaps no locality in the Holy Land, admitting of identification, where the *spirit of the place* is so operative as the Garden of Gethsemane.

But as it does not fall to the lot of many to go there in person, our SPECIMEN No. 30 brings a portion of that holy soil to us. This, gathered by the honest hands of Mr. Rolla Floyd, President of our Society, is an honest portion of Gethsemane; a portion upon which the Divine feet may have trodden, the Divine knees pressed, the Divine tears and sweat-moistened. Looking upon it with the eye of faith, we can the more closely enter into the circumstances of the narrative; "Withdrawn from them (his disciples) a stone's throw, he kneeled down and prayed. And there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground."

This SPECIMEN No. 30 reminds us of the light, ash-colored and dusty soil produced by the rocks of this country, to which references were made in the Descriptive Leaflets of SPECIMENS Nos. 1, 2, and 11. Around Jerusalem the earth, particularly in the dry seasons, wears the appearance of *heaps of ashes*. In the outrage committed upon Paul while fulfilling his Vow in the Temple, "the people cried out and cast off their clothes and threw dust into the air."—(*Acts* xxii. 23). This light, ashy dust, in that cool evening breeze, was wafted far and near, and so became a witness of the hatred manifested by them against the gospel.

The calcareous nature of this dust in SPECIMEN No. 30, serves likewise to account, in part, for the fearful amount of *blindness* existing among the natives in Holy Land, as well in the time of Christ as at the present day. The catalogue of our Saviour's miracles abounds in cases of blindness, and one of them that occurred upon the rocky platform west of the Garden of Gethsemane is, strange to say, associated with the very dust of which SPECIMEN No. 30 presents a part. In the 9th chapter of *John*, we find the relation of the bringing to sight the "man born blind." The Divine Healer, after communicating to the blind man the knowledge of His mission, "spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay." (6.) Thus, that which by its acrid nature dries up the moisture of the eye and sears the eyeballs, was made by the Son of God the medium of healing! "He said unto him, Go wash in the pool of Siloam. He went his way therefore and washed and came seeing." (7.)

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 30 speaks to us who love the Word of God and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 41.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"How turn ye to the weak and beggarly elements."—GALATIANS IV. 9.

The Husk of the Prodigal Son.

This SPECIMEN, No. 41, is a specimen of the "husk," or pod of the Carob-tree, named by our Saviour in the parable of the Prodigal Son. The youth had received his portion of the paternal estate, and hastening "into a far country," he had speedily wasted it "in riotous living." Falling into poverty and want, he had hired himself to a citizen to feed swine. In his hunger and destitution "he was fain to fill his belly with the husks that the swine did eat"—(*Luke* xv. 11-32). This SPECIMEN No. 41 brings before us the dry, insipid substance to which the fallen youth was reduced. The word "husks" in Greek is *Keratia*, in Latin *Siliqua*, called by the natives of the Holy Land, *Carob*.

The tree on which this interesting object, SPECIMEN No. 41, grows, has foliage deep, green and dense, and so is a conspicuous and attractive object. The leaves are like those of the ash-tree, only more rounded, and very dark and glossy. The carob is an evergreen. The pods, or "husks," as our Saviour terms them, are flat and narrow, often ten inches long. They are found in April and May in enormous quantities upon the trees. The shape is that of a horn from which the Greek name (*Keros*, "a horn," *Keratia*) comes. The tree is very common in Holy Land from Hebron northward, and is found in almost every variety of situation there.

This SPECIMEN No. 41 will suggest the degradation to which the unhappy youth was reduced. Accustomed to the life of a wealthy and influential farmer, under the Jewish law, which recognized agriculture as being under the special patronage of Jehovah, he was condemned to the vilest employment, that of feeding swine, an animal pronounced by Moses "unclean"—(*Leviticus* xi. 7-8); that "their flesh they should not eat, their carcase they should not touch." Of all the objects, legally unclean, to the Jews, *the hog* was the most detestable. They would not even pronounce its name, but said "that beast" instead. It is not unlikely, therefore, that Jesus, in the parable, used this euphonism in accordance with the prejudices of his hearers. The present Mohammedan population of Palestine have the same detestation of swine, and with the exception of wild hogs in the marshes, which are numerous, there are to-day but few specimens of that animal in the Holy Land.

But in "the far country" to which the prodigal had hasted, (perhaps Asia Minor, whose harlotry and general licentiousness were world-renowned), the Romans and Greeks greatly esteemed the hog as food, and raised it in great numbers. Even in the country east of the Jordan this was done, as we see in *Matthew* vii. 32, and elsewhere.

This SPECIMEN, No. 41, will also suggest the low character of the food to which the degraded youth had been reduced. From the richness of corn, wine and oil, of milk and honey, and the flesh of "the fatted calf," with which his father's table was supplied, he was brought, in that inhospitable land, to eat only of this carob-pod, or "husks." Before they are ripe they are indeed sweetish and agreeable when chewed, tasting somewhat like the tamarind; and in their dry and husky condition, like the SPECIMEN No. 41, they are only used in the extremity of famine as the food of man. Horses, cattle and swine are especially fond of them, and vast quantities are imported annually into England from the Mediterranean coast for that purpose. Thus the Prodigal Son had been brought, by his wanderings and sin, to "famine-allowance" and the "food of beasts." It was a reasonable thing that he should arise and go to his father, and ask to be restored to the society and the habits and the nutritious food of men.

It is commonly believed in the east that these pods, the "husk" of SPECIMEN No. 41, were the "locusts" upon which John the Baptist subsisted when he preached in the wilderness the coming of Jesus (*Luke* iii. 1-18); and that the "honey" referred to, as a part of his diet, was the expressed juice of the newly-ripened pod. The carob is, therefore, commonly called, in the Holy Land, "St. John's Bread."

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 41 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 42.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 CORINTHIANS IX. 7.

The Mite of the Poor Widow.

THIS SPECIMEN, NO. 42, is a specimen of the little coin, "insignificantly small," called the mite (*quadrans* or *lepton*) which was deposited by a widow in the temple-treasury, and secured a blessing of the broadest scope from the Saviour, who was an eye-witness to the act, to its humble owner. It was found in the earth near Jerusalem, where great numbers of them are lying in the loose soil to be exposed after every rain. It is of such trifling value, that about thirty of them, by weight, only equal the value of a (pine) copper cent. It suggests the extreme poverty of a worshipper who could present to the contribution-box of the Temple nothing more valuable than two of these, but whose religious faith was so fervent as to urge their donation. The Holy Scriptures elsewhere afford no illustration of such faithfulness in *giving*, joined to such paucity of means.

THIS SPECIMEN NO. 42 should be viewed in connection with the narrative in *Luke* xxi. 1-4, and *Mark* xii. 41-44. Jesus had entered the Temple with His disciples and taken His seat opposite the treasury, where the Jewish worshippers were depositing their gifts. The rich gave much gold and silver. Persons of ordinary means gave silver and copper. It is plain from the narrative, that while the donatives were liberal, none gave such sums inconvenient to them, but each "of his abundance unto the offerings of God" without distressing himself.

Then there came in "a certain poor widow." Her offering was in her hand, but so small that she may have concealed it between her fingers. She may have blushed at its almost worthlessness. It was but "two mites, which make a farthing," a sum representing nothing that could be of service in adorning the Holy Temple, supporting its priests, or purchasing the sacrifices for its worship. But for a conviction of duty we cannot conceive the motive that could bring such a worshipper into that grand center of ceremonial rites, where gold, silver and precious stones hung around beyond computation, and whose contribution-boxes overflowed with the gifts of the whole earth. Certainly there was never a greater contrast presented than the Temple and the Temple-worshipper. "Many that were rich cast in much; she threw in two mites that make a farthing." Having done this, it is probable that she retired, humiliated in the comparison with those whose gifts, recorded by the Temple-scribes, would redound to their credit, and afford congratulation to their heirs after them. We cannot suppose her cognizant of the fact that any eye scanned her gift.

BUT SPECIMEN NO. 42 suggests the Omniscience of the Son of God; from Him nothing is hid. He called His disciples around Him and said: "Verily this poor widow hath cast in more than they all!" Answering to the astonishment expressed upon their faces, He added, "for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she, of her want, did cast in all that she had, even all her living.

The small copper money of those days rarely exhibits a legible inscription. When read, they usually present an anchor upon one side and a pomegranate on the other, together with Hebrew letters in the Samaritan character, giving the name of the Ruler of the period. John Hyrcanus stamped much of this kind of money. Herod the Great minted very large quantities of it, as did his successor. It was probably "the mites" of Archelaüs which the widow deposited, or if not that, one of his predecessors. The law of the Temple did not permit Greek, Roman, or any foreign coin to be cast into the Temple-treasury, and this gives us a sure basis for our calculation of the "mite," its age and value.

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN NO. 42 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 43.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"Deep from the heart of Palestine we draw the memories of Jesus and His law."

The Lamp of the Bible-Narrative.

This SPECIMEN, No. 43, is a specimen of the Scriptural Lamp, made at Joppe, in the same pattern as those in use in the Holy Land from the earliest times. Ancient lamps are being constantly dug up, proving that the pattern is unchanged. The clay is similar to that which makes up the "clay-ground between Succoth and Zarthan"—(*1 Kings* vii. 46). After use, the oil soaks into the clay and blackens it. The oil used is that of the olive; the wick is made of flax or cotton thread. The light is but dim and poor, and the Lamp is so small as to require constant replenishing, and trimming the wick.

Such a Lamp as SPECIMEN No. 43 was seen by Abram in his vision of a burning lamp that passed between these pieces (of the calf)—(*Genesis* xv. 17). Such a Lamp (but more ornate) was made by the priests "to burn always" in the Tabernacle—(*Exodus* xxvii. 20); and the natives in the Holy Land to the present day keep lamps burning all night in their houses. It is only the "outer place" that is "darkness"—(*Matthew* viii. 12). Such a Lamp is expressed in the figure drawn by Job (xviii. 6), where the light of the wicked is threatened as a punishment for his sins. Many uses are made of this image by David, Solomon and the prophets. In *Psalms* cxix. 105 the use of such a Lamp as SPECIMEN No. 43 is suggested in the well-known passage "thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," where the traveller over the rocky ways of Palestine is figured as fastening the lamp to his feet, as a miner in the deep shafts affixes the lamp to the rim of his hat. Another image, even more striking, is found in *Proverbs* xx. 27, "the spirit of man is the lamp (candle) of the Lord"—(the word "candle" being best read "lamp" throughout the Bible).

That most touching passage in *Isaiah* xlvii. 3, "the smoking flax shall he not quench" is forcibly illustrated by this Lamp, SPECIMEN No. 43. It represents the sinner's hope at the last spark; the oil is consumed to the last drop; the flaxen thread, forming the wick, is smoking and the spark about to expire; the least puff of air extinguishes it; simple neglect to replenish it with oil accomplishes the same end. Then the Holy Spirit kindly pours in the oil, trims the wick, and revives the expiring hope!

The use of this Lamp, SPECIMEN No. 43, makes our Saviour's meaning clear in the parable of the Ten Virgins in *Matthew* xxv. 1-13. It was the *smallness* of the Lamp, added to the traditional *slowness* of the bridal procession, that gives point to the parable. The five virgins who "took oil in their vessels in their lamps" used only the simplest precaution; those who did not were "foolish," for they sinned in the face of knowledge. When the midnight cry was made, the wise had but to trim the flaxen wicks, replenish with oil, and go and welcome the bridegroom, and share in his rejoicing. Thus the Lamp, as in SPECIMEN No. 43, becomes an emblem of "a sincere profession of religion, flowing from an inward principle of holiness."

The bold onslaught of Gideon, as described in *Judges* vii. 16-21, is explained by reference to this Lamp, SPECIMEN No. 45. Empty pitchers, with an earthen lamp in each, the wick brightly burning, were borne in the soldiers' hands until they had reached the outskirts of the enemy's camp. Then, at the blast of the trumpet, the pitchers were broken, each man's lamp was grasped in the left hand, and his sword in the right, and while they stood still, shouting and displaying their lights, "all the host ran, and cried and fled."

"The seven lamps of fire burning before the throne"—(*Revelations* iv. 5); "the burning lamps and sparks of fire" *Job* xli. 19; "his eyes as lamps of fire" (*Daniel* x. 6); and the other lofty and sublime figures of this class, have an elucidation in this Lamp.

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 43 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 44.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

*"If the salt have lost his savor....it is good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under
foot of men."—MATTHEW v. 13.*

Salt from the Salt Mountain near Sodom.

This SPECIMEN, No. 44, is a fragment from the Salt Mountain, called by the natives "Jebel Usdum," situated at the south-west corner of the Dead Sea, and near the traditional site of ancient Sodom. In the services of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, from the time of Solomon to its destruction by Titus, A. D. 69, no Salt was permitted to be used except this from *Jebel Usdum*, and the same thing may be said of the Tabernacle worship from its setting-up at Shiloh to the reign of David. As in the Levitical law (*Leviticus* ii. 13), it was commanded "with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt," so our Lord declares (*Mark* ix. 49), "every sacrifice shall be salted with salt;" and all the saline references in the New Testament are to this mineral, Salt, seen in SPECIMEN No. 44. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt" (*Galatians* iv. 6); "have salt in yourselves" (*Mark* ix. 50); "we are salted with the salt of the palace" (*Ezra* iv. 14); and other expressions of this class have their key in the fact just stated.

Salt, from all time, has been made an emblem of hospitality among the people of Holy Land. The vilest robber-Sheikh will not rob his guest who has eaten of the Salt of his table. Among the traditions of the East, the character of Judas Iscariot is held lowest among the vile, because "he ate of the salt of his friend, and then betrayed him for money."

It was with Salt, like this in SPECIMEN No. 44, that the Fountain of Elisha (now called Ain es Sultan, or the Royal Fountain, near Jericho), was rendered innocuous. Elisha cast Salt into the waters, from a new cruse, and they were healed—(*2 Kings* ii. 19-22).

But the most interesting lesson imparted by this SPECIMEN, No. 44 is its use as an emblem by the Divine Teacher in His Sermon on the Mount. He had affirmed the popular estimate of its value by saying, "Salt is good;" good, as a symbol of wisdom, good as a token of hospitality; good as suggesting perpetuity and incorruption. Following this thought he makes it the ground of one of His strongest comparisons: "But if the salt have lost his saltiness, wherewith will ye season it?" ("wherewith shall it be salted?" "wherewith shall it be seasoned?") "it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and to be trodden under the foot of men"—(*Matthew* v. 13; *Mark* ix. 49-50; *Luke* xiv. 34). In the use of the domestic Salt of our own country, made by evaporation, the force of this comparison is lost; such Salt *cannot* lose its saltiness. It is *all* savor. But the SPECIMEN No. 44 makes the Saviour's language clear. In this mineral Salt there is a notable portion of *carbonate of lime* (limestone), and by pouring water for awhile upon this lump of Salt, the pure saline matter dissolves and flows away, leaving a thin skeleton of limestone. This is the impurity of which Jesus so forcibly declares "it is neither fit for the land nor yet for the dunghill; but men cast it out" (*Luke* xiv.); "to be trodden under the foot of men" (*Matthew* v. 13). All around the great Salt Mountain (*Jebel Usdum*) from which this SPECIMEN No. 44 was broken, there are large detached masses, which were once Salt like this, but the gentle rains of that region have, in long process of time, *washed out the salt*, and left a marly sediment such as is described above.

SPECIMEN No. 44 will also serve to recall the use of Salt as an emblem of the covenant. Thus the Lord made "the peace offerings of the holy things" which the children of Israel offered unto him "a covenant of salt forever" (*Numbers* xviii. 19); and the Lord is said (*2 Chronicles* xiii. 5) to have given the kingdom over Israel to David and to his sons "by a covenant of salt,"

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 44 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET
FOR
SPECIMEN NO. 45.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"A crown was given unto Him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer.—REVELATIONS vi. 2.

The Platted Crown of Thorns.

This SPECIMEN, No. 45, is composed of a number of twigs of the *Zizyphus Spina-Christi* or Christ's Thorn, believed to be the same material, and woven into the same pattern, as that which was placed, in cruel mockery, upon the head of Jesus, as it is recorded in the following pages :—

"And when they had platted a CROWN OF THORNS they put it upon his head."—*Matthew xxvii. 29.*

"And they platted a CROWN OF THORNS and put it about his head."—*Mark xv. 17.*

"And the soldiers platted a CROWN OF THORNS and put it on his head."—*John xix. 2.*

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the CROWN OF THORNS." (5.)

The *Zizyphus Spina-Christi*, or Thorn of Christ, is a thorny tree growing in every part of the Holy Land. Its stiff, sharp thorns, long and curved back, often create, when handled, festering wounds. The leaves are oval, and of a very bright green; the blossom is small and white; the fruit a bright, yellow berry, of a pleasant acid flavor. The tree is termed by the natives *nukk*; but in the African tongue *surek*; and so flexible are the twigs and sharp the thorns that they form the most impenetrable fences by simply cutting down branches and laying them around piles of grain or small flocks of sheep and cattle.

That this SPECIMEN, No. 45, is composed of the same material of which the Platted Crown of Jesus was made is deduced from the nature of the boughs (long, flexible, and tough as the basket osier), and the abundance of this tree, not only in the Jordan valley, where it overruns the plain and makes it one impenetrable thicket, but also in the Kedron valley around Jerusalem. The argument is likewise strengthened by indisputable tradition. The tree is found in all the warmer parts of the Holy Land, and was the first to hand when the cruel sport of "crowning the king of the Jews" suggested itself to the Roman soldiers.

This SPECIMEN No. 45, then, inclines the sympathetic heart to sorrow with "the Man of Sorrows," and enables us in part to appreciate the torture to which He was exposed. For even had the Procurator released the Sufferer; had the implacable Jews been moved to spare the life of Jesus; had the tender, feminine hands, waiting near by, been permitted to remove that shameful coronet and wash away the outflow of blood it had produced, and to anoint with "Gilead's balm" the hundred sharp wounds made by the thorns; yet those recurved hooks were in themselves *venomous*, and upon the benignant forehead the poisoned blood and festered flesh would have left permanent scars: while the shame of that inhuman treatment could never pass from memory. The step from the Crown to the Cross, therefore, was natural and brief.

A thousand wounds these poisonous fangs

Made in unholy spite:

A thousand thousand fiercer pangs

Should pierce us at the sight.

It is a worthy illustration suggested by this SPECIMEN No. 45, that when Godfrey, the noble Duke de Bouillon was installed first king of the Christian Dominion at Jerusalem, he refused to wear the splendid crown prepared for the purpose; and he said, with lofty piety: "My Saviour wore a crown of thorns; I will never be bedecked with jewels and gold so long as I live." This grand declaration is wrought into the verse :—

Oh crown of thorn, by Jesus worn,

Bedewed with cruel gore;

If mine the *gain*, be mine the *pain*,

To wear as Jesus wore!

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 45 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning!

DESCRIPTIVE LEAFLET

FOR

SPECIMEN NO. 52.

ON THE STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE AMERICAN HOLY LAND EXPLORATION.

"Being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."—PHILIPPIANS II. 8.

The Pearly Cross of Bethlehem.

This SPECIMEN No. 52 is a Cross made of mother-of-pearl, by the hands of the Bethlemite artificers. The material is a large white shell brought upon the backs of camels from the Red Sea. This is wrought ingeniously into various forms, interesting to pilgrims, particularly into Crosses like the SPECIMEN No. 52, which suggests to the religious mind the birth of three persons eminent in Biblical History, all of whom were in turn "Babes of Bethlehem."

The first was BENJAMIN. In *Genesis xxxv.* the affecting narrative of his birth and the death of his mother is recorded. "As her soul was departing (for she died) she called his name Ben-oni; but his father called him Benjamin." This may be represented by the *Right-hand Limb* of the Pearl Cross, SPECIMEN No. 52.

The second was DAVID. In *1 Samuel xvii. 12*, his birth is thus given: "David was the son of that Ephrathite of Bethlehem-Judah whose name was Jesse." This may be represented by the *Left-hand Limb* of the Pearly Cross, SPECIMEN No. 52.

The third was JESUS. In *Matthew ii. 1*, his birth is thus sententially given: "Now Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea." This may be represented by the Upright of the Pearly Cross, SPECIMEN No. 52. In the poem that accompanies this beautiful and affecting specimen, it is said:—

And here with angel-welcome
Was born the Son of Mary:
Jesus the long-expected,—
Jesus the child obedient,—
Jesus the unerring Healer,—
Jesus the eternal Saviour.

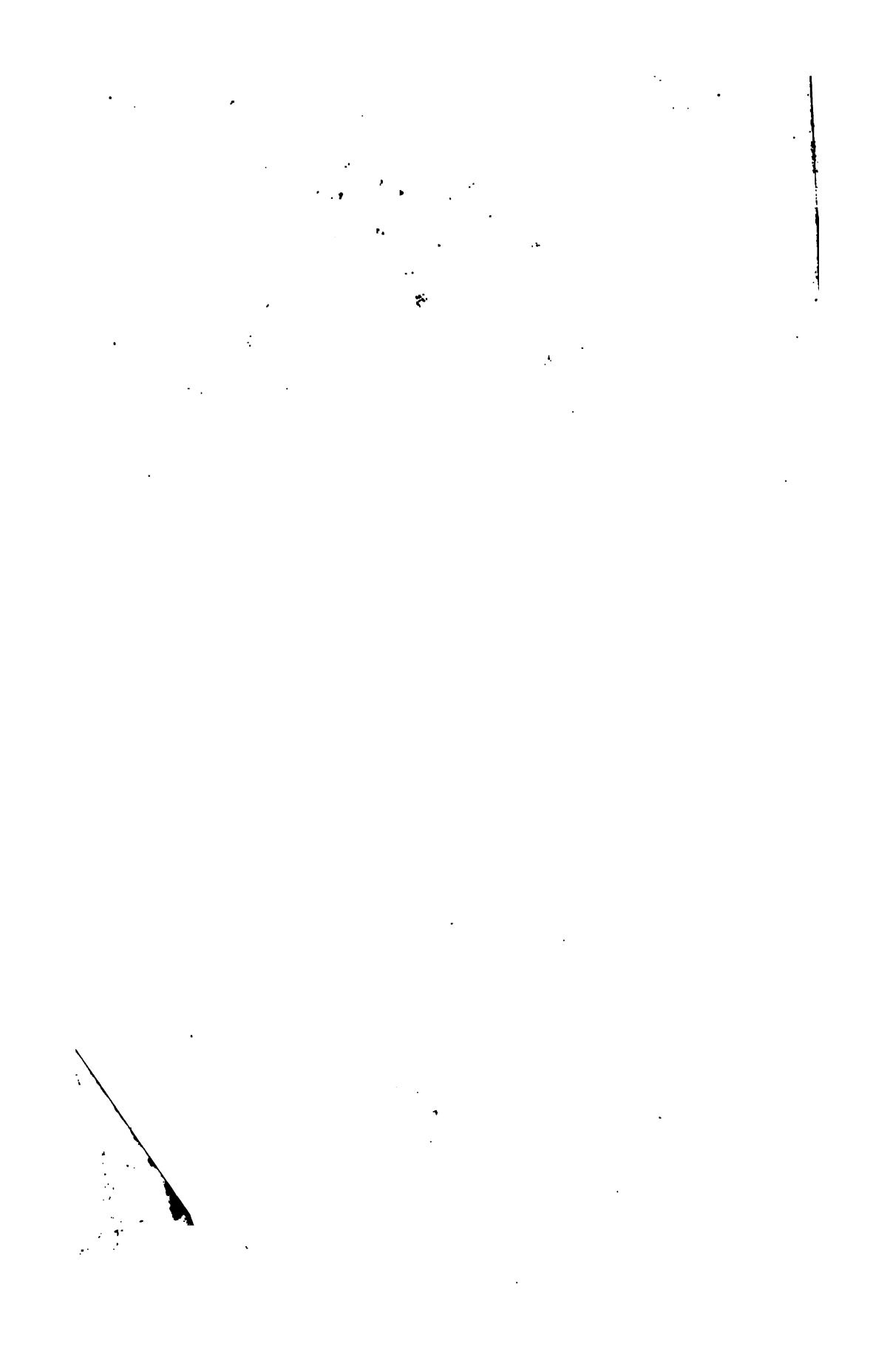
In yonder town His story
Is carved upon this upright:
"The gentle, child-like Jesus,
"The High and Mighty Saviour!"

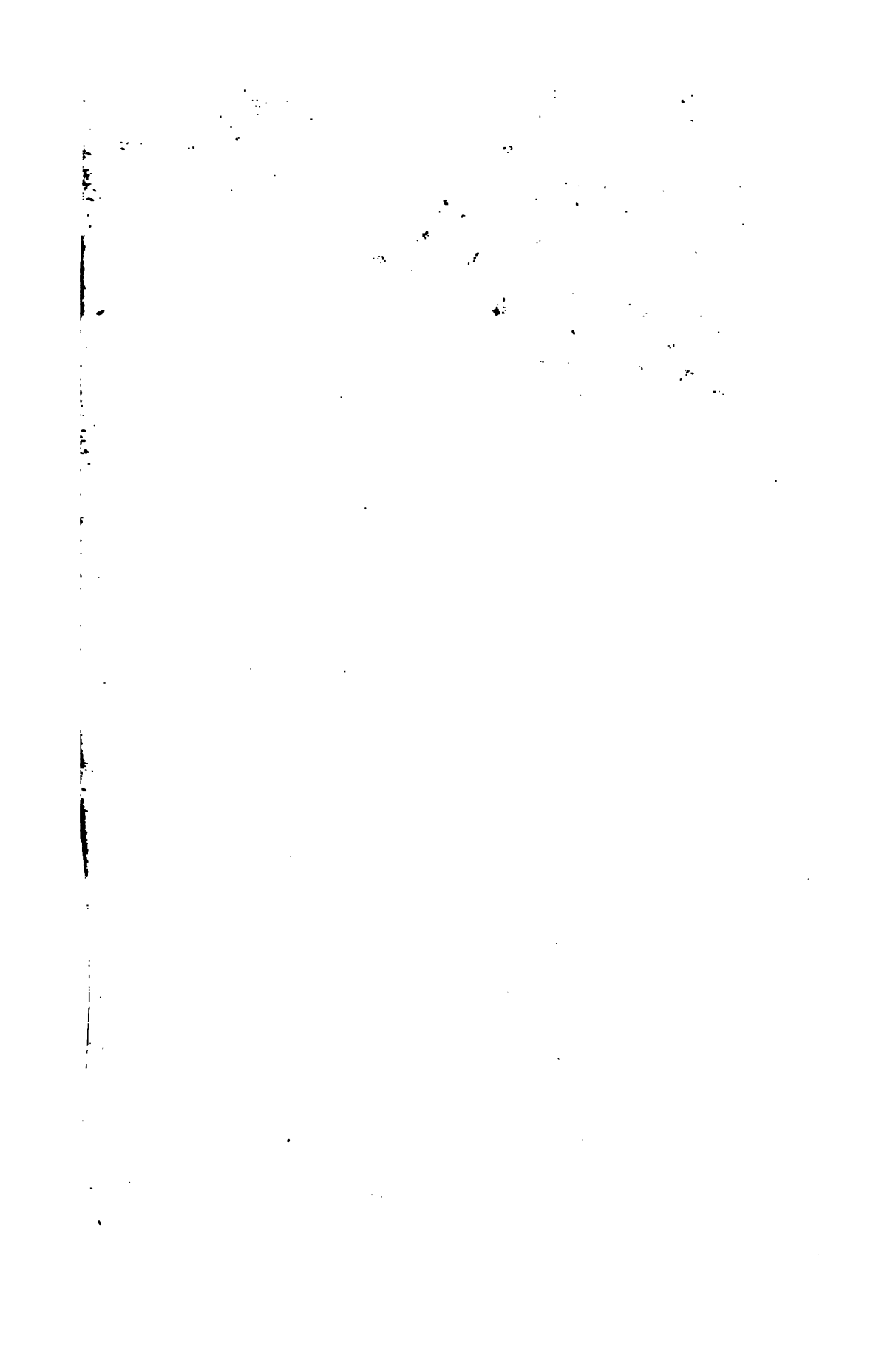
Thus on one Cross-tree written,
By Bethlehem's craft engraven,
Behold three sons of Israel:—
The SORROW-CHILD of Rachel,—
The SHEPHERD-BOY of Jesse,—
The PROMISED BABE of Mary!
Stranger, if life hath proved to thee a Cross,
Take this of CHRIST; thou'lt find it ne'er a loss!

SPECIMEN No. 52 will serve to remind us that the punishment of the Cross, as it was the most cruel of all the penalties inflicted by the ancients, was also the most humiliating. It was called a "servile punishment" as being inflicted upon refractory slaves; and was so common among the Romans (a cruel nation), that pains, afflictions, troubles, and unprosperous affairs in general, got the name of "Crosses," and the verb "cruciate" came into use to represent all sorts of chastisements and pains both of body and mind. As, therefore, crucifying was the punishment of slaves, it was reckoned a mark of the utmost infamy to inflict it upon officers and men of quality. In forming a just estimate, therefore, of the ignominy to which the Lord Jesus Christ was exposed, this fact is of importance.

See, then, with what "good words and comfortable words" SPECIMEN No. 52 speaks to us who love the Word of God, and diligently search out its meaning!













33)

100 11 11





3 5)

100 11 27 11





3 2044 073 563 504

33)

1987



